Lie About Us by Biscuitmarii

Category: 文豪ストレイドッグス | Bungou Stray Dogs
Genre: Age Difference, Blood and Injury, Bottom Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs), Chuuya is a Painter and Dazai his unexpected Muse, Chuuya is in his late 30s, Consensual But Not Safe Or Sane, Dazai is in his early 20s, Dead Dove: Do Not Eat, Drug Use, Enemies to Lovers, Exhibitionism, Explicit Sexual Content, F/M, Fucked Up, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Infidelity, M/M, Manipulation, Obsessive Behavior, Piercings, Possessive Behavior, They Have Sex With Other People, Top Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Triggering Themes and Kinks, Violence, Violent Sex
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Summary:

At twenty-two, Dazai, who is probably one of the most intelligent kids Chuuya has ever met, is a college dropout who doesn’t want to work and spends all his days smoking and reading around the family property. Dazai also likes to go out for drinks with friends, but fortunately, he doesn’t return

trashed and reeking alcohol. Chuuya can count on his fingers the times he caught Dazai entering their house drunk, and in the times that happened, the young man just ignored him and went straight to bed.

That’s another reality Chuuya has to deal with. It’s obvious that his stepson doesn’t like him. He has made a point of calling him indirectly a gold-digger numerous times, and even if Chuuya wants nothing more than to punch his face, he remains calm and swallows down his pride.

Written for @purplebookcover's challenge: "Fanfic writers, this year I challenge you to write something unlovable, something too unhinged for anyone but yourself. Do it with total sincerity and cackle with glee as it gets two bewildered kudos"

Relationships: Dazai Osamu/Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs)/Original Female Character(s)
Comments: 483
Kudos: 599

1. Chapter 1

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hello! I'm back with my challenge response to @purplebookcover tweet, to which I replied: Chuuya (late 30s) marries Dazai's mother and gets a bratty stepson (Dazai in his early 20s) who has a terrible relationship with his mother and wants to fuck him.

For those who are curious, I will also leave their ages here: Dazai is 22, Chuuya is 38, and Tane (Dazai's mother) is 43! (Yes, a spooky 16-year gap).

I hope you enjoy this unlovable and bad AU!

With Love,

- Mari

They say that there is no such thing as coincidences in this life. In this world, there is only the inevitable. Chuuya started to believe that after he met Tane Tsushima in one of his most important art exhibitions ever.

For many years, like many artists, Chuuya struggled to obtain recognition with his paintings, giving up many times just to pick up his paintbrushes again and start all over. Every day felt like a constant battle until the right people began appreciating his artwork, and invitations to participate in exhibitions started flowing into Chuuya’s life. At first, Chuuya was just a guest among many painters, which kept going for years. Still, his name grew in the art industry with those exhibitions, and Chuuya began gathering fans among Yokohama citizens, tourists from all of Japan, and eventually from other countries. That kept going until one of the most important contemporary galleries from Yokohama invited him to show all his work at one exhibition totally dedicated to his name, something that, to this day, still feels like a dream to Chuuya, a magical illusion.

It was in those days, in which hundreds of eyes came to see how expressively he paints human emotion, that he met Tane. He remembers well how she stood in front of one of his most difficult paintings, admiring it in a way that no guest did since the gallery opened its doors.

Grief.

The grief painted by Chuuya was also present in the woman's delicate features.

Back then, without thinking much about what he was doing, Chuuya approached the beautiful woman and looked at his painting.

"I love this painting. I feel that the painter captured the lady’s raw emotions and grief and used them in each of his brushstrokes. I can tell just by looking into the lady's eyes that she was grieving at the time of the painting," the woman said softly, making Chuuya stare at her.

One of the things Chuuya first noticed about the woman next to him was her mature beauty and her beautiful straight black hair that she wore loose down her back. He also used the moment to appreciate her casual sense of style and how tall she looked next to him, which, unfortunately, isn't very difficult with his height.

"Yes. I painted this after we lost my father," Chuuya replied, returning his eyes to his mother's portrait, "My mother always told me my dad was the love of her life, so I asked her if I could immortalize the love she could no longer give."

After speaking, Chuuya returned his eyes back to the woman, smiling when he saw surprise in her features.

"Are you Nakahara-san?" she asked, widening her brown eyes.

"Call me Chuuya."

Tane’s expression went from surprised to curious, and just like Chuuya, she didn’t back down before such an interesting man and immediately started to

speak with him.

Their conversation before his mother's painting was the beginning of a love story that Chuuya still cherishes to this day. Meeting Tane and speaking to her that day was something natural, almost organic. Yet, the most challenging part of starting a relationship with Tane came next, which was meeting her son.

Dazai Osamu, Chuuya's worst nightmare.

Two years ago.

Tane is nervous, so nervous that Chuuya is starting to become anxious with how she is pacing back and forth in her dining room.

Finally, after eight months of dating, Tane was able to make her son agree to meet Chuuya. But now, after she spent the afternoon preparing a delicious dinner for them, setting the table with her best linen tablecloth, collection plates, and shiny cutlery, Dazai is nowhere to be seen. He should have appeared for dinner about an hour ago, but there's no sign of him, and Tane knows his classes have ended long ago.

"Where is that boy? And why doesn't he pick up his cell phone?" Tane asks nervously, running a hand through her hair.

One thing Chuuya learned early into their relationship is how complicated Tane's relationship is with her son. Dazai was born from her previous marriage with Dazai Gen'emon, a highly regarded lawyer from Yokohama's high society. Unfortunately, Gen'emon lived all his life with complicated heart conditions that eventually led to his death. Now, three years after her late husband's death, Tane wishes nothing more than to find happiness again, but her son doesn't seem to agree with her choices.

"I swear to Go–"

The entry door opens, and Tane immediately goes silent, crossing her arms as she waits for her son to show up.

Chuuya wants nothing more than to run away from the argument that is about to start.

Just like Chuuya was expecting, Dazai just walks into the living room, crossing it till he reaches the dining area, looking completely unbothered with his hands in the pockets of his coat as he stops in front of his mother.

"Where the hell have you been? Do you know how long we have been waiting for you?" Tane always tries to keep a cool head when she faces a problem, as well as her good manners, unlike Chuuya. But clearly, her son is her only exception to forget about all of that.

"Oh. I realized I forgot to text, so before I go to my bedroom, I just came here to say I can't have dinner with you guys," the young man replies to his mother, not even taking a moment to acknowledge Chuuya's presence.

It's not the first time that Chuuya sees Dazai. Tane had already shown many pictures of his son, and one of the things that Dazai has on his side besides intelligence (according to his mother) is his looks. He is handsome, just like his mother, and also incredibly tall.

"What!? And why are you speaking like that?" Tane asks, clearly losing her head as she approaches her son.

"Oh, sorry. I went out with my friends and ended up piercing my tongue," with that, Dazai shows his tongue to his mother, and Chuuya swears he can see the soul leaving his girlfriend's body.

"Are–are you *insane*? You pierced your tongue, knowing you had agreed to meet Chuuya. Why today from all the days? And why the hell did you pierce your tongue?"

"What? Isn't *Nakahara-san* an artist? Are you ashamed of what he will think of me? Don't you have to be open-minded to be an artist?" Dazai asks, placing a hand on his hip as he speaks, all clever and smug.

What a brat!

It's obvious that this whole conversation is an attempt by Dazai to provoke his mother and him. That much is clear. But hearing Dazai say all these words with a lisp makes the whole thing hilarious. Yet, Chuuya knows better than to laugh at Dazai's attempt when Tane is clearly angry.

"Does this shock you?" Dazai asks as he turns to Chuuya and sticks his tongue out.

Chuuya dry swallows as he sees Dazai's swollen tongue with a silver bead in its middle. He has to admit that once it heals, it won't probably look too bad, but he will refrain from saying such things in front of Tane. There's no way he is going to give Dazai what he wants.

"It doesn't."

"See?" Dazai turns to his mother, who is already fuming with his attitude.

"We will speak about this later, Osamu!" Tane says, between gritted teeth, "You are going to take that out. I don't care if it leaves an open hole in your tongue."

Present time.

Two years later, Dazai's piercing remains in the same place. Tane has long given up trying to get her son to remove the piercing. In fact, she's already given up a lot of things where her son is concerned.

At twenty-two, Dazai, who is probably one of the most intelligent kids Chuuya has ever met, is a college dropout who doesn’t want to work and spends all his days smoking and reading around the family property. Dazai also likes to go out for drinks with friends, but fortunately, he doesn’t return trashed and reeking alcohol. Chuuya can count on his fingers the times he caught Dazai entering their house drunk, and in the times that happened, the young man just ignored him and went straight to bed.

That’s another reality Chuuya has to deal with. It’s obvious that his stepson doesn’t like him. He has made a point of calling him indirectly a gold-digger numerous times, and even if Chuuya wants nothing more than to punch his face, he remains calm and swallows down his pride. If Chuuya swallowed down his pride in his marriage with Tane when Dazai decided to disappear in the middle of the ceremony, making the whole scandal appear on the front pages of high society tabloids, he will also swallow his pride to try to make things work at home. Even if that messes up his sanity, he knows that the relationship between Tane and his son is very complicated, and he doesn’t want to make it even worse than it already is. So Chuuya holds on and on, hoping for the day that things will eventually get better. But, unfortunately, it isn’t that easy for things to get better. In fact, they only get worse after Tane receives an invitation to become a chief operating officer in the automotive company she works.

"How long will you have to be away?" Chuuya asks, watching his wife type on her laptop.

They are currently in the living room, each entertained with their own activities before heading to bed.

"Just for a week. I really need to show my face in our Osaka offices and meet their team of professionals in person. I'm so sorry," Tane sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose, "It seems we are going to have a very different August this year."

"It's not like we can't travel later. In fact, it's better like that. August is the worst month to go anywhere," Chuuya replies, shrugging, not bothered by the situation, besides the fact that Tane will have to go away for a week, "We can schedule something for when you come back. A romantic weekend, perhaps?"

Tane bites her lower lip to contain her smile, "Would you like that?" she closes her laptop and scoots closer to her husband, "Just the two, together?"

Chuuya grins, approaching his wife, and the moment he is about to press a kiss on her lips, he hears a groan.

Tane closes her eyes, sighs, and then looks over her shoulder, "Is there something wrong, Osamu?"

"Nothing, nothing. Just came to pick up something," Dazai says, walking to one of the bookshelves in the living room.

Chuuya makes an effort not to react like his wife when he remembers another consequence of her absence. Tane being away means he will spend an entire week alone with Dazai, and he isn't looking forward to that.

Dazai runs his fingers over the books' spines, stopping at one and removing it from the bookshelf. He looks at the book before placing it under his arm and walks away without saying anything to Chuuya or his mother.

"Please, be patient with Osamu these days. I mean, you probably won't even see him around that much. But you understand what I mean," Tane says, staring at him with a complicated expression.

"Don't worry about that. It's not the first time we spend days alone. Besides, I will be occupied with my art studio during the morning, and my personal work after classes, so it's not like it will give us much time to hang out," Chuuya replies, feeling somewhat guilty about the situation. Chuuya wishes things weren't that stressful between him and Dazai. After all, they are all living together, and he knows how much it breaks Tane's heart to see that nothing has improved between them.

Dazai never approved of his mother wanting a new relationship after his father passed away, and that opinion didn't change with time.

In his stepson's eyes, Chuuya is just someone that saw a chance to enter the high society of Yokohama through his mother and nothing more. The fact that Tane was the one that encouraged and helped Chuuya open his new art studio, where he teaches painting and other classical drawing methods, only served to fuel Dazai's anger and distrust. But it was never like that. In fact, Chuuya never dared to dream about his current life. Tane was the one that saw his potential and did everything to support him, not accepting a no as an answer.

"Right. But if Osamu does something that bothers you, just call me," Tane says, sighing as she closes her laptop.

"Look, forget about this now. You will only leave in two days. So for now, let's enjoy ourselves and make up for the time we will be away from each other," Chuuya says, approaching his wife again to rub his nose affectionately on her neck, "What about we head to the bedroom?"

Tane seems to understand the hidden suggestion, "This promotion will take me away from you many times, so we will have to make up for the lost moments many times."

"Then, it's better if we start now."

They both grin, ending their conversation with kisses filled with promises and passion that they will sate in their bedroom, away from prying eyes.

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In the morning that Tane leaves for her business trip, Chuuya arrives at his art studio dragging his feet. He is not looking forward to his next days, and it's clearly visible in his morose expression as he enters the staff room.

"Good morning," Chuuya greets his assistant and friend, Lippmann, who is currently tying his work apron behind his waist.

"What's with that face?" Lippmann asks, finishing the knot and placing a hand on one of his hips.

"Tane left for Osaka today, and I don't feel like spending an entire week of unfiltered provocations next to her son," Chuuya sighs as he closes his locker and begins tying his apron.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot that it was today," Lippmann replies, giving his friend a pitying look, "Well, you know how your stepson always runs away from you like you are the plague. So don't worry about it. I'm sure you two will barely see each other."

"I hope so. Because that's the only way it works between us," Chuuya says, and then he looks at the clock on the wall, "We better get going and start preparing the materials for the class."

“Just focus on your class and students for now. It’s not worth spending so much energy thinking about the things that can go wrong,” Lippman says, turning Chuuya to the exit and guiding him out.

Chuuya knows that Lippmann is right. It’s useless to think about all the things that can happen or be embraced to a dark cloud while he waits for a possible bad situation. The truth is that dealing with Dazai will always be complicated, and since his stepson doesn’t want to change their situation, Chuuya will just keep living his life and do his best to avoid more confusion.

With those thoughts in his head, Chuuya delivers his heart to his classes and students, making the best of them with the help of Lippmann. Even if Chuuya doesn’t have a lot of students, he has a small group of faithful people of various ages that always take their time to come to learn with him. It feels incredible, and Chuuya is happy and proud to be able to teach one of his biggest passions in life.

By the time the classes end, and after Chuuya has lunch with Lippmann at the art studio, he heads home, happy that he started a new painting and will have the entire afternoon to dedicate himself to it. So, Chuuya drives home carefully, singing along to the music he hears on the radio as he travels slowly by the chaotic traffic of Yokohama.

After Chuuya married Tane, he accepted moving into their family home, which is probably one of the most luxurious houses in their neighborhood. Besides being a two-story house with a garden and pool, it still has an annex, where Chuuya has his personal art studio and spends his days working.

So when Chuuya arrives at their house, he parks his car in the garage and carries his canvas across the garden to the annex, where he leaves it before heading to the main house. He enters by the kitchen door, since the

backdoor is usually left open, and exits in the hallway, where he stops when his ears catch something.

Was that…moaning?

The sounds seem to be coming from the living room area, so Chuuya walks there in slow and silent steps, wanting to see what's happening. The whole situation is a bit hilarious to Chuuya because he is probably just hearing things.

Or at least, that's what Chuuya thought so. Because even if what he hears isn't a product of his imagination, Chuuya expected to catch Dazai watching porn on their television just to provoke him. But that's not what Chuuya sees when he enters the living room. Instead, what he sees in the dining area makes him halt.

Suddenly, it becomes too hard to breathe.

His stepson is seated over the dining table, naked, his legs wrapped around the hips of a man who is obviously thrusting into him. The man is naked from the waist down, giving Chuuya the unfortunate experience of seeing his ass.

Chuuya is frozen, not knowing what he should do. Evidently, he should go away and leave the couple to their moment, but he finds himself unable. Dazai is in the middle of their dining area, having sex with a man. *He is being fucked by a man.*

Dazai had never brought anyone home since Chuuya moved into their house, but he always thought his stepson was exclusively interested in girls. Tane spoke a little about Dazai's ex-girlfriends to him in the many moments when she complained about her son wasting the good chances in his life. But now, Chuuya realizes that he was wrong. There's no way that Dazai isn't into men with the way he is moaning as he is fucked over the table.

Chuuya thought the situation couldn't become even more awkward, but he was wrong. Because Dazai's brown eyes meet his and widen when he realizes he is being watched.

This is the moment where Dazai stops everything and apologizes for his indiscretion. Right?

No.

Instead, Dazai grins as he stares back at Chuuya, and then as he curls his fingers on the man's black hair, he starts moaning louder.

"Faster, faster, fill me up!"

"You are such a fucking slut," the man groans back, accelerating his hips.

The wet sound of their skins slapping together becomes louder, and against everything that Chuuya would expect from himself, he keeps watching, and worse, he starts to become hard. He actually is getting aroused by seeing his stepson being fucked, and he doesn't know what to think anymore.

It's only when Chuuya sees Dazai nibbling the man's earlobe, moving his eyes away from him, that he finds strength in his legs to get the hell out of their living room.

Chuuya basically runs away, going up the stairs to his bedroom, where he closes himself, still too shocked by what he witnessed and the fact that he feels sexually aroused about it. Of course, it’s not the first time he got hard with a man; he did some experimentation with a male colleague during his college years, but it never went past that. But why is he getting hard for a man right now? And why is that man his stepson?

“Fuck my life,” Chuuya murmurs, leaning the back of his head against the door of the bedroom he shares with his wife.

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After having what can be called an existential crisis in his bedroom for what seems like hours, Chuuya gathers the courage to leave his bedroom and run to the annex, where he spends the remaining afternoon working on his most recent project. He doesn’t see Dazai as he leaves his bedroom, so he isn’t even sure if his stepson is still around the house, yet that doesn’t stop him

from ordering food to be delivered to his annex for his dinner. If Lippmann knew he was doing something like this, he would probably ask him why he is being a coward about the whole situation. To that question, Chuuya would probably answer that he has no idea, even if he knows he is lying to himself.

The contorted expression of pleasure on Dazai's face doesn't leave Chuuya's mind during the entirety of his work hours, even during the call to his wife, until he finally leaves the annex to head to the main house. Chuuya knows that he has to face his stepson sooner or later, and even if his body reacted in the worst way possible, he shouldn't be feeling guilty as he is. If anything, Dazai was the careless one, deciding to have sex in the middle of their house during the day, knowing that Chuuya could walk in at any moment.

In fact, that detail is something that Chuuya is trying not to think much about right now.

Even if Chuuya is trying to be patient, he immediately sighs and rubs his forehead as he enters their house and hears noises coming from the living room, likely from a random show that Dazai is watching on the television. It's better to take care of this once and for all. So instead of running to his bedroom, Chuuya goes straight to the living room, but when he sees his stepson lying on their couch chaise longue wearing nothing but his boxers and bandages as he watches television, he almost chokes on his spit.

Dazai turns his eyes away from the television to Chuuya, raising an eyebrow when he sees his stepfather staring at him.

"What?" Dazai asks, placing an arm behind his head.

"Don't you have clothes to wear?" Chuuya asks, clicking his tongue as he takes a seat as far away from Dazai as he can.

"It's warm right now. Can't I be comfortable in my own house?" Dazai asks, seeming unbothered by his nakedness.

“We have the air conditioner working right now. It’s not warm.” Chuuya replies, clearly annoyed with Dazai’s obvious lie. Perhaps, if this weren’t happening immediately after what he saw today, he would ignore it. But it feels like Dazai is doing it on purpose.

“What is your problem? We are both men. It’s not like it’s a problem—ah, wait, is this because of what you saw today? Are you feeling uncomfortable?” Dazai asks in a teasing tone, turning on his side and propping his head on his hand as he looks at his stepfather, “Are you afraid of me now?”

“Pfft. As if,” Chuuya starts to laugh. He was expecting Dazai to approach this subject in many ways, but definitely not like this, “Why would I be afraid of you?”

“Then, disgusted?”

“No,” Chuuya replies honestly, avoiding staring at any place other than Dazai’s face, “Sorry to burst your bubble. But besides thinking that you could be a bit more respectful towards others, what I saw you doing today doesn’t shock me that much.”

“Oh, seriously? Then why did you look so surprised?” Dazai asks, clearly not wanting the conversation to die. He seems to have decided to get a reaction out of Chuuya no matter what.

If Dazai wants to play dirty, so will Chuuya.

“How would you react if you caught me fucking your mother in the dining room. I imagine that it wouldn’t be that pleasant for you. When living with other people, you must be respectful to others and control yourself, remembering that anyone may walk in at any moment,” Chuuya tells him, watching how Dazai keeps smiling even if he is receiving a scolding from his stepfather.

Chuuya knows there isn’t an ounce of truth in that smile.

Without replying, Dazai moves from his position, taking a seat before he gets up and walks toward Chuuya. Chuuya doesn't take his eyes away from Dazai's face, even if the young man is basically naked in front of him.

"You are my mother's husband, living in our house by invitation. Don't talk to me like you are my father. Know your place," Dazai says in a cold tone, giving him one last glance before walking away from the living room and leaving Chuuya alone.

As Chuuya finds himself alone, he lowers his face to his palms and groans. He should have known better. There was no way that Dazai was going to hear something like that and accept his words in silence.

After taking a deep breath, Chuuya leans back on the couch and thinks about how he will have to change his attitude to survive this week, no matter how difficult it is. Perhaps, ignoring Dazai is the best thing to do, Chuuya thinks.

Yes, ignoring is the key. That's exactly what Chuuya will do.

*

Unfortunately, ignoring Dazai is the last thing that Chuuya does after returning home from his morning classes and having lunch with Lippmann. After spending the morning trying to forget what happened the day before in order to focus on his students, Chuuya was hoping to return to their home and have a normal afternoon like any other, but that isn't what happens after he comes back home and decides to head to his annex.

Is Dazai naked?

Chuuya stops, cigarette held loosely between his lips as he sees his stepson in the distance. Dazai is resting on his side in one of the pool lounge chairs, displaying his pale body without bandages under the sun.

It's not the first time Chuuya sees Dazai without bandages, so it's not that shocking. What's surprising is that he knows Chuuya would return at this hour and is again choosing to embrace his exhibitionist side. First, the man,

then the living room situation, and now this. Chuuya wasn't born yesterday. He is sure Dazai has grown bored of his old ways of provoking him and is now resorting to new methods.

As if he hears Chuuya's thoughts, Dazai opens his eyes and stares back at him. The fact that he doesn't do anything or even covers himself in shame only proves Chuuya's point. And because Chuuya can also be spiteful, he approaches his stepson, stopping beside his pool lounge chair, holding his cigarette between his pointing and middle finger as he takes a drag of it. He runs his eyes along Dazai's body, starting from his long legs to the curve of his hip and stopping at his dick, which rests flaccid over his thigh. It's small and pink, jutting out of a patch of trimmed dark curls. Chuuya takes his time observing that area before moving his blue eyes to Dazai's lean torso, which is littered with milky scars. His nipples are dark pink and small, puckered, probably from exposure to the air.

"Enjoying the view?"

Chuuya looks at Dazai's face after blowing out a cloud of smoke, watching how he is smirking back at him, clearly very satisfied with having caught his stepfather's attention.

"Not really. Just thinking that if I were you, I would go under a parasol. It's preferable than end up with a burnt dick."

The young man doesn't immediately comment on what Chuuya said. Instead, he changes his position and seats, "Hm. You are right. Should protect my lower regions."

Chuuya didn't know what he expected, but surely he didn't expect Dazai to suddenly turn on his knees and lean forward, with his ass turned to him as he adjusts the pool lounge chair to make the back support go flat on the floor.

Jesus!

Chuuya wants to turn his eyes away, but he can't. The cigarette almost falls from between his fingers as he stares directly at Dazai's ass, spread open in

front of his eyes.

Don't look! Don't look!

The redhead still does, and what he sees makes his breath hitch. He only does it for a few seconds, but he can still see how Dazai is cleanly shaved between his buttocks and how his hole looks incredibly tight and small. And then, breaking Chuuya out of his trance, Dazai moves to lie on his stomach over the lounge chair, resting his chin over his crossed arms.

"Like this won't be a problem, right?" Dazai asks, moving his face to stare at him, "I could use a bit more sunscreen on my back. Perhaps, you can–"

"Fuck you!" Chuuya says and immediately distances himself from his stepson, crossing the garden with fast steps as he smokes the remainder of his cigarette.

Chuuya is angry. Somehow Dazai was able to obtain exactly what he wanted because his fucking body reacted for the second time. His cock is hard, and Chuuya feels livid about that.

The door of the annex slams as Chuuya enters his workplace. He needs to calm down. It's not the first time he has stayed with Dazai alone for a few days, and there's no way he will let a kid manipulate him, much less seduce him.

Chuuya crushes his cigarette various times into the ashtray with unnecessary force and with too much anger.

Just a few more days, and everything will go back to normal. *Just a few more days.*

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hi! I was super surprised by the positive response to this story and all the great comments that I received! Thank you so much!

I want to thank @anasly__, @HidingNUrPocket, ___and @MacropunkMisfit, you guys just gave me precious and very toxic ideas for important details that I will introduce/introduced in this story!!

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

With love,

- Mari

In front of Chuuya is the painting he started in his art studio the day before. How is it possible that yesterday Chuuya felt so excited about his artwork, and now he doesn't feel anything as he stares at it? He feels a bit depressed that the face of the prima ballerina, who has tears going down her cheeks while the audience applauds the final dance of her career, doesn't appeal to him any longer.

Hours have passed since the episode in front of the pool, where Chuuya saw Dazai completely naked, and since then, his brain just seems not to want to cooperate with him. His paints will probably dry on the palette if he continues to stare at the canvas like a fool, so he might as well pack up and go home.

It's late. In fact, Chuuya just spoke with Tane moments ago, pretending that everything is fine and that her son hasn't been using her absence to torment him. He told Tane he loves her and misses her, even with the conscience that he got hard for her son multiple times since she left.

Nothing makes Chuuya happier than speaking to Tane, especially in her absence, but today he dreaded the moment before it happened, feeling relieved when the call was over.

Just like the day before, Chuuya decided to order takeout and eat at the annex, pretending that he isn't hiding from his stepson or the things he makes him feel. He knows that he needs to stop this. After all, he isn't a coward. But the idea of jumping right into the battlefield just to have a meal is something that annoys him more than anything else. Yet, Chuuya has the conscience that this can't go on; he refuses to continue to hide at his own house and spend money on takeout when he has a fridge filled with groceries.

After cleaning all his painting materials and turning off the lights of his annex, Chuuya finally returns home, going directly up the stairs to go into his bedroom. He needs a good night of rest, away from all the mess he has been living in his last days.

But, of course, the universe seems to want to punish Chuuya for something because as he walks into his bedroom, there's an uninvited guest clearly looking for trouble.

"What are you doing here?" Chuuya asks, narrowing his eyes as he sees Dazai digging around the drawers of their dresser.

"I'm just looking for something. Why?" Dazai replies, unpreoccupied as if he isn't touching something that doesn't belong to him.

Chuuya feels himself lose his temper as he watches Dazai pulling Tane's underwear out. What can he possibly be searching for among his mother's intimate wear?

"Ah, found it!" Dazai says, taking a black lace garter belt out of the drawer, which makes Chuuya tense, "Now I only need to find some pretty thigh-high stockings."

Chuuya doesn't know how to react. He was the one that gifted his wife that lingerie piece on Valentine's day. In fact, Tane used that garter belt to seduce

him many times, and now Dazai is holding it for some reason that he can't understand.

"What the fuck are you doing? That is your mother's underwear! Put it back!" Chuuya orders, approaching to try to take it off Dazai's hands.

"This is my mother's, so I can use it if I want to," Dazai replies, moving his hands away before Chuuya can grab the garter belt, "Also, my mother steals my hoodies all the time. So I have the right to borrow this. I need it for some pictures."

Dazai must be joking. How can he even compare both situations?

"I swear that I am going to call your mother if you don't put that back," Chuuya replies, approaching to grab Dazai by his t-shirt collar, pulling him down to his eyes level, "If you want to indulge in your perversions, buy your own lingerie."

Dazai bursts out laughing in Chuuya's face, grabbing his stepfather's wrist to pull his hand away from him. But Chuuya doesn't let go of his collar, and Dazai's lips curl at that, coldly and dangerously.

"Call her. See if I give a fuck," Dazai replies, moving one of his hands to cup Chuuya's cheek, "Why don't you take the chance to tell her how you looked at me today at the pool? And how much time you spend looking at my cock. I'm sure she will appreciate your honesty."

Chuuya feels a sudden bout of anger, and it takes all his strength and control not to attack Dazai. Despite everything, Chuuya knows he is partly guilty because he did ogle his stepson at the pool.

The hand caressing his cheek feels so wrong. He knows that Dazai is doing it to irritate him, and honestly, Chuuya wants to grab his hand and break each one of his fingers. But instead of letting himself be guided by his rage, Chuuya does nothing but stare at his stepson with a frosty expression.

"Are you done?" Chuuya asks, trying to maintain an emotionless tone in his voice.

Dazai holds Chuuya's gaze for a moment and suddenly starts to lean in, never taking his eyes from him as their faces become impossibly close.

Chuuya feels his heart pound inside his chest and Dazai's warm breath against his lips, and he doesn't want to be the first to let go, but the situation is becoming dangerous. Alarms are blaring everywhere, but no one seems to want to be the first to stop this nonsense.

"Are you really this stubborn, or do you want to kiss me that bad?" Dazai murmurs in the air between their lips. His thumb caresses Chuuya’s cheek slowly, feeling like a gesture between lovers, "I love how you aren't moving away…I'm sure you are becoming hard as I speak."

Dazai is right.

Chuuya feels his cock thickening inside his boxers as they hold each other's stare in their confrontation of egos. It's a type of information that Chuuya won't disclose, yet he wonders if Dazai is bold enough to check for himself.

Dazai removes his hand from Chuuya's cheek and lowers it, running his fingers down his torso until it stops close to Chuuya’s lower belly.

Chuuya holds his breath, wondering if Dazai will continue with what he silently threatens to do.

"You want me to touch your fat cock don't you?" Dazai asks, so close to Chuuya that the older man finds it difficult to keep his eyes open at such proximity, "I have seen its outline many times at the pool and the way it bulges against your tight swimming trunks. And I have to admit that I have opened myself with my bad dragon dildo many times, thinking it could be your cock. Can you imagine? The tiny hole you saw today, wide-open riding your cock?"

The hand grabbing Dazai's collar immediately slacks, releasing the wrinkled fabric as if it burns his hand. Chuuya doesn't want to believe what he is hearing from his stepson’s mouth.

"I was wrong. You are really disgusting." Chuuya murmurs, finally breaking their staring contest. He turns his face away and takes a deep breath to try to calm himself down since his chest keeps rising and falling dangerously fast.

Dazai doesn't say anything. Instead, he plays with his fingers, like a talented pianist, in the area right above where Chuuya's dick rests, now fully hard across his belly.

"If I'm that disgusting, why aren't you moving away?" Dazai says as he comes closer to Chuuya's ear. His tone is promising and sensually dangerous, but Chuuya can't move away.

What is happening to him?

Chuuya feels sweat gathering at his temples, and his body is too warm, like he is directly under August's suffocating sun. And the worst of all is that he is cock throbbing for a touch, for his stepson's touch no less.

"Now… I dare you to call my mother after this," Dazai murmurs, and after his words, sharp like a knife, he pulls back.

His stepson's words fall over Chuuya's head like a bucket of water, finally waking him up from the cloud of lust fogging his head.

Did Dazai just fool him?

"Get the fuck out!" Chuuya orders him, not even caring if Dazai takes his mother's lingerie, "I don't care if you take that or your mother's whole underwear collection. Just fucking leave."

"I was going to do it anyway. I don't need your permission," Dazai says as he walks to the door, "Anyway, this was fun. We totally should repeat this."

No fucking way that this is going to happen again.

Chuuya doesn't reply, taking a seat on his bed as Dazai gets out and does the gracious favor of closing the door.

There's guilt pouring out of each of his pores, and Chuuya has no one to blame but himself. He allowed Dazai to do as he pleased before leaving him with a hard-on to take care.

The bedroom is now peacefully silent, and for some reason, the idea of allowing himself to remain in that silence doesn't stay well with Chuuya in his current state of mind, so he turns on the television.

Voices pour from the television, and Chuuya begins undressing, ignoring his evident erection that tents his boxers. Unfortunately, Dazai's whispered words keep playing in a loop as he puts on his sleeping t-shirt and shorts and lays down in his bed. It doesn't matter how hard he tries to focus on the show that is playing on the TV; it's simply useless.

Chuuya only wants to forget his hellish day with his stepson. Still, as the minutes go by, he realizes that nothing seems to make him forget what happened moments ago, just like Dazai's contorted expression of pleasure while he was being fucked the day before.

That expression…Chuuya has to admit that he hasn't been able to forget it because Dazai looked simply mesmerizing with his mouth open and the silver piercing on his tongue shining as moans escaped from him. There was also a tiny line etched between his eyebrows, and his defined cheekbones looked rosy from all the exertion. Chuuya wonders if there were trails of tears on them. Unfortunately, he could not see that since he was too far away, but that's a detail that he is curious about.

Perhaps, in the end, this is happening because Chuuya is getting a bit obsessed with that expression. Maybe, once Chuuya pours what he saw into his graphic diaries or even a canvas, it will go away. Right?

Since he was young, Chuuya has always loved replicating extreme human emotions in his artworks. Grief. Ecstasy. Pain. Delight. It pleases him to be able to capture those emotions with aggressive brushstrokes and intense, strong colors. Because in his opinion, in a world where we spend most of our days in apathy, strong feelings must be immortalized and appreciated.

For Chuuya, to see someone as Dazai, a young man who doesn't let anyone see his real state of mind, completely lost to his biological needs, is something hard to forget.

Chuuya looks at his nightstand. He knows that he keeps drawing material in the second drawer, but is he really about to give in?

"Shit," Chuuya murmurs, rubbing his hands down his face. Even if his erection is finally going down, it's still there, right in front of his eyes—a proof of his shame.

Even if it goes against Chuuya's needs, he will not indulge his desire to draw Dazai. He is not going to give him that pleasure. So, Chuuya tries to forget his need by relaxing against the mountain of pillows in his bed and paying attention to what's on the television.

As the show Chuuya is watching goes on a break, he checks his cell phone notifications, realizing that Tane didn't say anything after their call. His wife is probably already asleep since she said she was going to bed.

Chuuya sighs. He misses his wife and the peace she brings him every day. Even if Dazai is an untamed piece of shit, he doesn't seem this bad while Tane is around, perhaps, because he is focusing his energy on being inconvenient to his mother, which isn't good either.

No matter how shitty his stepson is, deep down, Chuuya wishes things weren't so toxic. Everything that Dazai tells him seems to be said with an ulterior motive, and he knows that. However, despite knowing that, Chuuya always falls into his manipulative plans.

… I have to admit that I have opened myself with my bad dragon dildo many times, thinking it could be your cock.

It's impossible not to think about his stepson's provocations, just like it's impossible not to feel curious about what he told him. The truth is that since Dazai said these words to him, Chuuya keeps wondering what a bad dragon dildo is and why it has that specific name.

Should he open this door? Perhaps this is exactly what Dazai wants Chuuya to do.

Chuuya taps his finger on the side of his smartphone as he thinks about what he should do.

It's just a sex toy. It's not like it will make much of a difference to know how it is.

Fuck it.

Chuuya opens an internet tab, writes the toy's name, and presses enter.

Colorful Fantasy Dildos – Dragons and Monsters?

A chuckle leaves Chuuya's mouth. What kind of toys is his stepson using? Instead of entering the toy's website, he decides to go to the images first, and what he sees makes his mouth open in surprise. There are so many colorful models that Chuuya doesn't even know where to look, and it just takes a few models to realize the reason behind its creative name. After all, this brand even offers tentacle-shaped toys for anyone feeling kinky.

Some suggestive frames of pornographic videos appear during the search, which gives Chuuya an idea of how big these dildos can be. There's also an image that shows him that you can order various sizes of the same model, starting from small and ending with extra large, a challenge that a lot of young women seem to take judging by the porn video frames that appear as Chuuya scrolls down.

He wonders if his stepson really has something like this, and if he does, what size he chose. Judging by his slutty personality, it wouldn't be a surprise if he found out that Dazai had chosen the extra-large size. That thought makes the corners of his lips curl into a mocking smile.

"Alright. Enough of this," Chuuya murmurs, closing the tab before opening a new one to go to his search history and delete his search.

After the deed is done, Chuuya throws his cell phone over the bed and picks up the remote to change channels since he missed the show he was watching. He zaps for a while until he finds something that seems fun.

Even if Chuuya sometimes finds himself thinking about his stepson, the truth is that watching TV helps him in some way to find peace. But that peace isn't meant to be because it's close to one in the morning when his cell phone vibrates.

Tane?

Chuuya picks up his cell phone and unlocks it to check his notifications. He raises both eyebrows when he sees that Dazai is the one that sent him a text in the chat app.

Dazai: In case you are wondering, I don't have the extra lar…

Chuuya can't see the rest of the text and hates that fact. But there's no way he is going to open his text. So, the cell phone ends up again in the same place where it was a moment ago, over the bedsheets.

It's hard to ignore. To pretend that somehow Dazai didn't send a text speaking about what Chuuya had been searching for a while ago. Does his stepson have some kind of telepathic powers?

Chuuya's cell phone vibrates again, and when he sees that Dazai is the one that texted him again, he remembers that there's a way of turning off your reading receipts.

Turning off the receipts is a privacy setting that was handy in the past and will be helpful again. After all, Chuuya has to admit that he is curious to know what kind of bullshit his stepson is texting so late at night.

After deactivating the reading receipts, Chuuya opens the conversation and starts reading.

Dazai: In case you are wondering, I don't have the extra large. I bought a large model, but who knows if I won't buy an extra large one in the future.

Dazai: It's the Nox model, the second color choice.

Chuuya immediately closes the chat window. Feeling himself blushing and hating how quickly he opens an internet tab and searches ***"bad dragon dildo nox".***

"Fucking hell," Chuuya curses when he enters the dark website and sees what model Dazai bought.

It's muscled, veiny, and curved, and Chuuya immediately taps to see more pictures of the model, feeling shocked when he sees how big the large model is next to the can they use for scale.

He scrolls down, clicking on the size & accessory chart to see if he can have real dimensions.

Total Length (inches): 10.25

Usable Length (inches): 8.75

Chuuya's face feels impossibly hot. What the hell is he even doing on this website?

As he is about to close the internet tab, another notification from Dazai slides down on his screen, and Chuuya finds himself clicking without thinking twice.

Dazai: ① Photo

Dazai: I am sending you this as a peace offering to help you sleep better tonight 💞

A view once photo?

Dazai doesn't know that Chuuya is reading the conversation, so even if he clicks on the image, there won’t be a problem.

Damn! What should he do?

Chuuya bites his nails, locking his cell phone and placing it over his lap. The redhead turns his attention to the television for a bit, wondering if he watches a bit of television, he will be able to ignore the fact that he just received a potential pornographic photo from Dazai.

And what if it is a pornographic photo? It's not like it will do much to him. Right?

Fuck it!

Chuuya unlocks his cell phone and taps his thumb over the picture. The moment the photo opens, Chuuya realizes that he may be wrong about how he would react because suddenly, he finds himself wholly absorbed by the photo's lewdness.

Dazai has the huge multi-colored toy next to his face, but what makes Chuuya's heart beat faster is how his pierced tongue curls in the underside of the engorged cock head. The toy is painted in metallic colors, starting in a light magenta that fades to light purple. However, Chuuya can't see the rest of the toy, but according to the reference Dazai sent him in the chat, its base is probably painted in dark purple, giving the final touch to its beastly look.

Chuuya keeps the photograph open, hating himself for the fact that it is turning him on again. The redhead knows that the moment he closes the picture it will be lost forever, so he should just close it and end this madness and pretend that he never opened it.

But what if Chuuya keeps the photograph just in case he wants to blackmail Dazai? Maybe he should take a print of it?

Chuuya chews on his lower lip. There's not any other reason why he is keeping the photo. He just wants proof of the types of games Dazai is playing with him, nothing else. So, not wanting to think more about the morality of the situation, Chuuya presses both volume buttons simultaneously, takes a print screen of Dazai's photograph, and exits. He doesn't reply to Dazai, closing the conversation and going to his gallery. He

creates a private folder and moves the picture there. If Dazai dares to send more photos, he will store them in this folder and then show them to Tane.

Another notification from Dazai appears in Chuuya's screen, making him sigh. He can't read it completely, so he opens the chat window again.

Dazai*:* If you want to make amends with me, for the sake of our happy family, you can come to my bedroom now. I'm going to play a bit with my little toy, take some photographs (I can share them with you if you want, for you to save them as you did with the previous one I sent), and have some orgasms 💋 I'm making it easy for you—no need to prepare me.

"You fucking manipulative piece of shit!" Chuuya murmurs, feeling himself trembling with the need to block Dazai's contact. Yet, he fights that need and doesn't block him.

Ignoring the message, Chuuya goes to the definitions to turn back on the reading receipts. The last thing he wants is to make Tane question why he turned them off. After that, Chuuya leaves the app and locks his cell phone, placing it over his nightstand and turning back to what he was doing before his curiosity made him open the exact door Dazai wanted.

Chuuya feels unable to pay attention to what's on the television. His cock is hard and craving attention. But it doesn't matter how much Chuuya wants to touch it because there's no way he is going to masturbate himself while thinking about his stepson. He is going to ignore it. In fact, it's time to sleep.

After turning the TV and the light off, Chuuya moves to his wife's side, taking a moment to smell her soft perfume impregnated in the fabric of her pillows.

There's a need to push his hips to rub the bulge of his cock on the mattress, but Chuuya doesn't indulge himself, even surrounded by his wife's smell. It feels wrong.

Please, come back quickly, Tane.

*

It's the third day of Tane's absence, and Chuuya wakes up feeling better than when he went to sleep. Fortunately, the universe saved Chuuya from a night filled with tormented dreams, even if he went to sleep with his cock hard.

Perhaps, Chuuya dreamed about something, but his brain did a favor by not allowing him to remember it.

It's still early in the morning, so Chuuya takes advantage of that fact to do his personal routine in peace, away from his daily confrontations.

After relieving himself in his ensuite and doing his quick work out of abdominals and push-ups in his bedroom, Chuuya finally goes down the stairs, enjoying how there's nothing but silence and the sound of the birds chirping outside.

Chuuya savors the fact that he has his house all for himself and heads to the kitchen, feeling the smile fall from his lips when he sees his stepson leaning against the kitchen counter and eating some toast.

They both look at each other but say nothing, and Dazai takes another bite of his toast. Chuuya doesn't want to appear intimidated by his presence, so he is the first to break the silence.

"You are up early," Chuuya says, going to the cupboard to pick up his favorite mug.

"Well, yeah. Going to the beach with my friends. Don't you see my swimming trunks?" Dazai asks, straightening his posture.

Chuuya looks at Dazai's clothes, noticing that he is wearing a t-shirt and swimming trunks and is free of bandages, which he failed to see as he walked into the kitchen. Seeing Dazai like this makes Chuuya want to ask him if he will go nude as he does at home, but he decides to keep quiet as it's too early to start their bickering.

"It has been a while since you invited your friends to come over for dinner. You should do that one of these days," Chuuya says as he thinks about Dazai's circle of friends. He likes his friends even if he doesn't have the best relationship with his stepson.

Dazai lifts an eyebrow, "Why are you trying to make conversation with me?"

"Why not? You are my stepson," Chuuya shrugs, filling his mug with coffee.

Dazai chuckles, "Did you come so hard yesterday that you feel thankful?"

Chuuya closes his eyes and sighs.

"I swear that I don't understand how we went from barely speaking to each other to this. But this has to stop!" Chuuya says as he turns to Dazai, who is cleaning his hands with a napkin.

Dazai throws the napkin aside and walks to Chuuya, "I'm just proving a point about you."

"What does that fucking mean?" Chuuya asks, feeling himself losing his good mood.

"Did you save my picture?"

Chuuya freezes, not knowing what to reply for a few seconds, before he reminds himself that this is Dazai, the one he is speaking to, "I don't even know what you are speaking about."

"Sure. You may have turned off your read receipts. But you haven't turned off your online state, and the funny thing is that you were online for a while," Dazai says, erasing the distance between them.

These days Dazai doesn't seem to know the meaning of personal space, and Chuuya is starting to become slightly exasperated with his attitude. But he obviously won't show that.

"I was speaking to your mother," Chuuya lies, meeting Dazai's stare without fear.

"Close to one in the morning? That's funny because my *mom* called me around ten, saying that she just wanted to give me a kiss before going to sleep."

Shit.

"Don’t tell me I spoke to a ghost, and I don’t know? I hope not," Chuuya replies before sipping his coffee right in front of Dazai's face.

"Hm. I will call my mother later and ask her if she slept well last night," Dazai's sugary-sweet tone leaves Chuuya nauseous because he can hear the malice in his words.

"Do that. You are Tane’s son, after all," Chuuya shrugs, placing down his mug to reach for a peach in the fruit bowl, "At what time will you leave for the beach?"

Dazai smirks, turning his eyes to the clock on the wall, "Yosano must be arriving at any minute."

"Good," Chuuya replies, going around Dazai to wash the peach under the tap, "Oh, and do me a favor, stop being all over my space. It's getting annoying."

Chuuya finishes washing the peach, and as he turns, Dazai is again towering over him. Their eyes meet, and suddenly Chuuya feels Dazai wrapping his fingers around his wrist, moving the fruit up until it comes close to his face. Dazai slides his hand from Chuuya's wrist until it stops over the back of his stepfather's hand and guides the peach to his mouth, allowing him to take a bite. The round fruit is juicy, and when Dazai finishes tasting it, Chuuya can see the sticky juice dripping from the corners of his mouth.

For some reason that Chuuya cannot comprehend, he finds the vision in front of him appealing, and perhaps, Dazai is waiting for him to act on it,

but that's not going to happen.

"Get your own fucking fruit. And get out of my space. I meant what I said. You are not as irresistible as you think you are," Chuuya says, taking a step back and tearing his hand from his stepson's hold.

Dazai looks like he's about to say something when his cell phone rings. They both stop, closing their mouths before another argument can start. Dazai walks to where his cell phone is, looking at the screen for a moment before picking up the call.

"Yosano, Hello!" Dazai greets his friend cheerfully, picking up a napkin to clean his mouth, "Oh, you are outside? Yeah, I'm ready. I was just chatting with my stepfather. Ok, ok, I will be outside in a minute."

Chuuya watches Dazai hang up the call and move to pick up his beach bag from one of the chairs.

"Saved by the bell, *Nakahara-san* ."

Chuuya flips him off, and Dazai smiles, moving towards the door. Yet, before he leaves the kitchen, he stops and turns around, making Chuuya wonder what the hell he wants now.

"Oh, by the way. Did you know that when you send someone a *view once* photo, the app warns you when the other person opens the file? Of course, the app won't let you know that information if that person has the reading receipts off. Yet, the moment they reactivate the reading receipts, it will be visible if they opened it or not."

Chuuya's eyes open wide.

"Just thought you should know. If you want to test it, just try to do it with my mother. Now I really need to go. I hope you have a nice day with your conscience," Dazai says, waving his hand at his stepfather with a smug smirk on his face, "Bye-bye!"

Chuuya watches his stepson go away, feeling sick in his stomach. He was so stupid that he didn't even think about this detail. His eyes flick to the peach in his hand, seeing the imprint of his stepson's teeth marked deep into the fruit's soft flesh, and his only reaction is to immediately throw it in the trash.

Fuck!

Notes for the Chapter:

If you want to know what type of Bad Dragon model Dazai uses! (BEWARE, ITS A PEEPEE!)

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hello!! Welcome back to another chapter of my unlovable AU! I want to share with you guys the fic playlist made by @MacropunkMisfit and their fanart! Thank you so much, Lua!! I love both the playlist and the fan art! You made my heart really warm ♥♥♥

I also want to share this wonderful Slutzai cosplay by @criticalthot69, which I simply adore!

You guys really made my days better! ♥♥♥

Now about this update...Be prepared. Things are about to become hot! (Just a tiny flame, but don't worry, it will burn your finger if you touch it!)

I wish you all a good read!

With all my love,

- Mari

Time can really become a weird concept once your head is anywhere but in the place where it should be. Chuuya should be assisting his students, but he finds himself lost in his thoughts, letting Lippmann do all the work.

Oh, by the way. Did you know that when you send someone a view once photo, the app warns you when the other person opens the file? Of course, the app won't let you know that information if that person has the reading receipts off. Yet, the moment they reactivate the reading receipts, it will be visible if they opened it or not.

Chuuya sighs for what's probably the millionth time since he left the house. He looks around him, and when he sees that Lippmann is staring at him

with concern, he decides to leave his desk and take a walk around the atelier.

Today it's a free sketch day, with whatever materials their students feel like using, and he can already see some promising works.

Chuuya stops behind a student, smiling, when he sees her sketching two rabbits pounding mochi with mallets.

"This is looking very cute, Kyouka-chan," Chuuya tells her, observing how much her skill has improved over time.

"Thank you, Nakahara-sensei," the girl replies politely, blushing at the praise.

"Are you going to paint it?" Chuuya asks, thinking how pretty it would look if she gave it some color.

"I was thinking about painting it using watercolors."

"I think that is a great choice. If you need help, just call Lippmann-san or me. Alright?"

The young girl nods, returning back to her sketch with rosy cheeks and a happy smile.

Chuuya keeps checking his students and finds himself relaxing, and his tense shoulders finally lose some of their tension. It's hard, but Chuuya knows he shouldn't be hyper-focusing on his family problems while he is at work. Despite being his workplace, this is also a place where he comes to relax, teach and brainstorm creativity with his students.

Somehow, after deciding to pay attention to his students instead of burning his brains with thoughts about his stepson, Chuuya finds some sense of peace during the course of the class. Lippmann, who somehow spent the class staring at his friend with concern, looks relieved to see some changes. However, that doesn't stop him from questioning Chuuya after everyone leaves, while they are preparing to close the studio.

"How's the ballerina piece going?" Lippmann asks as he sweeps the floor.

Chuuya knew that sooner or later, Lippmann would ask about that painting. After all, Chuuya presented the ballerina idea to his friend as his central piece for the art event that will happen in Yokohama in about three months.

Yokohama will be a meeting point for artists, gallery owners, and collectors from all over the world. And, just like many renowned artists from Yokohama, Chuuya was invited by the city's Contemporary Art Gallery to show his works during the event. His idea had been to show up with a brand new, touching work because this is the best time to gather attention from other gallery owners, good patrons, and commissioners. Yet, for some reason that Chuuya can't explain, the ballerina painting doesn't say anything to him anymore.

"Actually, I'm thinking about dropping that piece," Chuuya admits as he organizes his papers.

Lippmann stops sweeping and takes a look at this friend, "Really? You were so excited about it."

Chuuya sighs and runs his fingers through his red hair, "I don't know. Maybe I'm just feeling tired. But I don't feel like continuing it, and if I can't find inspiration until the event, I will just pick up something from my old artworks."

"Dazai is really messing up with you, isn't he?" Lippmann asks, pressing his lips together in a slight grimace.

Chuuya widens his eyes. Is he that easy to read?

"Chuuya, we have been friends since we were kids, and I know what type of relationship you have with your stepson. So it's no surprise."

"Yeah, I know. All I can say is that things are complicated at the moment," Chuuya replies, hoping that Lippmann doesn't ask any more questions. He doesn't know how he would explain all the complicated feelings he feels about his stepson, nor how he is being seduced by him.

"Look, it’s obvious that you need to spend some time with your friends. So why don't we go out and drink this weekend? Albatross has been complaining about how we never seem to meet these days. What do you think?" Lippmann asks, presenting him with his charming smile.

The truth is that Chuuya really misses his friends, but their busy schedules never seem to match. Without a doubt, he would love to meet them because he knows that would relieve him from all the stress at home.

"Sure. I would love that!" Chuuya replies honestly, feeling excited about Lippmann's suggestion.

"Good! I will see if the guys are available this weekend. Don't worry! I will take care of everything," Lippmann beams, returning to his sweeping.

Chuuya nods and finds himself breathing a little bit easier. A time between friends sounds fantastic now, even if Chuuya feels a bit reticent about sharing the troubles in his life. Maybe he can lie a bit here and there and change the focus of the conversation once it falls over him. Either way, he is sure Albatross will have many hilarious stories to tell. So Chuuya is safe or will be, as long as he lies and omits the things that don't matter.

*

Coming home was always one of Chuuya's favorite moments of the day, yet since Tane left, that moment has transformed into a source of anxiety. Because the moment Chuuya sets his feet back at his place, he immediately runs to his bedroom to see if Dazai is around. At this point, it is like he is always in alert mode and expecting something to happen.

Things don't get better after Chuuya sees that Dazai hasn't returned from the beach because as soon as the redhead realizes that, he closes himself in his annex with his sketchbook and cigarettes.

No matter how much Chuuya tries, he doesn't seem to be able to get rid of the itch he feels, even if he tries to focus on other things.

Chuuya feels ridiculous as he brings a cigarette to his mouth, held between his shaky fingers, while he slides his charcoal pencil over the thick cellulose page of his sketchbook. He promised to himself that he wouldn't give in, and now look at him.

He hates everything that Dazai has been doing to him, but he can't let go of him.

The small details of Dazai's face that day are starting to fade, but fortunately, what's in his memory is enough to create something to appease his need, this weird obsession. Or not. Because the moment Chuuya looks at the various drawings of his stepson, already occupying three pages, he realizes that something is missing.

Chuuya turns the pages to the first sketch and starts observing each detail, only pausing to take a drag of his cigarette. The ashtray is filled with ashes and cigarette butts, and he is sure that if Tane knew how much he is smoking, she would give him a good earful. Or maybe, she wouldn't care since Chuuya is doing something much worse than smoking too much.

Anyway, Chuuya is starting to feel frustrated.

Something is missing. That's all Chuuya can think of as he looks at his stepson's sketch.

Perhaps this is happening because Chuuya can't remember Dazai’s erotic expressions that well anymore, so he can no longer reproduce them faithfully.

Also, there's another thing that Chuuya is realizing. There's an obscure need in him that he needs to quiet down, but his head isn’t letting him. A want. A desire to be the one giving Dazai the expressions he is trying to sketch, to make them unique as the paints he likes to mix for his soul-stirring artworks. Apart from that desire, he needs to see more angles and closer details. Also, he wants to know how warm Dazai skin gets or how flushed and shiny it gets with transpiration. Chuuya craves to capture everything, and his head doesn’t seem to want to shut up about those needs, no matter how much he tries.

Chuuya closes his sketchbook and exhales a deep sigh. He watches how the smoke from his cigarette billows in the air while he thinks about Dazai and revenge.

Perhaps he is becoming as bad and reprehensible as Dazai. But Chuuya feels himself getting out of control, and perhaps the only way he has to find his control again is to give in at least once and make Dazai suffer as well. Because if there's something that Chuuya knows about Dazai, according to what Tane told him, it is that Dazai always craved acceptance and recognition while growing up, especially from his father. Tane told him that she always felt that Dazai was jealous of her, always trying to compete with her for his father's love. So Chuuya will hit him exactly there. First, he will try to seduce Dazai, and then after they find themselves involved in some way, he will compare him to the person that he always saw as the enemy. His mother.

The cigarette reaches its end, and Chuuya puts it out on the ashtray.

If Chuuya gives in, even if it's just for a kiss, maybe all this obsession he has been feeling will go away, and Dazai will stop this nonsense when he sees exactly who he is kissing. One thing is teasing, and another thing is putting it into practice.

Even if it's lust, it sure will go away once they touch each other and feel how wrong their lips fit together.

Chuuya looks at the unfinished painting of the ballerina, which is now placed at one of the corners of his annex and feels hope. Perhaps, after all this is over, he will be able to finish and use such an excellent painting as the central piece of his exhibition.

With that in mind, Chuuya takes a deep breath and decides that he will put his plan in motion tonight.

*

Dazai arrives by the end of the afternoon with his hair in disarray and dry from the salt water. And even if he spent the entire day at the beach, his skin

isn't looking that tanned, which is probably the result of sunscreen and a day spent under a parasol. Despite what Chuuya saw the other day next to the pool, he knows that Dazai likes to be careful with his skin since there is a lot of scarring, and his skin becomes too sensitive after long hours under the sun.

After taking a look at this stepson, Chuuya returns to making dinner, not saying anything, while he hears him moving around the kitchen and dropping the beach bag on the floor.

"I'm surprised that you aren't hiding in your annex," Dazai says, leaning on the counter where Chuuya is working, stealing one of the peeled carrots his stepfather is preparing for dinner.

"I have no reason to hide and don't steal carrots. Those are for dinner," Chuuya clicks his tongue, looking at him displeased.

Dazai grins, taking a satisfying bite of the carrot and chewing it noisily just to piss off Chuuya.

"So, you found out I opened your picture, so what? What are you going to do about that?"

Dazai seems surprised by Chuuya's blatant admission after denying it during the morning, closing his mouth to chew as he thinks about an answer.

"Hm. I'm not sure. I could blackmail you," Dazai replies, finishing eating the carrot. He goes to steal another, but Chuuya slaps his hand away.

"For opening a photo that you sent me? If that's the case, I could blackmail you with the entirety of your suggestive conversation," Chuuya says. If he thinks well about the situation, the one currently in the most compromised situation is Dazai, not him. He is the one being harassed by his stepson, and not the opposite.

Instead of replying, Dazai smirks, stepping away from the counter and ready to leave.

But before Dazai exits the kitchen, Chuuya's voice stops him.

"I'm making enough food for two people. Even if we don't talk, you can sit down for dinner. I'm sure your mother would appreciate it if you ate a healthy meal once in a while," Chuuya says, feeling his rapid heartbeat as he waits for Dazai's reaction.

At first, Dazai narrows his eyes, but then he tilts his head, "Sure, just because my *mother* would appreciate it. I'm going to take a bath."

After Dazai walks away, Chuuya places the knife down and takes a deep breath. Fortunately, it wasn't as bad as he expected, and hopefully, dinner will go the same way.

*

To Chuuya's surprise, so far, they haven't jumped over the table to poke each other's eyes with their chopsticks. Of course, that probably didn't happen because there's not much to talk about, and the television in the kitchen occupies the silence between them.

Fortunately, Dazai seems to enjoy the food, eating everything as someone who hasn't seen real food in days.

"Are you enjoying your meal?" Chuuya asks anyway, feeling the need to have his ego stroked by someone untamed like Dazai.

"Isn't the fact that my plate is almost empty an answer?" Dazai says. It's amazing how he never facilitates the dialogue between them. In fact, Dazai doesn't even take his eyes away from the television as he replies.

"I don't know. You could be eating just because you are feeling too hungry," Chuuya replies before bringing the chopsticks to his mouth.

Dazai turns his eyes away from the news broadcast and looks at Chuuya, "At this point, I believe you know that you are a much better cook than my mother."

Everyone knows that Tane isn't that gifted in the kitchen and that most of the time, Chuuya is the one that cooks around the house, but even knowing that, he has to admit that it feels good to hear Dazai's answer.

"Right. Well, I was just curious," Chuuya says, picking up his glass of water to take a sip. It's so rare to have a casual conversation with Dazai that it feels weird.

Dazai raises one eyebrow at his answer but turns his attention back to the television, and they both proceed to eat in silence. It's weird, and anyone would call Chuuya insane for sitting down for a meal with the person that has been making his life a living hell in the last few days, but for some reason, he feels something akin to peace for the first time in days, even if a storm is brewing in the clouds above their heads.

Chuuya expects Dazai to end his dinner and leave, but that's not what happens. Instead, his stepson helps him load the dishwasher and even turns on the coffee machine, asking if Chuuya wants a cup of coffee.

It's weird, and Chuuya feels suspicious, but then he realizes that maybe Dazai is playing the same game, so he can't really judge him. So Chuuya accepts the coffee, drinking it in silence as they hear the news.

By the time the meal is done, Chuuya realizes that he can end this right now, stop with his plan, and end their night like this. No more mind games and hidden meanings.

However, instead of ending this atypical peaceful moment, Chuuya follows Dazai into the living room, also taking a seat on the couch.

"I see you are feeling brave today," Dazai says, glancing at his stepfather as he turns on the TV.

Chuuya rolls his eyes and picks up his cell phone to check his social media, "I think you have a very wrong idea about how I see you."

"Maybe."

Chuuya decides to ignore his stepson so he can take a look at his emails and notifications. But while he does it, his head is working on a way to make his stepson approach him. Maybe it would have been a good idea to sit closer to Dazai, or perhaps that would be too conspicuous and made him even more suspicious. Dinner was a risky choice, but Chuuya wants Dazai to think that he wants an approach between the two, which couldn't be farther from the truth. Chuuya only intends to pay back in the same coin and make his stepson see through his childishness.

No one makes an effort to start a conversation, and when someone moves, it's Dazai who gets up and goes to the living room's patio doors, sliding one open before removing a lighter and a cigarette pack from his shorts pocket.

That captures Chuuya's attention, making him stop scrolling on his cell phone to take a look at his stepson.

Dazai places the cigarette between his lips and brings the lighter under it, engulfing the tip with a bright flame.

Smoking is really unhealthy, but Chuuya finds himself entranced by how Dazai looks as he takes the first inhale of nicotine. His stepson may be a manipulative brat, but Chuuya can't deny how dangerously beautiful he is and how easily it is to fall on his hands precisely because of that. The mix of beauty and intelligence has brought many empires down in History, and Chuuya has that knowledge. Still, he won't let himself be intimidated by that, so he gets up and approaches his stepson, taking his own cigarette pack from his jeans.

After placing the cigarette between his lips, Chuuya pats his pockets in search of his lighter, realizing that he must have left it in the kitchen.

"Put your cigarette close to mine," Dazai says after rolling his eyes, approaching Chuuya instead of borrowing his lighter.

Chuuya takes the bait. After all, this is exactly what he wants, so he approaches, touching the end of his cigarette with Dazai's and inhaling. While he does it, his eyes meet Dazai for a few seconds before turning them back down to his cigarette.

"Thanks," Chuuya says after exhaling a cloud of smoke and taking a step back.

"Nothing like a good butt fucking," Dazai replies, removing the cigarette from his mouth.

"Everything you say has a double meaning. Incredible," Chuuya says, chuckling before bringing the cigarette back to his mouth for another drag.

"You should know better by now. It has been two years, after all," Dazai replies, staring at the peaceful night outside.

Two years of complete madness since the moment they met. An insane roller-coaster ride that he wonders if will ever end.

Chuuya opens his mouth to reply, yet before he can answer, Dazai's cell phone starts to ring.

Dazai sighs, removing his cell phone from his pocket to check the ID, clicking his tongue before picking up.

"Hey, mother."

The moment Chuuya hears who's calling, he feels like digging a hole in the ground and hiding there. It's almost like Tane is acting like Jiminy Cricket, calling at the worst time possible.

"I am in the living room with Chuuya. Yes, I'm serious. Wait, let me put it on speaker," Dazai says before lowering his cell phone and tapping his thumb on the screen, "Say hi to mom, Chuuya."

Chuuya stares at the phone with a complicated expression for a few seconds.

"Chuuya?" Chuuya hears his wife ask as if she doesn't believe that her son is actually spending time with her husband.

"Hey, Tane. I'm here," Chuuya replies, trying to sound calm.

"So Osamu is really speaking the truth. I'm so happy that you two are spending time together," Tane says, making Chuuya wince with how happy she sounds.

Dazai smiles, obviously finding this funny, so Chuuya avoids staring at him.

"We also had dinner together. Chuuya cooked," Dazai informs before bringing the cigarette to his mouth.

"That's great! Did you two have a good day?"

Dazai signs at Chuuya to go first, and the redhead nods.

"Just the normal. I spent the morning working with my students on their free projects, and I also did some work at the annex in the afternoon. Meanwhile, your son spent the entire day at the beach."

"He is very lucky. Did you have a good day at the beach, Osamu?" Tane asks, honestly curious about her son's day. Even with their complicated relationship, his wife always tries to be present in Dazai's life. Sometimes Chuuya wonders if Dazai knows how lucky he is to still have a mother who worries about him as Tane does.

"Yeah, I did. I was able to swim a bit and kiss some cute girls," Dazai replies, smirking when he sees Chuuya raising an eyebrow at him.

Tane laughs, *"Well, good for you."*

"What about your day?" Chuuya asks, ignoring how bothered he feels by Dazai's answer, even if he is likely lying about going around kissing girls.

Tane proceeds to speak with them about her day, talking about the dynamics of the team she is currently leading and some gossip she came to learn in just a few days. While Tane speaks about her day, both Dazai and Chuuya smoke their cigarettes and return to the couch, yet this time they sit closer to each other, silently using the cell phone as an excuse.

"I was going to call you after speaking with Osamu, but I guess that I won't do that anymore."

"Lucky you. Enjoy being single for tonight," Chuuya teases his wife, wondering if he should be making jokes like this when he is planning to do something that may put his marriage at risk.

"You are absolutely right. Going to use the rest of the night to head to the bar and meet a hunk to spend the night with," Tane says with good humor.

"Ew, mom," Dazai says, shaking his head in reproval.

"Oh, c'mon. Chuuya knows I only have eyes for him."

As Tane finishes speaking, Dazai and Chuuya's eyes meet.

Chuuya is the first to break their gaze, "You better be speaking the truth."

"I am silly. This is so great. I could spend my entire night speaking with you two. I miss you boys so much," Tane says, sounding sad as she speaks.

"I miss you too. I can't wait for you to be home," Chuuya says with raw honesty. He wishes his wife had never left because it has been a complete mess since he and Dazai were left alone.

Dazai doesn't say anything or even express his discontentment with hearing a more intimate talk between his mother and Chuuya. Chuuya avoids staring at him while he speaks because he isn't sure how he would react if he saw his stepson mock him right now.

"I will be home very soon. Just hold on for a few more days. Now, I will go to bed to rest and watch some TV. I will speak to you boys tomorrow. Love you both."

"Love you too. Have a good night," Chuuya says and finally looks at Dazai.

"Goodnight, mom," Dazai says with an emotionless expression on his face.

"Sweet dreams," Tane says before hanging up.

Dazai places the cell phone on the coffee table and returns to his favorite spot on the couch, away from Chuuya.

Chuuya feels a bit bothered by the fact that Dazai immediately placed distance between them, but he realizes that there's no reason for them to be so close.

Tane's call probably came as a sign that Chuuya should just give up on whatever spiteful plan he is thinking about and enjoy the rest of the night in peace. But, Chuuya knows there's no way he will be able to escape this. So, he needs to go forward with his plan and make Dazai realize that whatever is happening between them is becoming ridiculous.

Dazai is already focused on the television, so Chuuya goes back to his cell phone, and after a few moments, they are back in the same situation before the cigarettes and Tane's call.

Eventually, Chuuya locks his cell phone and starts watching the same movie his stepson is watching, becoming entertained and guilt-free for the first time in hours.

They watch the movie until the end, and Chuuya enjoys the fact that they exchange some comments during their impromptu cinema session. It feels good to be able to do something with Dazai without thinking a million steps ahead, and Chuuya enjoys every minute of their rare shared moment of peace.

Obviously, nothing lasts forever.

It's late when Dazai gets up from the couch and lifts his arms to stretch himself. While he does it, Chuuya's eyes follow the movement, observing how his t-shirt rises to expose his belly.

Just like Chuuya had already noticed earlier, Dazai isn't wearing his bandages, which lately seems to be happening more and more frequently these last few days.

"I'm going for a swim," Dazai says, surprising Chuuya when he suddenly begins removing his clothes.

Chuuya watches with bated breath how every piece covering Dazai's body falls to the floor, and he becomes naked in a matter of seconds. When Dazai is done, he looks at Chuuya over his shoulder and winks at him before exiting by the patio doors.

This is it. The time he has been waiting for.

Chuuya tries not to think as he stands up from the couch and removes his clothes until he is completely naked.

They just need to indulge in this once, and once they take it out of their system, everything will return to normal. Besides, Dazai probably won't want to speak to him after this.

Even if it's late, the night is warm, so Chuuya doesn't feel cold as he walks outside. Dazai, who was swimming underwater, returns to the surface and pushes his wet hair away from his face, becoming surprised when he sees Chuuya standing naked in front of the pool.

His eyes run over Chuuya's figure, and he doesn't hide his interest when he stops them at his dick. Even if Chuuya isn't erect, he knows his dick isn't on the smaller side, quite the opposite, and he can't help but to feel a bit embarrassed as he sees how fascinated Dazai seems to have become.

Not wanting to stand under such an intense stare any longer, Chuuya dives into the pool, swimming underwater for a bit to refresh his head until he finds himself in need to return to the surface. He has to admit that he expected Dazai to be waiting for him, ready to pounce the second he returned to the surface, but that's not the case. Instead, when Chuuya looks for his stepson, he is standing a little far away from him, almost as if waiting for something.

Chuuya doesn't say anything; instead, he leans against the pool wall behind him and waits, which seems to give the answer his stepson is waiting for.

Dazai approaches slowly, moving through the water without taking his eyes off Chuuya. He seems to want to test his stepfather, giving him time to get away if he wants to. However, Chuuya doesn't move, remaining in the same place as he waits for him.

Even though the water in the pool is colder than the warm August night, Chuuya feels his naked body scorching hot, his heart pounding and eager for what's coming. This is just revenge, just him proving a point, nothing more, Chuuya thinks as Dazai approaches him and puts his arms around his neck.

"What are you planning?" his stepson asks in a low, seductive tone.

"Just proving a point about you," Chuuya replies, ignoring how their naked bodies are touching and how he can feel Dazai’s cock rubbing his hip. This is probably his dumbest idea ever because, besides feeling the strong smell of chlorine and Night-blooming jasmine muddling his head, Chuuya is getting drunk on Dazai's scent, which is making it hard for him to think rationally.

Dazai is so close. Too close.

"Oh, I see you have got a sense of humor in you after all," Dazai chuckles, moving one of his hands to run the back of his fingers on Chuuya's cheek, "What point would that be?"

Chuuya's eyes blink slowly as Dazai caresses his cheek, "That what you feel is nothing but obsessive spitefulness, and that a kiss will be enough to prove it."

"A kiss? That's why you undressed and followed me into the pool?" Dazai asks, moving his fingers away from Chuuya's cheek to tangle them in his hair. He grins and then lowers his mouth over the side of Chuuya's neck, pressing an unhurried kiss.

Unconsciously, Chuuya's fingers find Dazai's shoulders, and before he realizes it, he is leaning his head to the side to let his stepson continue to kiss his neck.

Chuuya's lips fall open as Dazai spreads kisses on his neck, slowly massaging the skin with his lips and running his pierced tongue over it, making the thin hairs in Chuuya’s arms stand up.

Unlike what Chuuya may have initially thought, Dazai's kisses feel amazing, and the fact that they shouldn't be happening is what makes them taste even better. Perhaps, that's one of the reasons, along with how Dazai starts pulling his hair and pressing his teeth on his neck, that Chuuya feels himself hardening.

A breathy moan leaves Chuuya's mouth when Dazai bites him a bit harder, and that's when Chuuya realizes that what they are doing is very dangerous. There's no denying that this is really happening. He is cheating on his wife with her son, but there's still a sliver of conscience in him. The thought that Dazai may mark him, and the realization of how things are getting a bit too intense, makes Chuuya press a hand on his chest and push him away.

"I said a kiss. We are not doing this," Chuuya says, even if he is sure that Dazai must have already felt his erection.

At first, Dazai raises one eyebrow, but then his lips curl into a smirk.

"But you seem to be enjoying this so much," Dazai murmurs, approaching Chuuya again, leaving almost no space between their mouths. Dazai is standing closer than ever, making their hardened cocks touch, "I can feel your thick cock against mine. Are you sure you don't want to continue?"

Dazai pushes his hips against Chuuya, rubbing their cocks together and making both moan. The touch electrifies Chuuya, making him ache for more, but even if his head is becoming clouded with lust, Chuuya presses his hands on Dazai's hips to make him stop.

"Just a kiss," that's all Chuuya breathes into Dazai's mouth.

What is he even doing? This is a terrib–

Dazai shuts up Chuuya's thoughts by tilting his head and slotting their mouths together, kissing his lips once, twice, until he finally pulls his

stepfather to him to deepen the kiss.

It's wrong and immoral, but maybe that's why the moment Dazai starts moving his lips over his, Chuuya doesn't hold back and starts devouring his mouth. He feels like a madman, fueled by anger and repressed lust, but Dazai doesn't complain. Instead, he seems even more excited, kissing back with the same passion.

Chuuya feels Dazai press his pierced tongue against his lips and immediately opens his mouth to receive him. Their tongues begin moving together rapidly and in swirls, and passion ignites within him against everything that Chuuya would want. Each inch of him craves for Dazai, and he doesn't know how to stop. In fact, he finds himself unable to produce one coherent thought as he feels Dazai's piercing touching his tongue. Chuuya has always wondered how it felt to kiss someone with a pierced tongue, and now that he has, he realizes how arousing it feels, and he doesn't want to stop.

But kissing is the lesser evil because Dazai starts rocking his hips, pushing his erection against Chuuya, moaning deliciously between their lips.

Dazai's moans feel heavenly in Chuuya's ears, but as they become louder, he finally remembers why he is making out with his stepson. It’s time for Chuuya to humiliate him and say that no matter how much Dazai tries, he will never be like Tane. But stopping is more challenging than Chuuya thought it would be. Feeling his stepson rub on him and mewling helplessly makes his hands move to his round buttocks, squeezing the smooth flesh between his fingers and using the moment to push their pelvis together.

Lost in his pleasure and enthusiasm, Dazai lowers his hand into the water to wrap his fingers around them. And it's at the moment that their cocks come together inside Dazai's fist that Chuuya understands what he is doing and that if he lets this continue, he will regret it.

He is losing all his control.

So, Chuuya releases Dazai's buttocks and removes his hand from his cock, ending up pushing his stepson away violently. He was sure that if they

weren't inside the pool, Dazai would be on the floor by now.

Finally, the weight of what he did falls over Chuuya's shoulders, but when he finally finds his voice to put his plan into action, something different from what he had planned leaves his mouth, "You are not Tane! Get away from me!"

Dazai seems surprised by the sudden outburst, but his reaction isn't anything Chuuya would have expected. As his stepson finally processes what Chuuya said, he seems amused by the situation instead of becoming hurt.

"You are right. I'm not," Dazai says, undulating his arms around the water as he floats, "Judging how you were kissing and touching me, I thought it was obvious."

Chuuya ignores him and starts swimming to the pool stairs to escape him. He climbs them quickly, leaving the water with his hard cock bobbing between his legs, ignoring the feel of shame burning in his chest.

"Did this help you prove your point? Because it certainly did mine about you," Dazai laughs, swimming across the water as he follows Chuuya, "Would you look at yourself."

How does Chuuya feel right now? Guilty? Yes. Embarrassed? Certainly. But he also wants to continue what they were doing just now, which is why he is running away. He didn't prove fucking shit.

What the fuck did Dazai do to him?

"I hope you are happy. Now leave me the fuck alone," Chuuya says, angered at Dazai and at himself.

Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

"Think of me while you are jacking off! Meanwhile, I will be around here, swimming on my own," Dazai sing-songs before diving into the pool.

Chuuya enters their house, not caring if he is wetting the expensive carpets or the hardwood floor as he picks up his clothes and goes to his bedroom.

As Chuuya enters the bedroom he shares with his wife, he throws his clothes aside and immediately runs for the ensuite to shower.

When the shower door closes, and the warm water begins pouring over Chuuya, he doesn't even fight what he is feeling; he just wraps his hand around his cock and starts pumping it vigorously.

Chuuya moans as he strokes himself, wishing that by the time he's finished, and the last drop of cum is milked out of him, he will no longer be thinking about his stepson and how much he wants to fuck him.

Sadly, the truth is, Chuuya is pretty much still in denial about the door he just opened. After all, their steamy pool encounter was just the beginning.

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hello!!
I REALLY need to thank @AlyisWeyerd, who did wonderful art from the last chapter's steamy pool scene! 😭❤️‍🩹 Thank you so much, Aly!
I also want to thank @space_potatoee, who once again listened to my silly ideas and illustrated them! You can see spicy LAU!Dazai in all his glory in here! Thank you so much, Rey!

Now... Fasten your seatbelts and have fun ❤️‍🩹

Hugs and kisses,

- Mari

Generally speaking, Dazai tries to approach everything in life with a certain indifference. Perhaps this is a consequence of his life experiences and his bad mental health, which over the years, turned Dazai into someone who finds it difficult to feel anything in certain situations. But certain people just bring out the worst in him. Namely, his mother and Chuuya.

Dazai knows his mother married his father very young, also that she got pregnant with him at a very early age, which made her put her life on hold. Yet, Dazai also knows that his father was the first to support his mother's studies, even paying for them, and because of that, Tane was quick to leave Dazai with nannies so she could finish her studies and start a career of her own.

Perhaps, Dazai is being selfish when he thinks about this with resentment because he knows everyone deserves to achieve their dreams. Still, the truth is that, in the absence of his workaholic father, he only had his mother. And even she left him on his own.

However, at an early age, Dazai understood exactly why his mother did the things she did—getting married so young, having a kid while she was still

pretty much a kid in her head, and going back to school just to get her degree. The truth is that his mother craved Gen'emon's love, and she realized that as long as she did the things he expected from her, she would obtain his attention. So Dazai started doing the exact same thing since he realized that his father's love was easier to get for someone like him. He spent his days studying until he became top of his class and did his best to charm everyone with his intellect at high-society events that required the presence of their family. Needless to say, Dazai's efforts started to pay off after some time.

For Dazai's happiness, Gen'emon began paying more attention to him.

However, Gen'emon was not a very affectionate man. His way of showing affection was not done by hugs or kisses but by giving gifts, and even if it wasn't what Dazai wanted, he accepted it anyway. After all, what did a kid know about love?

To Dazai, Gen'emon always gifted him many books, telescopes, and other gadgets. With Tane was different. Gen'emon showered her with the most expensive clothes, shoes, and jewelry. Everything Tane wanted, she had it. But it wasn't enough for Dazai's mother, even if she paraded her expensive lifestyle. She craved something that Gen'emon never gave her, and perhaps, that's one of the reasons why at the end of her husband's life, Tane tried to turn to Dazai for affection. But that didn't work because, for Dazai, Tane was basically a stranger with whom he had to compete for his father's affection, nothing else.

But, even mourning and depressed, just like her own son, Tane kept trying to win his love, just to end up frustrated by Dazai's crescent erratic behavior and their explosive conflicts.

Dazai always thought his mother would remain miserable, unlovable, and mourning for the love she always craved for. He thought she would always live with a missing piece of something that she wasn't allowed to have, just like him. But then, Chuuya appeared, and everything changed.

For once, Dazai saw Tane smiling, but in a way that he never saw before, and when he realized the motive behind it, an ugly feeling of revolt and

enviousness filled him to the core.

Those feelings got even worse when Dazai came to know Chuuya's story. What did even Chuuya, a painter trying to thrive with his art, see in his mother? Why did a young artist settle with a widow older than him, who has a son from her previous marriage? Was Chuuya so desperate to climb the social ladder?

Back then, Dazai did everything in his power to avoid meeting this man. Still, after months of excuses, he finally gave in just to have some fun with the situation and leave his mother's boyfriend uncomfortable. And following that funny first meeting, Dazai didn't do anything to try to approach this man.

In fact, nothing much happened until Chuuya moved into their house after his marriage to his mother, like the leecher he is. And then, Dazai started to see some unexpected appreciative stares directed at him. That's when Dazai realized that perhaps Chuuya isn't exactly the man Tane thinks he is. But, since Dazai felt revolted by his mother's marriage for a while, getting angered just by staring at Chuuya's face, he ignored those stares. That lasted until the day Dazai realized that perhaps it would be fun to play with Chuuya.

Once Dazai opened that door, he learned how fun it is to play and manipulate Chuuya, and honestly, he can't wait to see the consequence of his experiments.

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One of the things that both Chuuya and Tane don't know is that Dazai keeps a copy of the annex key in his possession. It was supposed to exist only two keys (one for Tane and another for Chuuya), but the moment that Dazai found out that Tane was interested in offering the annex to her husband so that he could turn it into his personal studio, Dazai quickly left the house to make a copy of his own.

It's not every day that Dazai takes his time to see what Chuuya is doing at the annex, but recently, and given the hell he has been given to his

stepfather, he is curious to see how it impacted his art. Especially after the torrid night they spent together.

The characteristic smell of paintings and other art supplies fills Dazai's nostrils as he enters the annex, and he finds himself sighing, pleased at it. This is a scent that Chuuya often carries with him, so it's hard not to think about the heated moments they have shared between them as he takes a deep breath.

In this annex filled with natural light, there are about three studio easels, various canvases exposed on the walls, and many more stored in a storage rack. There's also a work table with various art supplies. Overall it's a very colorful space, and no matter how much Dazai looks around, he can't really say that it's messy. Lively, without a doubt, but not messy.

Dazai doesn't even lose a minute searching before he finds something interesting.

Above the work table, there's a very loved sketchbook next to used charcoal pencils and an ashtray filled to the brim with cigarette butts.

If Dazai wanted a clue about what his stepfather has been doing lately in his personal studio, this pretty much gives him the answer he has been looking for.

What have you been sketching, Chuuya?

Dazai takes a seat in front of the work table and picks up the sketchbook and starts turning the pages. There's a bit of everything, but mostly studies of artwork that Dazai knows that Chuuya ended up painting later on canvas. At first, Dazai doesn't see anything interesting, and almost thinks about giving up, but then he stops at a page that makes his mouth stretch in a grin.

There are sketches of his body and face all over the page, and Dazai quickly finds at least two more pages with the exact same content. On one of the pages, there's even a close-up sketch of his cock that makes Dazai stunned with the amount of detail in it. He knew that Chuuya had some type of

interest in him, but he never expected to find out something like this. Something so obsessive.

Dazai shouldn't be that surprised after what happened in the pool, yet it's a bit difficult not to feel the way he feels as he looks at the various studies of his body in the sketchbook.

How dared Chuuya to try to prove any point about him yesterday, when his head was in this state?

One of the things that the pages have in common is the repetitive sketch of Dazai making pleasured expressions, that he assumes Chuuya has been trying to recreate since the day he caught him with Mr. Nice-dick. Judging by what Dazai sees, there seems to be some frustration, because most of these sketches have a scratch over them.

Interesting.

Are you doing this because you don't want to draw me? Or because you can't get my sketch right?

There's only one way of finding it out, and Dazai knows exactly how he will do that.

*

A chuckle leaves Dazai's mouth when he sees how well his mother's silk robe fits his naked body. It's black and short, with lace hems making a nice contrast with the paleness of his scarred skin. It's a piece that fits exactly the purpose, and it will match perfectly the detail he is about to add.

Dazai leaves his mother and Chuuya's ensuite with a small mirror and a tube of lipstick in hand. He just heard the electrical gate of their house opening, so he takes a seat on their bed and crosses his long legs, and begins applying the red Chanel lipstick he found among his mother's makeup. It's a deep red, definitely sensual and inviting. Perfect for what he wants.

The entry door opens, followed by familiar steps that start going up the stairs, making Dazai's heart thunder inside his chest. Even if Dazai has already finished painting his lips, he still presses the tip of the lipstick over them and waits for Chuuya to walk in.

There's a halt in Chuuya's steps as he reaches the door of his bedroom, and Dazai makes an effort to contain his need to laugh before turning his eyes to his stepfather.

Chuuya looks stunned, clearly not believing that he is seeing his stepson in such conditions on his bed, and Dazai loves every second of his shocked reaction.

Dazai raises one eyebrow when Chuuya doesn't say anything and simply walks into the bedroom to stop in front of him.

"Did the cat get your tongue?" Dazai asks, closing the tube of lipstick and placing it along the small mirror over one of the nightstands.

Dazai gets up, placing a hand on his hip as he shows his stepfather how good he looks in his mother's clothes.

"Last time things got hot between us, you told me to get away from you because I'm not my mother. So I thought, maybe if I dress up like her, it will be enough for you?"

The last thing Dazai sees is Chuuya pulling his hand back, and suddenly there's an explosive pain traveling from his cheek to mouth that crashes against him like a violent wave, leaving behind a hot, pulsing burn. The moment Dazai realizes what happened, his mouth opens in laughter. So, after removing his messy brown hair from his face, he brings his shaky fingers to his lips, having no idea if the red he sees results from his mother's lipstick or blood from a busted lip.

Chuuya really dared to hit him.

Without caring if he is dirtying his mother's silk robe, Dazai cleans his fingers on it and then turns his eyes to Chuuya. His stepfather has a

conflicted expression on his face, clearly filled with anger but also shocked at the fact that he actually hit Dazai.

"Well, I can't say that I didn't see that coming. Yet–" Dazai pushes Chuuya with the same violence he was slapped with, making his stepfather walk backward and hit the dresser behind him.

No matter how much Dazai finds the whole situation hilarious, he feels all the anger in him pouring out after two years of holding it in. So he pulls back his hand in a closed fist and ready to attack, but as he throws his fist, Chuuya stops him.

They stare at each other, breathing hard, and when Dazai tries to release himself from Chuuya's hold, he doesn't let him. Instead, Chuuya presses his fingers harder on Dazai's scarred wrist, hurting him and pushing him until the back of his legs hits the bed, and he falls over the rumpled bed sheets.

"Is this what you want?" Chuuya asks, opening the silk robe carelessly, to the point where Dazai can hear ripping, "I'm so fucking tired of your sick games."

"Are you? Is that why you are undressing me?" Dazai asks, groaning as his mother’s robe is roughly pushed out of him, leaving him completely naked under Chuuya's eyes, "Why don't you admit that you are as sick as me?"

Chuuya doesn't reply. Instead, he runs his eyes down Dazai's body, observing how his stepson is becoming hard and stopping at the place between his legs where he sees a silver object placed snugly between his butt cheeks.

Yes, I had a bit of fun before you came home.

An ugly expression appears on Chuuya's face, and suddenly he climbs over Dazai to fist his hair, "You planned this, so I assume this is what you really want."

"Don't you?" Dazai asks back, struggling with the tight hold on his hair, "I was at your annex. I saw your sketchbook."

I know how badly you want to fuck me.

Chuuya's eyes open wide. And before Dazai can say anything else, Chuuya moves backward, grabbing the anal plug and pulling it out. He does it too fast, and Dazai whines with discomfort, but Chuuya doesn't care.

After the toy is thrown aside, Dazai watches Chuuya remove his t-shirt and then open his jeans and lower them just enough, along with his boxers, to remove his cock, which to no one's surprise, is almost completely erect.

Seeing how thick Chuuya is getting makes Dazai's mouth water, and the moment their bodies meet again, Dazai pulls him down and starts kissing him sloppily. Chuuya kisses Dazai back without any finesse, stopping to bite his red lips with such violence that if there weren't blood in them before, surely there must be now.

The sound of their kissing is wet and so lewd that Dazai becomes even harder and drunk on what they are doing. The more Dazai is kissed, the more the need to be devoured and touched by Chuuya grows. So he runs his hands down Chuuya's back, moaning against his lips with how good it feels to touch his heated skin.

Neither of them acknowledges the way Dazai is touching Chuuya. In fact, Chuuya doesn't seem to realize it because as soon as he stops kissing Dazai, he immediately guides his cock, now completely hard, to his entrance.

Dazai watches his stepfather with some expectation, observing how his mouth is all smudged with red lipstick surely like his own right now.

There's a press on his hole, and Dazai's breath hitches. However, even if Dazai prepared himself, Chuuya seems frustrated as he tries to push inside. He presses against Dazai’s hole once and twice but quickly pulls back and starts cursing.

Chuuya moves from above Dazai, finally taking off his jeans and underwear before going to his nightstand. He opens the first drawer impatiently, taking out a bottle that Dazai is sure contains lube.

"Look at you, so caring about me," Dazai says, grinning when he sees Chuuya pour the lubricant on his palm.

"Just shut the fuck up. I just don't want to end up with a rug burn," Chuuya replies, stroking himself a couple of times before climbing over Dazai again.

"You got to admit that's–" Dazai doesn't even finish because he starts screaming when Chuuya enters him with one ruthless thrust.

Dazai is glad Chuuya decided to lube himself up because even with his previous preparation, he feels his body stretch to its limit. But, Chuuya doesn't stop after his hips hit the back of Dazai's legs; he doesn't even let his stepson get used to his size before he starts fucking him at a brutal pace. The funny detail is that even uncomfortable, Dazai doesn't want him to stop.

"Is this what you wanted?" Chuuya asks breathily and without any affection, fisting Dazai's hair again. He pounds into him so hard that Dazai feels his heavy balls swinging against his ass.

"Yes!" Dazai moans, spreading his legs farther as Chuuya sinks down into him, almost like he is possessed by an hungered beast.

Even with all his anger, Chuuya moves down to kiss Dazai, devouring his mouth as if there's an endless hunger in him that cannot be controlled. Their kisses are nothing but a mess of tongues and saliva, but neither of them cares about the mess they are making, kissing each other so aggressively that their lips start to become bruised.

Chuuya isn't soft or affectionate with him, but Dazai didn't expect the opposite after pushing him so hard to the edge. It would be weird and unnatural if things were different. Between them, there's nothing but lust and the need to possess what doesn't belong to them.

Dazai is sure that he will be sore after this because Chuuya isn't showing any signs of becoming tired or being close to coming. Instead, he just keeps

fucking him frantically, so fast that the sound of their flesh smacking together overlaps their moaning.

One of the things Dazai notices is how Chuuya keeps staring at him while he fucks him, almost as if he is trying to save every moment of this in his memory. And, perhaps, that's precisely what Chuuya is doing, memorizing everything so he can draw it later in his sketchbooks.

You are really a sick man, Chuuya.

Dazai doesn't know how long they remain in that position, but when Chuuya withdraws from him, his leg muscles burn with exertion.

Chuuya, who doesn't seem concerned with how he is pushing Dazai's body, takes a seat on the bed with his back against the header, not looking very patient.

"So? Weren't you feeling that eager to fuck me? Work for it," Chuuya says, moving a hand down to pump his cock. Before moving, Dazai can't help but give his stepfather's dick an appreciative look. It's shiny with lube, looking delicious as Chuuya releases it from his fist and starts throbbing.

Dazai feels a bit shaky as he turns and crawls to Chuuya over the mattress, amused with how his stepfather is speaking to him. Even so, Dazai throws a leg over him, and as he begins lowering his hips, he grabs Chuuya's chin to make sure his stepfather is looking at him when he says his following words.

"Don't think just because you have your cock in me that you can boss me around," Dazai says, sitting over Chuuya's cock, and chuckling as he sees how his stepfather's mouth falls open in pleasure, "Pathetic."

"You are the one riding your stepfather's cock. A man you hate," Chuuya replies, removing Dazai's hold on his chin and leaning back on the bed header, "Who's the pathetic one here?"

Dazai doesn't reply; instead, he begins bouncing over Chuuya's cock to shut him up. As expected, his stepfather immediately forgets about their

conversation and grabs his hips to try to control the way Dazai moves. But Dazai won't give Chuuya that pleasure.

Now that Dazai has some control over the penetration, he can finally take what he wants from his stepfather, using him like he uses his own toys, with the difference that this playtime has funny consequences.

It's immoral, and it's wrong, but for Dazai, it feels fantastic, giving him such satisfaction that he begins feeling the familiar tightness in his balls.

"Do you like this?" Dazai asks, clenching around Chuuya's cock as he goes up and down his length, "I'm sure it feels amazing for you to finally fuck something tight."

Chuuya lowers his hands to Dazai's buttocks and squeezes them hard, "If you don't shut up, I'm going to kick you out."

Dazai laughs at his stepfather's threat. Who is he trying to fool? Would you hold someone like this if you wanted to kick them out that badly?

"Sure," Dazai breathes against Chuuya's lips, running his pierced tongue over them. His stepfather immediately tries to chase his tongue, but Dazai moves back and continues to ride him, this time faster as he feels his orgasm close.

This position makes Chuuya's cock hit Dazai's prostate dead on, so he indulges in that fact, overstimulating it and not containing his moans as he feels himself getting closer and closer to his orgasm. His small cock bobs as he moves, all wet and rosy, dripping with cum and in need of being touched, but Chuuya doesn't even approach his hands, and that really pisses Dazai off.

"Touch me," Dazai whines against Chuuya's mouth, feeling his hips burning with all the effort of riding his stepfather.

"Touch you? You wish," Chuuya says, and this time he is the one who licks Dazai's lips before speaking again, "Want to come? Come riding my cock like the slut you are."

Chuuya's words should anger Dazai, but that's not what they do. Dazai doesn't feel offended by his derogatory words. In fact, it's almost like they renew his energy because suddenly, he finds himself unable to stop riding the cock inside him. He does it passionately, undulating his hips expertly as he uses and abuses Chuuya's cock, hitting his prostate repeatedly until he finds himself almost screaming with pleasure and cum begins leaving his cock violently.

"Shit!" Chuuya curses, pressing his fingers harder on his buttocks to push him down on his cock, "Look at how much you are coming."

Dazai's orgasm is so intense that tears start running down his cheek, falling harder when Chuuya releases his buttocks, grabs his wrists, and pins them behind his back.

"Chu-Chuuya!" Dazai groans, barely able to contain his moans inside as Chuuya continues fucking him ruthlessly. Every time Dazai starts losing his strength and slumping, Chuuya pulls him by his wrists, straightening his posture to the point of becoming painful. Chuuya is so big, penetrating him so deeply that it's almost like Dazai can feel him in his belly.

Even knowing the discomfort he is causing Dazai by continuing to milk his prostate, Chuuya doesn't stop, watching his helpless expressions and the way cum keeps trickling from Dazai's cock with utter fascination.

Is your hunger that endless?

Amid so much unbridled pleasure, Dazai wonders if Chuuya is like this with his mother or if this greedy side of him is just something for his eyes and body alone. Something just for whatever sick game is between them.

"Gonna come," Chuuya warns, releasing Dazai's wrists to place his hands back on his hips so he can have a better hold on him.

Dazai is finally allowed to fall on his arms, crying out as Chuuya snaps his hips into him and empties himself with one final powerful thrust. His stepfather moans breathily in his ear, clearly enjoying the pleasure his body is feeling, and Dazai finds himself holding on to him during those seconds.

Such a moment of weakness lasts just a few seconds before Dazai remembers exactly who this person is and before Chuuya can even realize their proximity.

Dazai pulls back from his arms, watching how after his own powerful orgasm, Chuuya finally comes back to earth with a clearer head. Besides the shift in his relaxed expression to a serious one, it becomes clear that his mind is finally processing what happened because he uses his remaining strength to throw Dazai aside.

Dazai falls over the rumpled bed sheets, hissing with the discomfort he feels in his body. He feels his entrance too sensitive, too lax, clearly bruised from Chuuya's rough treatment. Just by how it feels, Dazai is sure he won't be able to do anything for a few days. Yet, he doesn't let such sensations be seen on his face, which now carries a cocky expression.

Chuuya remains seated in the same place, looking nowhere special with numbness written on his face. He looks exhausted, and it's clear that he is processing exactly what happened and probably going through all the stages of acceptance of the truth–that he is a dirty cheater.

The funniest thing is that Chuuya didn't even use a condom with him.

Dazai stares at him in silence, with some morbid fascination and curiosity. There's red lipstick all over Chuuya's mouth, that along with Dazai's cum splattered over his torso, gives him an even more debauched look.

After what seems like an eternity, Chuuya finally turns his tired blue eyes to him and says, "Get out."

There's no heat in his words, and Dazai can even hear something akin to begging in them.

Dazai raises an eyebrow, "What? No aftercare?"

"Please, just let me be alone. I don't want to look at your face anymore," Chuuya murmurs, clearly too tired and emotionally drained to be angry, "You finally got what you wanted. Wasn't this enough?"

Dazai gets up with some difficulty, leaning on his scarred arms as he approaches Chuuya, "Your performance was adequate. I will give you that. So as a reward, I will leave you alone."

Chuuya frowns but refrains from making comments. Dazai is sure that his stepfather is avoiding saying something that may make him change his mind about leaving.

Before getting out of bed, Dazai takes the edge of a sheet and wipes the cum that landed on his belly, and that is running down his hole, making sure to take his time so that Chuuya can see it. After his little show, he gets up, struggling with the fact that his legs won't stop shaking.

"I'd change the sheets if I were you. They might be a little dirty," Dazai says, moving around the bed and bending down as he sees his anal plug on the floor, "I could leave this here and maybe even kick it under the bed to create trouble. But since you were a good fuck, I will take this with me."

"Just get the fuck out!" Chuuya orders, making Dazai grin.

It's clear that Chuuya's anger is returning, so Dazai, for once, obeys what he says. He leaves the bedroom completely naked and goes to his own bedroom, feeling satisfied that he was able to play and break his stepfather like a toy. If Dazai is being honest, he never thought it would be so easy to end up in bed with him because if he knew, he would have done it a long time ago.

Feeling his body disgusting with cum and sweat, Dazai heads to the bathroom for a shower, stopping in front of the mirror to see his reflection. Just like Chuuya, there's red lipstick smudged everywhere, giving him a crazy appearance that matches perfectly with his messy hair pointing in every direction. There's bruising on his wrists, and as Dazai moves away from the mirror, he can see the imprint of Chuuya's fingers both in his hips and butt cheeks. His stepfather was brutal with him. There's no denying in that.

When warm water falls over Dazai, it feels like a blessing, making his body feel relaxed and heavy with sleep. But, even if the shower feels relaxing,

Dazai's thoughts keep going to his stepfather. He wonders if Chuuya has already got up from his bed and changed the bedsheets. Does Chuuya regret it? Did he enjoy fucking his stepson? Was he a better lay than his mother? Dazai asks himself, chuckling as he thinks about the mess he made.

Dazai has to admit that he would like to see Chuuya's face again, just to see his reaction the moment their paths crossed. But he doesn't meet his stepfather again for the remaining day. In fact, Chuuya doesn't even return home, so Dazai suspects that he is ordering takeout again and is choosing to sleep in the guest bedroom that exists at the annex for the night.

Frustration takes root in Dazai, but he ignores it because there's no place in him for such frustration like this to grow.

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The following morning, Dazai spends his time in bed until he hears the electrical gates open and Chuuya leave for his classes. There are still some days left until his mother's return, and Dazai has spent the last hours contemplating everything he was able to gather during her absence.

Chuuya is likely waiting for Dazai to keep harassing him even after his mother returns, but the truth is that from here forward, he doesn't intend to do much else besides what he already did. He felt Chuuya's lust for him and met his obsession. So, Dazai will let Chuuya simmer in his obsession and see what he will do after yesterday's events. But, of course, even if he intends to behave better, that doesn't mean he won't try to provoke Chuuya once in a while. Where would be the fun if he didn't do it? So well, perhaps he will annoy Chuuya, but just a little.

After giving it enough time to make sure Chuuya isn't returning, Dazai gets up from his bed, groaning when he feels his body's soreness. Everything in his body hurts, but what hurts the most is his ass. Even with Chuuya's bad reaction after they had sex, Dazai is sure that he is going to be all proud when he sees his state.

With a lot of effort, Dazai makes his way down the stairs, still in his summer pajamas and flip-flops, and leaves the house. It's a beautiful day

outside, and if Dazai weren't so sore, he would go swimming at the pool. But since there's no way that's happening today, Dazai just forgets about the pool, crosses the green lawn, and approaches the annex.

During the hours he lazied around in bed, Dazai entertained the idea that Chuuya had spent the night changing the lock, but it's clear that it didn't happen since his key unlocks the lock on the first try. Unlike the day before, the tobacco scent is even more pungent, overlapping the smell of Chuuya's art supplies. Clearly, Chuuya spent the entire night smoking like a chimney because of his nerves and didn't even bother to open a window.

There's no sketchbook at the work table this time, and as Dazai looks around, he doesn't see anything different from the day before. So he decides to search in the bedroom, climbing the stairs to the upper floor, which is basically just an attic and sees the bed where Chuuya spent his night. The bed is a mess, making it clear that Chuuya had a troubled night.

Dazai approaches, taking a seat on the bed and picking up a pillow to smell it. It's impregnated with Chuuya's scent, and Dazai finds himself unable to resist smelling a bit more until his eyes fall above the only drawer of the nightstand. He places the pillow back on the bed and opens the drawer to see what's inside. There are a lot of useless items, even lube, but that's not what makes Dazai smile.

"Let's see what news you hold today," Dazai murmurs as he picks up Chuuya's sketchbook hidden in the drawer.

This time, when Dazai opens the sketchbook, he does it closer to the end and starts looking for news. He tries to see any differences in his old sketches, but everything remains the same, so he moves forward, and what he finds makes him stop.

There are not only three pages with sketches of him, but many, many more, and this time even some of them are colored. Dazai's mouth falls open. He is surprised, but at the same time, he feels a sadistic pleasure when he sees the same thing he saw the day before. There's a bit of everything, full body sketches here and there, some close-ups of his face, and just like the

previous pages, even drawings of his cock, but this time erect and in some ejaculating.

Just like Dazai had expected, Chuuya's main focus is sketching his pleasured expressions, but there's a difference compared to the previous ones. This time Dazai has his lips smudged with red lipstick in every drawing. There are many angles of the same idea, with his face done in various states of ecstasy, making Dazai very curious. What exactly is Chuuya trying to do with all these studies?

Dazai turns the pages until he reaches the final one and sees, once again, a sketch of him with such an intense expression that he is sure that this was probably inspired by the moment he was orgasming. However, this impressive drawing has an annotation underneath it that makes Dazai unsure he is reading correctly: *Art exhibition?*

Dazai bursts out laughing.

You have to be fucking joking, Chuuya.

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hello, my lovelies! I'm back after a crazy week! I hope the person that reported my pfp enjoys this chapter because I really loved writing it!!

I really need to thank @OMEGAZA1 and @FreyaKy_ because they gave me precious ideas that changed my planning for this story! Thank you!!

This chapter is a bit longer than usual, but I hope everyone enjoys it!!

With love,

- Mari

There are a few precious things for Chuuya in this life. Like memories of his dear parents, his group of friends, and a good night of sleep. Unfortunately, a good night of sleep is something that Chuuya seems deprived of since Tane left for her business trip. Sleep deprivation can occur for many reasons, but for Chuuya, the major cause of his insomnia is his heavy consciousness. There is no smooth or painless way to refer to what happened between him and Dazai. They fucked. Hard. And Chuuya doesn't know how to digest the fact that he lost his mind, how rough he was, and how great it felt to have Dazai riding his dick. That's one of the reasons he didn't sleep last night, and that's why he wakes up with Lippmann shaking his shoulder.

Now that Chuuya has woken up from his nap, he realizes how exhausted he must have been because there's no place more uncomfortable to fall asleep than his desk.

"Hey, sleepyhead. Class is over," Lippmann tells him, sighing as Chuuya finally raises his head from his arms.

“Is the class over?”

"Yes…Look, I know you just woke up, but this whole situation is bizarre. Why do I feel there's something you aren't telling me?"

Great. Being questioned about his life decisions after waking up is the last thing Chuuya needs.

"I spent the entire night trying to come up with something for the exhibition. Failed," Chuuya lies, yawning and stretching until he hears an audible and satisfying pop, "I'm glad there are no classes tomorrow. I really need to rest."

Lippmann crosses his arms and looks at Chuuya with suspicion.

"Are you sure this is about the exhibition and not because your stepson is making your life a living hell?"

Yes. It's because Dazai is making my life a living hell and because I gave in, and it felt amazing.

"I don't care about my stepson’s tantrums. Besides, Tane is coming home the day after tomorrow, so he is going to calm down. It will be like nothing ever happened," Chuuya replies, shrugging to make his words sound more credible. Lying is becoming so natural for him that it's scary.

"I see. Well, it was like I said. You need to get out and relax, so don't you dare to give us a rain check tonight."

Right. The night out with the Flags.

Chuuya had already forgotten about their plans for tonight, and he would be feeling excited if his consciousness wasn't feeling so heavy. However, he knows Lippmann arranged everything because he is worried about him, so there's no way he will cancel on them.

"Don't worry. I won't," Chuuya assures him, getting up from his chair, "C'mon, I will help you clean around the studio."

"No need! I already did that," Lippmann says, grinning back at his friend, "But before you complain about it, I must warn you that this wasn't an act of altruism. All of this comes with a price."

Chuuya feels his heart softening with his friend's care. Even if his life feels messy right now, it appeases his heart to know he has his friends' love. Maybe Chuuya could speak with them about his torments? It's tempting, but Chuuya fears losing his friends' respect.

Better not.

"And that price is?"

"You are paying for lunch today!" Lippmann announces, rubbing his hands mischievously.

"Alright, alright. I will pay for your damn lunch. Can't believe you are using our friendship for free food."

"But, of course. Now hurry up! I'm hungry!" Lippmann says, sounding very impatient and childish as Chuuya pockets his cell phone.

"Don't be a brat!" Chuuya says between laughs until he realizes the exact word he used to call his friend.

Lippmann doesn't notice, but Chuuya's mood sours as he remembers that another 'brat' will be waiting for him at home. Unlike this moment, where he can use his time with Lippmann to forget about the mess he made, the same won't happen when he gets home. Inside those four walls that Chuuya calls home, there's only so much he can do to avoid his current problem, so he is going to make sure to enjoy these last few hours for the sake of his sanity.

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Unlike Chuuya had feared, the moment he gets home, his stepson isn't hiding behind a bush waiting to call him a cheater. Just like he isn't parading himself naked around the pool as he did a few days ago. No, there's no sign

of Dazai in the garden, and when Chuuya gets inside the house, no moans reach his ears. In fact, the only thing that greets him is silence.

Is Dazai out?

It seems too good to be true, but Chuuya isn't going to be ungrateful for this small gift sent by the universe.

However, when Chuuya enters the living room, he realizes he celebrated too early. His stepson is lying on his side on the chaise longue of their sofa, asleep with a book close to his face. Chuuya looks at him suspiciously, expecting that at any moment, Dazai will open his eyes and start teasing him, but he doesn't. Unexpectedly, his stepson is actually fast asleep.

Chuuya has to admit that he never saw Dazai like this, looking so vulnerable, rather than manipulative and calculating, hiding in the tower of his castle.

Unlike the previous times, Dazai isn't naked or just in his underwear. Instead, he has a light blanket covering his shoulders, not long enough to hide that he is wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt, just like his bandages, that are visible in one of his arms peeking out under the blanket. It's a huge contrast with the previous days, and Chuuya can't help but wonder what has changed.

Chuuya doesn't know why, but he feels strange. It's as if everything that happened in the previous days was nothing but a dream brought on by an intense fever. Did he abuse Dazai's body so much that he fell asleep from exhaustion? No. Chuuya refuses to feel the guilt that suddenly invades his mind and decides to walk away. Dazai doesn't do anything without thinking a thousand steps ahead, and Chuuya is sure this was all planned. So, Chuuya ignores the sudden need to wake up his stepson and check on him. How is it possible that his stepson can cause damage even in his sleep?

It's hard work, but Chuuya is able to get away from the living room and go into the kitchen, but as soon as he gets there, he begins thinking about the book close to Dazai’s face. His stepson probably fell asleep before he could

put the book away in a safe place, and now he is sleeping with his face right next to its pointy edges.

What if–

Fuck!

The redhead returns to the living room in quick but silent steps and stops close to Dazai. Good thing that he came because the book is really close to his face. So, with all his care, Chuuya removes the book and looks at the cover.

Snow White and Other Grimms' Fairy Tales

Chuuya raises an eyebrow. Snow White? Was Dazai expecting Chuuya to wake him up with a kiss? Honestly, in their current situation, the only thing Chuuya feels like giving to Dazai is a punch.

But also…

Chuuya turns his eyes away from the hardcover to Dazai's beautiful profile. It would be a lie to say that his stepson's vulnerability doesn't look beautiful, so different from the wild expression he saw yesterday.

Why don't you admit that you are as sick as me?

Maybe Chuuya really is as sick as Dazai. Otherwise, he wouldn't be here right now, appreciating his stepson’s beauty, nor would he have fucked him.

The wedding band in his left hand never felt heavier.

To this moment, Chuuya still has no idea exactly what happened to him yesterday, just that seeing Dazai in his bedroom using his wife's stuff made him lose his head and attack him. Violence and lust became a dangerous mix, and suddenly the need to smudge those red lips and to tear that black silk robe became overwhelming. After feeling those craves, Chuuya didn't think twice before he was over Dazai doing everything he wanted.

Sex between them was violent, passionate, and breathtaking, and it was only when he orgasmed inside Dazai that Chuuya realized the dimension of his mistake. But anger, regret, and guilt were only part of what Chuuya experienced after having sex with Dazai. Unexpectedly, his brain became alive with creativity, overflowing with ideas and the need to take a step forward and paint his stepson on a canvas. Of course, anyone would think that since Chuuya had been sketching his stepson, he wouldn't be surprised by this reaction of his own body. But, the thing is that this felt completely different from his previous needs to sketch his expressions; this time, Chuuya felt like his brain was overcharged with new stimuli, just like it hadn't in a long time. More precisely, since he started dating Tane. That realization hit Chuuya so hard in the stomach that even staring Dazai in the face became too much, so he kicked him out.

Dazai left the bedroom, but a set of expensive bed sheets ruined with lipstick, sweat, and cum were left behind, and Chuuya's first reaction after he calmed himself down was to bring them to his nose and smell them like a fucking pervert. But, of course, doing that proved to be a terrible idea because Chuuya quickly became turned on by the heady tang of their sweat and the musky scent of their ejaculations mixed together.

When Chuuya realized that, he just ripped the sheets off the bed and didn't even try to wash them. Instead, Chuuya just did what any desperate and cheating husband would do: shoved the sheets along Tane's destroyed silk robe in a bag and dumped it in the trash down the street. Then, after returning home and making his bed with clean sheets, Chuuya prepared a bag and left the crime scene to spend the night in his annex. In there, Chuuya let his creativity run free, sketching and coloring everything Dazai gave to him.

Chuuya will never forget how cathartic and exhilarating it felt to pour all his obsession in great detail into his sketchbook. He spent hours working, just stopping to have takeout and dive back into Dazai's sketches. Perhaps because the Dazai in his sketchbook is the only one he can tame, Chuuya couldn't stop himself from drawing him for an entire night until he had to force himself to sleep.

Despite having sketched Tane once or twice, what he felt back then was completely different. What Chuuya feels with Dazai is unhealthy and compulsive, and he simply can’t stop because he has never felt so alive.

Now, as Chuuya gives a last look to Dazai in front of him, sleeping peacefully as if he hasn't betrayed his mother, he understands that he will never be able to use his portrait. Even if Chuuya is sure that Dazai's portrait has the potential to become one of his masterpieces, he can't do that to his marriage.

This is why Chuuya thinks that Dazai causes damage even when sleeping. Because even if his stepson isn't doing anything, Chuuya can't stop thinking about his infidelity to his wife and his frustration as an artist as he looks at his unexpected muse.

Chuuya always knew Dazai was trouble, but he never imagined the way he would fuck up his life in such a disastrous way.

*

Time between friends is something that Chuuya will forever be thankful for in his life. Especially after spending an entire afternoon hidden in his annex trying to work on the ballerina when he was itching to start Dazai's painting. It was hard, but Chuuya managed to stop himself, and the universe rewarded him with a Dazai-free house after he left the annex. Which was, without a doubt, a balm for his wounds because Tane called him during the afternoon, all sweet and affectionate, and hearing her voice made him feel like the worst scumbag on the face of the earth.

"Why are you looking so serious?" Piano Man asks, waking Chuuya from the endless torment inside his head.

It sounds absurd, right? Chuuya should be thankful to be able to spend time with his eccentric group of friends at their favorite outdoor bar facing Yokohama Bay. But no, not even that seems enough to brighten his mood.

"I think he just needs a bit more sangria to loosen up!" Albatross says, reaching for the jug of sangria to fill Chuuya's glass, “We are having a great

summer night. There’s no time to be serious!”

"Sorry guys, I'm just tired," Chuuya says, not commenting when he sees Albatross pouring a lot more sangria than necessary into his glass.

The sangria is fresh and delicious, and since Lippmann is the designated driver for some of them this evening, he is okay with drinking a bit more than usual.

"When is Tane returning?" Doc asks, tilting his head as he stares curiously at his friend.

"Sunday. It feels like Tane has been away for months," Chuuya replies honestly, removing his cigarettes from his pocket.

Ice Man passes him his lighter, and Chuuya thanks him, lighting his cigarette.

"You two are so cute. Makes me wonder when I will find my true love," Piano Man says, somewhat dramatically, which makes Doc and Albatross snicker.

"With your personality? I will praise the poor soul able to see through your evil character," Lippmann says before taking a drag of his cigarette.

Piano Man flips him off, and even Iceman, known for his quiet personality, chuckles at their bickering.

"Surely I'm not as terrible as Chuuya's evil stepson," Piano Man says, making Chuuya almost choke on his drink.

"Oh, c'mon. That's not nice," Lippmann says, noticing how Chuuya seems bothered by his words.

"What? We all know it. I bet he has been making Chuuya's life a living hell since Tane left. Am I wrong?" Piano Man asks, and Chuuya doesn't really know what to say, just that there's no way he is going to be able to evade such a blatant question.

Just like Lippman, Chuuya has known Piano Man since he was a kid, unlike the remaining elements of the group that came to join them later during different moments of their lives. So he knows that until he replies to the question, Piano Man will keep pushing him for an answer.

"More or less. Nothing different than usual," Chuuya says before bringing the cigarette to his mouth.

Lippmann raises an eyebrow but chooses not to comment about it. However, Piano Man seems skeptical of such an answer. For a moment, Chuuya feels it won't be easy to get away, but then, Albatross notices something unexpected.

"Hey, speaking about your stepson, isn't that him?" Albatross asks, shaking Chuuya's arm to get his attention.

"What? Where?" Chuuya asks and then turns in the direction Albatross is staring. After some searching among the crowd, he finally spots his stepson, who is sharing a table with his friends.

From all the outdoor seating bars that Dazai could have gone to this night, what is the possibility that they ended up in the same one?

Dazai is looking well, even happy, as he smokes his cigarette and speaks with Yosano next to him, seeming to be having a good and untroubled time, unlike Chuuya, who hasn't stopped questioning his life decisions since both fell into bed.

"Yeah. That's him," Chuuya finally replies, turning back to his sangria. But, even if Chuuya tries to ignore that Dazai is just a few tables away, everyone at his table is staring at him now, and he really hates that fact. After spending so long trying to deflect questions about his problems, the last thing he wanted was to turn the conversation onto himself and his stepson. So, he does the first thing that comes to his head, "I am going there to say hello to his friends. It has been a while."

This is probably the worst decision Chuuya could have come up with, but after putting out his cigarette in the ashtray, he gets up and starts walking

there.

The first person to notice him is Kunikida, who shakes Dazai's shoulder and makes him notice his arrival. It's the first time Chuuya sees Dazai awake since their disastrous mistake, yet unlike him, his stepson seems to be completely relaxed to be in his presence.

Chuuya greets everyone at the table and feels a little less tense when they do the same.

"Didn't expect to see you here, Chuuya," Dazai says, staring at him with some interest before he takes a drag of his cigarette.

"It has been a while since I greeted your friends, so I came here for a hello."

"It really has been a while. I hope you are doing well, Nakahara-san," Yosano says, smiling at him, "You are free to join us if you want."

Dazai doesn't seem very pleased at that suggestion, yet he refrains from commenting on that.

"Oh, no, no. I came here with my friends. I am just a few tables away," Chuuya replies, scratching the back of his head. He has to admit that he wasn't expecting the invitation, but it feels nice, even if Yosano did it out of politeness.

"That's nice. But if you find yourself without company, just come take a seat with us," Kunikida says, and Chuuya nods.

"Thank you, guys. I really appreciate it, but I will probably leave when my friend Lippmann leaves since he is my ride tonight."

Just like Dazai, Ranpo remains quiet, observing him in a way that is starting to become unnerving. Perhaps, it would be better for Chuuya just leave.

"Well, I won't bother you guys any longer. But, oh, before I forget! Come around for dinner one of these days. Tane misses having you all around," Chuuya says, taking a look at Dazai, who just rolls his eyes at his invitation.

Everyone seems happy with the invitation, but Dazai doesn’t seem to share the same opinion, choosing to be rude instead: "I think I'm hearing your friends calling you. Goodbye, Chuuya."

The group of friends immediately goes quiet, and despite having been caught off guard, Chuuya simply huffs a laugh.

How Chuuya wishes he could have Dazai’s nerve and be just as inconvenient as him and embarrass him beyond repair.

"I see you guys around," that's all Chuuya says before leaving their table, opting to keep his wishes regarding his stepson to himself.

Chuuya feels himself burning with shame as he returns to his table, so the first thing he does when he arrives is fill his glass with more sangria.

His friends watch him both curiously and concerned, but Chuuya just raises his glass and smiles.

"A toast to my shitty stepson. Fuck him. Now let's change the subject to more interesting matters." Everyone laughs at his toast, and the mood immediately lightens up, making Chuuya realize he picked his words correctly.

It's time to enjoy the night, and Chuuya is going to make sure of that.

*

Chuuya isn't drunk. He isn't. He is just feeling a bit buzzed, nothing more. But he has to admit that his head feels a bit heavy and dizzy, and it doesn't matter how hard he tries to focus on the conversation between his friends because he simply seems unable to accompany it. They are too loud, especially Albatross and Piano Man.

"Are you alright, Chuuya?" Doc asks him, sounding somewhat amused for reasons Chuuya can't understand.

"Why shouldn't I be?" Chuuya asks back, slurring.

Everyone begins laughing, and Chuuya becomes even more confused.

"Why are you all laughing? Do I have something on my face?" Chuuya asks, feeling his temples hurt every time he turns his head.

"Nothing, nothing. Guys, don't let him drink anything else," Lippmann says, seeming to be having a lot of fun with the situation.

Ah.

"I'm not drunk. So don't laugh," Chuuya says, maybe a bit too loud, making his friends laugh even harder.

Is it possible that he is drunker than he thinks and doesn't even notice? No, it's not possible. He is just a bit tipsy, nothing else. His friends are the ones exaggerating.

"I see you are all having fun," says a familiar voice next to Chuuya, making the redhead immediately turn and wince when he feels a painful stab in his temples.

"What do you want?" Chuuya asks in an unfriendly tone, squinting at his stepson, who is now standing very close to him for some unknown reason.

"I came here to tell you I am leaving. And since you didn't bring your car, Kunikida-kun offered to give you a ride in case you feel like going home now," Dazai replies, placing a hand on the back of Chuuya's chair.

Chuuya stares at his stepson briefly, "Are you drunk?"

Dazai raises his eyebrows.

"No. It's obvious I'm not the one that drank a bit too much," Dazai replies, grinning with his pearly teeth back at Chuuya, which bothers the older man. Why does his stepson think that everything he says or does is always funny?

Chuuya continues to look at Dazai, trying to assert his dominance with just the power of his intense stare, but for some reason, his stepson seems to be

finding the whole situation a reason to laugh.

"Well, Lippmann-san, you are going to take Chuuya home, right?" Dazai asks after he finally turns his eyes away from Chuuya.

"Sure," Lippmann replies, and his voice sounds very far away, almost like he is underwater. But that's not the point. Who Dazai thinks he is to decide who will take him home?

If Chuuya wants to go with Kunikida, he will just go. Dazai didn't even let him speak before deciding for him.

"Then, I will go–"

"No! Stay here! I'm your stepfather, and you will obey me for once!"

Everyone goes quiet, and Dazai's mouth turns into a flat line as he looks back at Chuuya. There's a weird expression on his face now, and no matter how much Chuuya looks at him, he can't understand what it means. But the fact that Dazai didn't go away pleases him.

"*Good boy*," Chuuya says, feeling for once the one in control.

"Alright. I think it's time for us to leave," Dazai finally says, sounding a bit more serious as he places a hand under Chuuya's arm to make him get up.

"Release me!" Chuuya orders, not wanting to be touched by Dazai. At this point, he fears what his body will do if his stepson touches him, "I can walk by my own feet."

Chuuya hits the table as he gets up, almost making the glasses in front of him fall to the floor.

No one's laughing at this point, and when Chuuya looks at his friends, they all seem a bit serious and concerned.

"Don't worry. He won't get me this time," Chuuya laughs, and without any other word or even a goodbye, he walks away.

"I'm really sorry. I will take care of Chuuya," Chuuya hears Dazai apologize to his group of friends, and that makes him turn back.

"The fuck you will!" Chuuya says, flipping him off with both fingers.

There's snickering around him, but Chuuya feels so satisfied with his stepson's shocked face that he ignores it.

Dazai sighs and waves at the group before approaching Chuuya, "Chuuya, you are making a scene, and everyone is looking at us. Please, let's just leave."

Chuuya immediately takes a step back when he realizes how close Dazai is, yet he still nods, realizing that perhaps he is going a bit overboard. They are surrounded by tables filled with unknown people who seem amused as they watch their whole exchange.

"Right," Chuuya replies and then turns around, finally spotting Dazai's group of friends, who are now staring at him in various states of disbelief.

Chuuya stops in front of them with his arms crossed and looks at Kunikida, "Thanks for the ride."

"Technically, I still haven't given you a ride-" Kunikida starts, but Yosano, next to him, elbows him.

Kunikida clears his throat.

"Since everyone is ready, let's go home," Yosano says, giving Kunikida a severe look.

Ranpo, next to them, chuckles, annoying Chuuya further. He still hasn't understood why everyone is laughing at him tonight. He isn't that drunk! And even if he was a bit too honest about his dislike for his stepson, it isn't like his friends or Dazai's friends don't know about their complicated relationship.

Dazai walks by him, clearly giving the space Chuuya asked and obeying him. But Chuuya feels regretful when he watches him go to Yosano's side

and murmur something at her. He doesn't like this one bit. What if Dazai is telling Yosano something?

"Yosano-san! That's a lie! Dazai is lying!" Chuuya yells, making both friends stop and stare at him.

Yosano gives Dazai a confused look, yet the young man just shakes his head and sighs.

"Chuuya, we were just speaking about our plans for the weekend. You are welcome to join our conversation," Dazai says, gesturing for him to approach.

Chuuya sees Yosano nodding, making him feel more comfortable approaching his stepson's side. Like this, he won't lay a finger on him, right? Chuuya can only imagine what his stepson's friends would do if they knew about their dirty secret.

It's better to keep attentive eyes and ears to what his stepson is doing and saying, so he walks next to him, even if accompanying his damn long legs is always a headache.

"So, as we were speaking. I checked the movie sessions for Sunday, and there's one at eight, so we can go after dinner." Dazai says to Yosano, walking with his hands in his pockets.

Just like Dazai said, they are just scheduling what seems to be a night at the movies, and Chuuya can't help but feel embarrassed. It's not like he could have guessed with how close Dazai was walking next to Yosano. He looks at his stepson and notices they are indeed walking close, and he can't stop asking himself why.

Chuuya looks at the other two young men and sees that they are also speaking but walking at a civilized distance, so he really can't understand. So, Chuuya stares again at his stepson, noticing that Dazai seems a bit uncomfortable as he walks, making him wonder what the hell is wrong with him.

"Why the hell are you limping?" Chuuya slurs, wondering if he got hurt somewhere. Even if Dazai is a shitty stepson, Chuuya doesn't want Tane worried about him.

Dazai turns to him, this time with a tight smile that screams lack of patience, and Chuuya wonders why.

"I will tell you at home," Dazai replies and turns back to Yosano, leaving Chuuya even more confused.

But then, as Chuuya looks back at how Dazai is walking, and his eyes catch the well-defined curve of his ass, he remembers a possible reason. And that makes him burst out laughing.

"Please, tell me we are not very far away from your car, Kunikida-kun. I can't even remember where you parked it," Dazai groans, clearly bothered by Chuuya's laughs.

Good.

"It's right ahead, close to the bank. I found a parking spot in front of it," Kunikida replies to Dazai, sounding for once sympathetic regarding his bad mood.

Why are you in such a bad mood? Didn't you want a fat cock up your ass so badly? Everyone gets what they deserve, and you deserve your limp.

Strangely, the group remains completely silent until they finally reach the car. But it's not like Chuuya can complain because his head is killing him. Surely that must be why he can't remember why he was seated with his friends moments ago and is now in front of Kunikida's car.

"Nakahara-san, you may sit in the back since you and Dazai are the first to leave," Kunikida says politely, opening the car door for him. Chuuya always found Kunikida such a polite young man; if only Dazai was like him instead of being bratty. Although, Chuuya has to admit that there is something appealing in making a bratty man cry on his cock.

Suddenly, Kunikida's cheeks become furiously red, and Chuuya raises an eyebrow, wondering what his problem is. Is it because he still hasn’t entered the car? Chuuya doesn't want to make him feel embarrassed since he is being so nice in giving him a ride.

"Chuuya!" Dazai calls, and Chuuya realizes he is probably taking too long. But it’s definitely not a reason for his stepson to call his name in such an offended tone. So dramatic!

"Alright! Sorry, I will enter the car now," Chuuya slurs, almost hitting his head as he enters the car.

Dazai enters after him, and Chuuya can't help but sigh. He should have waited because now he is in the middle of the backseat with Dazai on one side and Ranpo on the other. He should be on Ranpo's side because, like this, their thighs are touching, and if he turns his head to the side, he can feel Dazai's smell.

Dazai always smelled so good. Damn him!

"Remember your seat belt. The last thing we need right now is a ticket," Dazai tells him between gritted teeth as he fastens his own seat belt. Why is he so tense?

"Right. Safety first," *Yeah, he should have remembered that and used a condom.*

"Kunikida, may I turn on the radio?" Yosano asks, not even waiting for an answer as the music begins blaring from the speakers.

Fuck. Shit. Why so loud? He can't even hear himself think.

Chuuya jolts when he feels Dazai's hand tightening on his knee and immediately looks at him. He seems serious, and Chuuya would love to know what the hell his problem is.

Is he? Is Dazai thinking of seducing him here? In the backseat of his friend's car?

Chuuya approaches Dazai's ear, feeling himself breathing hard as he feels the smell that has been tormenting his head, "Are you insane? Not here!"

Dazai pushes him away, and for once, Chuuya feels insulted and his ego hurt for being rejected. Dazai did everything in his power to make them fuck, and now this?

Chuuya really can't think, so he leans forward in his seat and approaches Yosano.

"TOO LOUD! TOO LOUD!" Chuuya yells, hoping she can listen.

Yosano screams and turns to Chuuya with a hand on her chest, breathing hard and nodding when she realizes what he means. Then, finally, the damn music becomes easier to process, and Chuuya leans back on the seat, closing his eyes.

It's a terrible idea because the moment Chuuya closes his eyes, he feels like he is doing backflips, and because of that, his hand immediately grabs onto something to stop himself from falling.

That something is nothing more, nothing less than his stepson's thigh.

"You and your damn long legs, they are always everywhere," Chuuya groans, immediately removing his hand from Dazai's leg. He feels hurt by his rejection, and now it's time to make him suffer.

"Next time, I will just leave you with your friends and spare myself from the embarrassment you are giving me," Dazai says, filled with indignation.

"Oh? Now you are ashamed? Where was your shame–"

"Nakahara-san? Got any future art exhibitions on your agenda?" Yosano asks, immediately capturing Chuuya's attention.

Dazai tenses and Chuuya questions himself if this is because his ass still hurts.

Ranpo bursts out laughing so hard that Chuuya immediately turns to him, wondering how much he drank.

"I didn't drink much, Nakahara-san. If that's what you are wondering," Ranpo replies, surprising Chuuya again with his deducting ability. Amazing.

"Good. Alcohol is bad for your brain. It burns your brain cells," Chuuya replies.

"Yeah. I can see that," Ranpo replies, amused.

What?

"Nakahara-san?" Yosano clears her throat, and Chuuya quickly forgets the whole exchange with Ranpo.

"What was it again?"

"Art exhibition?"

"Kunikida-kun, how much till we get to our home?" Dazai asks, speaking over whatever Chuuya was about to say.

Chuuya becomes annoyed and pushes Dazai, "It's my turn to speak!"

"You have been speaking nothing but shit. You are fucking drunk. Just keep your mouth shut!"

Chuuya's mouth falls open. The nerve!

"I have barely spoken since I got here!" Chuuya says, pressing his finger on Dazai's chest. His stepson looks angry and so fucking hot, and Chuuya hates himself for feeling like this. If they were alone in the car, he would teach–

Yosano groans and turns on her seat, "BOTH of you shut up! I swear that if you two don’t do that, I will kick you out of the car!"

Chuuya and Dazai immediately become quiet. Despite being just two years since he met Yosano, Chuuya knows that when she makes a threat, she means it, so he slumps in his seat and doesn't speak another word.

It's a challenge, but Chuuya remains the rest of the trip with his mouth shut, annoyed at how Dazai spoke to him. If he feels so embarrassed by his presence, why is Chuuya in Kunikida's car? Certainly, Dazai was the one that picked him up.

After what seems like an eternity, Kunikida finally parks his car in front of their house, and Chuuya feels like he can finally breathe again.

"We will speak tomorrow," that's all that Dazai says to his friends, who remain weirdly silent.

"Yeah. Goodnight… You two," Kunikida replies, followed by Yosano and Ranpo, who also speak in the same vague tone.

Why is everyone acting so weird?

"Thanks for the ride, and sorry for anything," Chuuya says before he exits after his stepson.

Maybe, it was a bit too much on his part to argue with Dazai in front of his friends. They are Dazai's friends, and Chuuya is his stepfather, so it must have felt embarrassing for them to watch. Dazai clearly shares the same opinion because he immediately places his distance from him as soon as they leave the car.

Chuuya follows his stepson with some difficulty, feeling his legs a bit wobbly as he chases him. Maybe he drank more than he initially thought.

As the door of their house finally closes, Chuuya yelps when Dazai fists his collar and pushes him against it.

"You really have no idea what you did. Have you?" Dazai asks him, sounding very dangerous for reasons that Chuuya is unaware of.

"What the hell is your problem? I have no idea what you are speaking about!" Chuuya says, trying to release Dazai's fingers from his collar.

"Tomorrow, I will have to tell them you were just babbling your sexual fantasies and that nothing happened and hope they will believe it," Dazai says, pushing Chuuya against the door one last time before releasing him.

Chuuya is… Confused.

"What?"

Dazai groans, running his palms down his face, "Never mind. I'm going to bed, and you should do the same."

Just like this? Isn't he going to try to make them have sex tonight?

"Pfft. With you like that? No way. You probably can't keep it up. Besides, I'm too sore, just like you made sure to share with everyone.

Chuuya widens his eyes.

What?

"Go to sleep, Chuuya!" Dazai says, moving away from him.

"Dazai, wait!" Chuuya calls, trying to chase Dazai but stopping as he sees the stairs he needs to climb to follow him. Just to stare at them, Chuuya feels his stomach turn uncomfortably, so he steps back.

Maybe it's better to take a quick nap on the couch before going upstairs and speaking with Dazai. So, the redhead goes to the living room, throws himself on the couch, and lands with a noisy groan.

The last thing Chuuya remembers is pulling the blanket from the back of the couch to cover himself, and then everything turns black. He falls into a deep sleep, completely unaware of the mess he just made tonight.

*

The horrible headache that greets Chuuya in the morning reminds him of why he avoids drinking like a sponge in social gatherings.

Everything hurts. Every joint on his body and muscle is currently screaming with pain, and Chuuya feels like doing the same thing. He feels terribly uncomfortable because he didn't even bother to take off his clothes last night, and when he sees that his shoes are over the couch, he places both hands over his face. Tane is going to kill him.

He groans, feeling his mouth completely dry and disgusting as if he spent the entire night chewing cardboard.

What time is it?

There's a lump in one of his jeans pockets, so it seems his cell phone remained inside it all night, which is a miracle, judging by how badly he slept and how much he drank.

No battery. Of course.

Chuuya hasn't talked with Tane since yesterday, and now his cell phone is dead. He certainly isn't going to win the best husband award this year.

The redhead is a bit lost in his thoughts when suddenly, an unexpected loud noise reaches his ears, making him roll with some effort over the couch. It's the sound of the coffee machine working, reminding him that he isn't alone at home.

Now that Chuuya thinks a little about it, Dazai was also at the outdoor bar. He remembers going to his table, greeting his group, and talking to them for a bit before deciding it was time to enjoy the evening and drink all he wanted. After that, Chuuya barely remembers a thing, but he is sure that his friends looked after him, which is why he probably came home in one piece.

Even if Chuuya came home in one piece, he feels downright disgusting right now. Inside and out. So he gets up and drags himself to the kitchen for

a glass of water first, hoping to find Dazai in a good mood, or at least in his normal state, which used to be ignoring him.

It seems Chuuya was the only one that drank a bit too much because Dazai is looking fresh as a lettuce leaf, sipping from a mug as he looks back at him. He is freshly showered and dressed, with his bandages on, and Chuuya cannot help but feel a bit envious of how different they look right now.

"You look like shit," Dazai says, unfiltered, as usual.

"Says the kettle to the pot," Chuuya replies, going to the cupboard to retrieve a glass to serve himself some fresh water.

Dazai observes him quietly. Perhaps, a bit too quietly for Chuuya's taste, and no matter how much the freshwater does wonders to his mouth and throat, Dazai's stare and silence bother him too much.

"What?" Chuuya asks, placing the glass down.

"You really don't remember anything. Do you?" Dazai asks, seeming divided between surprise and amusement.

A bad feeling suddenly invades Chuuya, making him feel queasy in a way that has nothing to do with drinking. What does Dazai mean by his question?

"Did we fuck… again?" Chuuya asks. He can't remember anything, so it's possible that something like that may have happened. But if that was the case, how did that even happen?

"No, but let me tell you clearly wanted. And before you start saying that I'm lying, check this," Dazai picks up his cell phone and taps the screen for a few moments before giving it to Chuuya.

Chuuya squints for a bit until he can finally focus on the small letters in Dazai's cell phone.

The Detectives 🕵️
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Yosano: Dazai, I know that maybe we should just ignore what happened. But, I find myself unable to forget everything your stepfather said. Is there something you are not telling us??

Ranpo: 🤣👉👌

Kunikida: Ranpo… this is serious.

Me: It's not what you guys are thinking. I would never do that. He was just fucking drunk.

Ranpo: How was that Nakahara-san said before getting in the car? Too bad Dazai is a brat, unlike Kunikida, who's very polite. And something along the lines that there is something appealing in making a bratty man cry on his cock.

Kunikida: ...

Ranpo: 🤭

Yosano: Dazai, you know you can be honest with us…Did you have sex with your stepfather?

Me: Guys… You can't be serious…

Chuuya can't read anything else because Dazai removes the cell phone from his hand, but he doesn’t even mind because he wants to cry, scream, throw up, everything and all at once.

What has he done?!

"Yeah. Exactly," Dazai pockets his cell phone and goes back to sipping his coffee.

"Please, tell me that you have already spoken to them and said it is all a grave mistake!"

"Don't you think I have been trying to tell them that? This chat only stopped minutes ago, and they have been bombarding it for hours," Dazai sighs, placing the mug down on the counter and crossing his arms, "I have been lying to my friends all morning because of you."

Dazai must be fucking joking!

"Listen here, you fucking brat! You lied to your friends because you engendered this plan to get us laid, and now you are worried about your honor? What about me, that cheated on my wife?" Chuuya asks him, wincing as he feels his headache worsen with how angry he is getting.

"You cheated on your wife because you wanted to. Don't forget you came inside my ass even before the week ended. Surely that says a lot about you," Dazai replies, and the smirk he delivers to Chuuya is just too much.

Chuuya balls up his fists, and for a moment, he entertains the idea of punching Dazai's face. Yet, last time violence between them lead to fucking, and since he doesn't want that to happen again, Chuuya steps away after huffing a breath.

"You speak so full of confidence. But, let me tell you, I had a lot better," Chuuya says, and walks away, ignoring how he hears his stepson laughing.

"Sure, Chuuya," Dazai replies, with words filled with venom and sarcasm.

Chuuya ignores Dazai's tone and makes his way to the upper level of the house for a shower. He knows that his provocation was completely unnecessary and, worst, childish. But, Dazai just makes him feel too many things at once, and he is reaching a point where he doesn't know how to categorize them anymore.

Showering and washing his teeth feels divine, making Chuuya feel more human and more ready for the new messy situation he got himself into. He will have to ask Dazai exactly what he babbled in his drunkenness because he needs to be prepared to deal with Yosano and the remaining group in the future.

Dazai revealed what happened on his side, but Chuuya wonders if he did say something improper before leaving his friends. Of course, it's not like Chuuya is waiting for any of them to tell Tane anything. Still, it's not like Chuuya wants his friends to be disappointed, neither be judged by them nor be given unasked advice for his problematic situation. He loves the Flags but feels that he would never hear the end of the conversation if they found out exactly what happened between him and Dazai.

Even with all his nervous thoughts, Chuuya leaves the shower feeling much more refreshed and calm. Yet, as Chuuya enters his bedroom, he finds Dazai lounging on his bed, lazily flipping through the pages of a magazine.

The redhead sighs. Indeed, the shower did wonders for his head because he is able to keep his calm, even with his stepson in his bedroom.

"Shouldn't you be glued to your cell phone, panicking about your honor?" Chuuya asks before removing his towel. Maybe, it's because Chuuya's brain still hasn't recovered from all the alcohol he ingested, but as the towel falls to the floor, he doesn't think much about it.

After all, Dazai has seen him in more compromising situations.

Dazai's eyes don't even look in his direction, and for some reason, that feels like a massive blow into Chuuya's ego. Is his stepson ignoring him on purpose?

"You know, I'm not the only one that should feel concerned. I am not sure about everything you spoke with your friends, but you gave one hell of a show when I went to your table to pick you up."

Fuck! Can't he get a moment of peace?

"What the hell did I say?" Chuuya asks, turning to Dazai as he picks up a clean pair of boxers.

"You told me to obey you because you are my stepfather in front of your friends. Let me say that your audacity left me speechless, but I think you

confused it with submission since you called me a good boy," Dazai replies, continuing to flip the pages as if he is speaking about the weather.

Good boy!?

A life hiding in the annex suddenly doesn't seem so bad.

At this point, Chuuya is sure that the moment he turns his cell phone on, there will be many, many texts from his friends, trying to find out more about the meaning of his *good boy*. He doesn't blame his friends if they do, honestly.

"Ah, you also flip me off using both your fingers in the middle of a crowded area. To be honest, after what I saw yesterday, I'm more sure than ever that even if you hate me, you also hate it that you can't stop wanting to fuck me."

Chuuya takes a clean t-shirt from the closet and then a pair of jeans and begins dressing, not really knowing how to reply to Dazai's comment. Of course, he could deny everything, but after everything he has done, it would make him look like a fool in denial. Not to mention the fact that Dazai saw his sketchbook before they fucked, something Chuuya has yet to investigate further. It is likely that the lock on the annex needs to be changed.

Dazai closes the magazine and sits on the bed, leaning back on his hands. He tilts his head, observing Chuuya curiously.

"Honestly, I expected you to react differently. In some way, you exposed what happened between us to a lot of people yesterday."

"Oh, believe me, I'm already punishing myself in a million ways inside my head. I already went through all states of denial and panic, but is it even worth it?" Chuuya asks, shrugging as he runs his fingers through his wet, auburn hair, "I was drunk. So I will deny everything, and you should do the same. Hopefully, the whole thing will die down in a few days."

"I'm already doing that. After all, it was just one unimportant fuck, and I'm not looking to have it affect my whole life," Dazai says, standing up and

picking up his magazine.

Chuuya can't help but chuckle. Despite the blow to his ego, he felt moments ago, Chuuya realizes that Dazai didn't remain indifferent to his provocation in the kitchen. It seems that Dazai's craving for acceptance and recognition will always be his weakness.

Oh, Dazai… you may be intelligent, but I have a lot more life experience than you.

"Oh, Mom called. She was worried since your cell phone was off. Be a good husband and–"

Dazai never finishes his sentence because they both hear a noise downstairs. More precisely, the entry door being unlocked, followed by a familiar voice calling them.

"Where are my boys?"

Chuuya widens his eyes. Did Tane arrive earlier?

Dazai's expression shifts from surprised to amused, and suddenly Chuuya sees him run out of the bedroom with a grin on his face.

What is he going to do?!

Chuuya follows him out of the bedroom, wondering what he plans. Is Dazai going to say something to Tane?

His stepson almost runs down the stairs, clearly scaring Tane, who drops a bag she holds onto the floor.

Chuuya is still going down the stairs when he sees Dazai suddenly throw his arms around his mother, which makes him stop. What…?

"Welcome back, mom."

Tane's eyes open wide, and her hands seem to shake slightly until they finally meet her son's back. She looks at Chuuya and smiles, clearly not

believing what's happening.

Stop! That's all Chuuya thinks as Tane hugs her son, clearly emotional for finally having some attention from him. *Dazai is toying with you!*

"I missed you," Dazai adds, and Chuuya watches Tane become teary and nod as she hugs him even tighter.

"I missed you too, Osamu. Very much."

Chuuya feels uneasy, with his mind racing through all the possibilities behind Dazai's actions, but he finds himself without any answers.

One thing is clear. Whatever Dazai is planning is being planned out of spite, and he intends to involve Tane this time.

6. Chapter 6

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hello, hello!

I need to thank @kinstheworst, who illustrated Dazai in a moment of pure bliss. I'm so in love with this artwork 🥹 Thank you so much!!

I really hope you enjoy this chapter!

A big hug,
- Mari 🐇

Manipulation is a form of art that few can master. It takes knowledge, expertise, and a golden tongue to fool those around and shape them to our needs. It also takes a cold personality to play with others' vulnerabilities without remorse. Maybe that's why manipulation is so terrifying.

One of the things that Chuuya learned early in his relationship with Tane is that Dazai is a professional manipulator and seems proud of that fact. And the worst thing is that, despite Tane knowing that, she seems to be choosing to remain blind this time. Or perhaps, Tane doesn’t even see it anymore. It's possible that after spending years fighting for a relationship, Tane's perception of Dazai's true personality is not the same anymore.

Between Chuuya and Dazai, there is a chess board, but they both know they are playing as kings, unlike Tane, who's merely a pawn in their battlefield. That's the ugly truth.

What are you planning, Dazai?

Seeing such a hug between Tane and Dazai is cruel, and Chuuya wishes he could do something to protect his wife. But what can he do when he has been one of the most enthusiastic players in this game? Chuuya doesn't know what would happen if he alerted Tane about Dazai's evil intentions, and he honestly doesn't intend to find out.

"I will take these upstairs. You two also need some time alone; it has been almost a week after all," Dazai says after hugging his mother, picking up a bag and one of the suitcases. He smiles affectionately at Tane and then gives a more polite smile to Chuuya before going up the stairs.

Unlike Tane, who looks at her husband positively surprised, Chuuya can't help but feel a bit nauseous at the obvious theater that just happened in front of his eyes.

"I think there's so much we have to catch up with, my love," Tane murmurs, approaching Chuuya and throwing her arms around him.

Chuuya's lips press together, and instead of replying to Tane, he just holds her tightly. He had missed his wife's smell so much, just like how easy everything is with her.

I did miss her, and I also know I messed up. But at the same time…

Tane looks at him, smiling affectionately before leaning for a kiss. Chuuya kisses his wife back, pouring how much he missed her into her lips. Chuuya knows he has no right to be so frail and demanding when he did what he did in her absence, but he finds himself desperate for an answer. He finds himself desperate for normalcy.

But…

There's something missing.

"Hm. I think I can forgive you for letting your phone die after kissing me like this," Tane murmurs against Chuuya's lips, all buttered up and silly after being kissed with so much emotion.

"Oh, yeah. I'm sorry about that. I need to charge it," Chuuya replies, observing how rosy his wife's cheeks have become.

"Osamu told me that you got pretty drunk yesterday. Missing your teenage years?" Tane laughs, rubbing the pad of her thumb on Chuuya's cheekbone.

Of course, Dazai shared such details with his mother.

"In my defense, I must say that Albatross kept filling my glass with sangria," Chuuya replies, picking up her hand to place a kiss on her palm, "C'mon, let me help you carry the rest of your things."

"I only have this left to take upstairs. I can do it myself," Tane says as she watches Chuuya pick up the only suitcase left.

"Let me be a gentleman, alright? Have you eaten anything?" Chuuya asks as he starts climbing the stairs.

"No, I'm going to the kitchen to make something to eat. Can you stomach anything right now?" Tane asks, tilting her head and giving her husband a knowing look.

"Ugh. I don't know. Maybe a toast?" Chuuya suggests, grinning when Tane starts shaking her head.

"I will take care of you, don't worry," Tane laughs, blowing him a kiss before disappearing into the kitchen.

Chuuya's smile immediately falls as he continues to carry Tane's luggage up the stairs. He doesn't want to admit it, but for the first time, kissing Tane didn’t bring him the same enthusiasm. It wasn't entirely bad, but it was like some type of adrenaline was missing when their lips finally touched. Instead, all Chuuya felt was that familiar, comfortable affection that he always knew; unlike before, it didn't do much to him.

"Do you need help with that?" Dazai asks. He is leaning against the wall next to the door of Chuuya and Tane's bedroom, looking completely relaxed with his arms crossed.

"Don't worry. Since you are so determined to be a good son, why don't you go and help your mother in the kitchen? I'm sure your mother would love to have you helping her with her breakfast," Chuuya replies, entering the bedroom and placing the luggage down.

"Hm…You are right. But I'm also focused on being a good stepson now. So, I must ask you, how did it feel to kiss mommy now that she is back?" Dazai

is right behind Chuuya when he turns, towering over him. He murmurs his words, like a well-kept secret between them, and Chuuya feels his heart accelerating like it should have happened with Tane moments ago.

"Better than it did with you. Of that, I'm sure," Chuuya murmurs back, even if he doesn't do anything to put distance between them as he speaks, "I thought you were giving me the cold shoulder for what I did yesterday? What is this now? Feeling jealous?"

"I'm just feeling curious," Dazai replies, moving a hand down, placing it over Chuuya's chest, right above his heart, "Doesn't the idea of being caught playing with fire excite you?"

It does.

"No. And I preferred the Dazai from a moment ago. Do you know? The one that said I was an unimportant fuck?" It's during times like this, in which Dazai seems to jump between personalities, that Chuuya realizes how unbalanced his stepson is, "I hope this answer satisfies your curiosity."

"Oh. It definitely does," Dazai grins like the sick bastard he is and finally removes his hand, "It satisfies my curiosity and makes me understand how easy it's becoming to see through your lies."

As Chuuya hears those words, he takes a step back. They can't be doing this with Tane downstairs, "I don't know what you are planning Dazai, but leave your mother out of this. She already suffers enough because you two can't have a good relationship."

Dazai’s grin immediately disappears, giving place to a more contained smile, "As you said, I'm focused on being a good son. Nothing more, nothing less."

Chuuya gives him a silent look, but Dazai doesn't elaborate and then goes around him and exits the bedroom, leaving him alone with his thoughts.

No matter how much Chuuya may want to help Tane, there isn't much he can do right now to help her. Tane knows they have been spending time

together, and now that Dazai welcomed her with uncontained affection, what will he say? This is all part of a diabolical plan from your son to make you suffer. Also, besides your son being evil, I fucked him. Congratulations, you have a fucked up family!

No. First of all, Chuuya needs to remain calm.

After taking a deep breath, Chuuya finally finds the courage to go down the stairs, and as he approaches, he hears Tane laughing. It's a gleeful laugh, and Chuuya wonders exactly what they are speaking about.

When Chuuya enters the kitchen, the vision seems out of those furniture catalogs, too good to be true. Mother and son are seated at the table, chatting as they spread butter on toast and sip from their mugs, only stopping when Chuuya comes closer.

"Come, take a seat. I was just chatting with Osamu about all the crazy things that happened this week," Tane explains, picking up a plate filled with toasts and placing it in front of Chuuya.

"Thanks," Chuuya says as he sits next to his wife, "I'm so glad you came early, but I'm also curious. Did something happen?"

"You can thank my impeccable time management. Everything that we had planned was delivered throughout the week," Tane replies, sounding very proud of herself.

"So, does this mean you won't have to return to Osaka?" Dazai asks as he puts more bread into the toaster.

"Just next month. I will work with the Osaka team through email and conference calls meanwhile," Tane replies, propping her chin on her hand, "But, I'm predicting a lot of work and extra hours spent in the office with all the operations I will be overseeing."

The need to look at Dazai is instantaneous because they both know what Tane's words mean and how that will influence their current relationship. Yet, no matter how much Chuuya wants to look at Dazai and see his

reaction, he can stop himself from giving in. However, Dazai doesn't have the same problem in containing his satisfaction with the news because he immediately starts running his foot on Chuuya's shin under the table.

"What about you? Have you found any inspiration after the ballerina?" Tane asks, turning her attention to Chuuya.

Chuuya clears his throat as he straightens his posture on his chair. He tries to move his legs, but there isn't a lot of space to move since Dazai's legs are everywhere.

"Unfortunately, no. I admit that I have been trying to finish the ballerina painting, but I'm doing it more like a chore at this point," Chuuya replies, ignoring how Dazai is now rubbing his toes on his calf, moving them slowly up and down the muscle.

"Oh, that's not good. Working uninspired is the worst thing you can do, my love," Tane says, sounding honestly concerned, "I think you should leave the house more often. You basically spend your days at your classes and then immediately return home. We should go for walks more often. And if work prevents me from accompanying you, I'm sure Osamu wouldn't mind going out with you sometimes as well."

Chuuya feels surprised at her suggestion, but he also knows that Tane is testing her son. After all, everything between Chuuya and Dazai is new for her as well, and she wants to see exactly what type of dynamic they have now.

"Well, I mostly go out with my friends when they aren't working. So I guess it would also do me good to get out of the house," Dazai replies nonchalantly, "I don't see why we shouldn't."

Chuuya clenches his fist resting on his lap, but he still nods, "Yeah, why not. I think it would do us good."

Tane beams, clearly very satisfied with the progress of her son and husband's relationship. In fact, she seems so incredibly happy that Chuuya notices how she starts eating with even more appetite.

Seeing his wife so happy over their relationship gives Chuuya a sinking feeling in his stomach that has nothing to do with his hangover.

If Tane knew that her son is caressing her husband's leg under the table and the reason why their relationship 'improved' is because they fell into bed together, Chuuya is sure she would be horrified instead of radiating joy.

Perhaps, this is exactly what Dazai intends to do. To make Tane dream high, to create hope of a happy home, just to end up pulling the rug under her feet when she least expects it.

Chuuya is sure that day will come. He just hopes he can delay it or even prevent the bomb from detonating.

*

The moment Chuuya finally turns his cell phone on, there are so many notifications that his screen blocks for a good few seconds. Tane is currently upstairs unpacking her stuff, so Chuuya takes advantage of the moment to access all the possible damage from last night.

The Flags 🚩

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Albatross: CHUUYA! W T F was that??

Piano Man: I think I will never forget Dazai's face when Chuuya called him good boy 🤣!!

Lippmann: 😶 Chuuya what the hell was that…?

Piano Man: Not to mention him flipping him off… I mean we all know how bad their relationship is, but I don't know if this was hilarious or very weird.

Doc: Got to agree 🧐

Iceman: I think Chuuya was just really drunk.

Albatross: And what about when we asked him something more personal he would go like "**NOT SAYING! 💢"** lolol!

….

Chuuya sighs. The conversation keeps going and going, and to make things worse, there are also photos. Just by looking at them, Chuuya feels ashamed.

I swear I will never drink again after this.

Strangely, aside from the Flags chat, Chuuya notices that Lippmann also sent him a private text, so he opens it to check it out.

Lippmann: Chuuya, I think we need to speak…

Chuuya feels his heartbeat accelerate when he reads Lippmann's text. Did he say something that he shouldn't? Or is this just the result of this constant refusal to speak about his family situation and then calling his stepson a good boy?

What should he do? Perhaps the best thing would be to reply casually, at least to Lippmann, to show that he doesn't have anything to hide or feels compromised. Yes, that's the right thing to do.

Me: Is this about last night? I guess I just drank too much. But I have to thank you for planning such a fun night! BTW! Tane is already back! Sorry if I won't be around to talk! We will speak on Monday!

Almost like Lippmann had been expecting him, the moment Chuuya fires his message, his friend immediately becomes online and starts typing, horrifying the redhead, whose immediate reaction is to leave the app and turn off the Wi-Fi.

It's too early, and his head is still hurting from the amount of alcohol he drank the night before, so there's no way he is going to have such a conversation right now.

Besides, Chuuya's head is also concerned with another situation.

Dazai is currently upstairs with Tane, helping her unpack her luggage, and even if Chuuya feels nervous about them being alone, he knows that his stepson isn't dumb. There's no way Dazai will simply tell Tane what's happening between them. Because it doesn't matter how much Dazai tries to play hard to get or uninterested, it's evident that he is enjoying this game between them because he never resists too long before he is all over Chuuya. So there's no way he is going to expose them now. What they have is dangerous, immoral, and forbidden, and that's perhaps why it's becoming so addictive and why neither of them seems to want to back down.

Speaking about the games they have been playing…

Even if Chuuya feels tired and weak because of his hangover, he heads to his annex to see if he left anything suspicious out of place.

The annex is exactly how Chuuya left it since the last time he was here. And, despite not seeing anything out of place, Chuuya knows that he needs to change the lock and find a creative excuse to justify his choices. But how can he explain to Tane that Dazai has been breaking into his annex without confusing her? Would she confront Dazai? What would Dazai even answer?

Leaving those thoughts aside, Chuuya goes to the attic where he has been keeping his sketchbook to check if he is still in the same place. He knows the nightstand isn't much of a hiding place, but it's better than leaving his sketchbook in the open. Fortunately, to Chuuya's relief, it doesn't seem to have been moved. Or, if Dazai touched it, he made sure to leave it exactly how he found it.

But, Chuuya's biggest problem isn't Dazai; after all, he knows his stepson already saw his first sketches. Instead, his wife is the problem.

Tane doesn’t come to the annex to snoop around, but it would be better not to risk it, and because of that, he should find a better place to hide his sketchbook. So, with that in mind, Chuuya looks around the bedroom for a few moments, until his eyes fall on the bed, and a chuckle leaves his mouth.

Is there a better place to hide something than under the guest room mattress?

Chuuya kneels next to the bed and lifts the covers and the mattress, hiding the sketchbook under it like an old man hiding their life savings. It's improbable that someone will remember to look under the mattress, so Chuuya feels confident about his choice.

With the proof of infidelity hidden, Chuuya goes back to his studio and stops in front of the ballerina painting. Sadly, even if it's almost done, there's no palpable passion as Chuuya often feels in his works because his head is already thinking about something else.

The only solution that Chuuya finds regarding his obsession is just to paint Dazai and be done with it. But it's not like he simply can work on such a painting at home. Maybe he could paint a smaller canvas at his art class studio? Since Lippmann never stays after classes, he could work in the privacy of his office after everyone leaves.

Perhaps, he could manage that…

Suddenly the door of the annex opens, and after a few moments, delicate arms wrap around Chuuya's shoulders. The familiar perfume fills his nostrils, making Chuuya feel relieved that the person visiting him isn't Dazai ready to torment him.

"Makes me sad that you aren't satisfied with the ballerina, because I think she looks beautiful. There's so much emotion in her eyes," Tane murmurs softly next to Chuuya's ear.

"You think?" Chuuya asks, turning his face so he can look at his wife. One of the things that Chuuya loves about Tane is that she isn't afraid of sharing her honest opinions about his art, something that he truly appreciates.

"Yes. Yet, I can also see that you are not totally into it. Otherwise, you would be holding your paintbrush right now."

Chuuya chuckles. Tane is absolutely right.

"I guess I would like to come up with something irreverent. But I'm not sure what."

Which is a lie. Another one.

"Hm. This is why I think getting more out of the house will help you," Tane says before pressing a kiss on his cheek, "Who knows what you may find beyond these four walls."

The problem is that Chuuya already has the answer for his creative block, and it's hidden shamefully inside these four walls. Too bad that it's probably never going to see the light of day.

*

After taking a very-needed nap after lunch, Chuuya's Saturday ends up being strangely peaceful. For the first time ever, Chuuya spends the day with his entire family doing the banalest things. And yes, when Chuuya says family, he means all of them three together, Dazai included

From grocery shopping to carrying the bags home and even trying to help at dinner, Dazai has been giving his best to help with everything. Chuuya, next to Tane, can only watch in disbelief his impressive dedication to playing pretend.

Unlike Chuuya, who finds this so weird it feels unnatural, Tane shares an entirely different opinion, and Chuuya comes to learn it the moment Dazai excuses himself from the kitchen for a moment.

"Dazai told me you spent a lot of time with him during my days in Osaka and how you even cooked for him. Knowing this makes me sure that it was enough for him to change his opinion about you," Tane murmurs, clearly overwhelmed by emotion, "He is trying to give our family a chance, so we need to let him take one step at a time. I will never know how to thank you for this, Chuuya."

Chuuya internally winces. He knew that Tane had probably already tried to speak to Dazai about what happened during her absence, but hearing such

words come out of her mouth with so much hopefulness is painful.

"Let's give him the space he needs so he doesn't get uncomfortable," Chuuya replies, smiling at Tane, who nods back at him. He doesn't really know what to say to Tane in the face of such a big lie, but for now, he will give her what she wants to hear.

I'm so sorry, Tane.

"Now, let's get this dinner done. There's a movie I have been waiting to watch, and I know it's already available," Tane informs as she goes to the refrigerator to retrieve an egg carton.

Dazai returns shortly, immediately going to their side to help with dinner. Initially, Dazai works in silence until he realizes that his mother is talking about a movie he also wants to watch, and the conversation picks up from there.

Chuuya thought the conversation would be kept simple and short. But, unpredictably, their conversation diverges to other subjects that last throughout dinner.

It's only when the three of them sit together to watch the movie, in a way they never did before, that Chuuya starts to wonder if Dazai isn't, in fact, trying to make him and Tane spend less time alone as a couple. It's not like Chuuya has a bad time during the movie. He doesn't. The problem with this whole situation comes with the fact that he knows that Dazai is planning something.

But, despite all that could go wrong, nothing terrible happens. And, by the movie's end, Dazai leaves them with a simple goodnight, finally giving them their so-awaited time alone. Simple as that, and without evil schemes.

Anyone would think that Chuuya would finally be able to relax, but there's no time for that because the moment Dazai is out of the picture, Tane immediately glues her breasts to his arm.

"I'm going upstairs, and you are going to wait here for me to send you a text so you can come up," Tane whispers seductively in his ear.

Fuck.

Chuuya knows Tane like the back of his hand by now, so it doesn't take him much to understand what she means with her suggestive tone. So he grins at her and nods, watching her leave the living room with a skip in her step.

Obviously, Chuuya knew this moment would come. He just didn't expect to feel as nervous as he feels now that it's about to happen.

Chuuya loses track of time as he prepares himself mentally for the fact that he is about to have sex with his wife in the same bed where he pushed Dazai down days ago. This fact fucks up Chuuya's head so much that he becomes surprised when he finally hears his phone chime with a text from his wife.

I'm waiting for you 😘

Chuuya cleans his sweaty palms on his jeans and leaves his cell phone behind. He really doesn't know what to expect as he makes his way to the bedroom, but he tries to calm himself because, no matter what waits for him, in the end, it is just Tane.

The moment Chuuya opens their bedroom door, he feels his body heat up at the vision in front of him. Tane is seated on their bed with her long legs crossed, wearing nothing but a black lace babydoll, looking at him filled with anticipation.

Simply mesmerizing.

Chuuya takes a moment to observe how beautiful Tane looks, admiring how she took a moment to doll up, complementing her look with a smokey eyeshadow. Sadly, there's no red lipstick in sight, and Chuuya has to admit that he feels a bit disappointed that she didn't think about adding it to her look.

But it's just an unimportant detail anyway.

Chuuya locks the door behind him and advances to his wife. Tane looks gorgeous, so sensual that the moment Chuuya reaches her, he immediately pulls her up by one of her hands into his arms and immediately glues their mouths together.

Tane mewls happily into the kiss, instantly becoming putty on Chuuya's hands, who doesn't contain his enthusiasm in exploring her body under his hands, remembering everything he missed. Despite being lean, Tane has curves in the right places, and Chuuya feels overjoyed to be able to feel them again.

Tane, Tane, Tane! I missed you so much.

The kisses start to become more intense and more sensual, and because of that, Chuuya would expect his brain to keep him wired in the same frequency as his wife. But life always comes with unexpected surprises because Chuuya finds himself going back to Dazai a few days ago and how expertly he can move his pierced tongue. And how…

Wait! What?

Chuuya immediately interrupts the kiss, and when he sees Tane's surprise, his first reaction is to start undressing her. He doesn't know if she intended for the babydoll to stay on, but it's too late at this point.

Fortunately, Tane doesn't seem to mind Chuuya's desperation to get her off her lingerie because she starts doing the same to him.

Just like Chuuya, Tane quickly undresses him, and before she has time to get on her knees to suck him, just like he has a feeling she is about to do, he pushes her over the bed and starts devouring her mouth.

Chuuya needs to be in control in this situation; he needs to touch Tane and do what he usually does to her because this is probably the only way his head won't bother him. So he pours all his love and hunger into kissing

Tane and caressing her breasts before moving downwards to do the same thing with his mouth.

Chuuya kisses and tastes the soft-scented skin under his lips, stopping to be a little more daring and bite her, but always gently as she likes. It seems to work, and for a while, Chuuya appears to forget about Dazai. Yet, the moment Chuuya descends on Tane's breasts and starts to suck her nipples, the memory of dark pink nubs comes to his mind, and before he can stop himself, his teeth close harder than expected.

Tane hisses with discomfort, and Chuuya immediately looks at her with some concern.

"Sorry, sorry! Did I hurt you?"

"No, it's alright. Don't bite so hard, you silly," Tane replies, looking all cute and sulky after Chuuya pushed her limits.

Despite finding his wife cute, Chuuya wants to scream at what his brain is doing to him. He needs to change strategies, to do something that he wouldn't do to Dazai so that he won't think about him.

Fortunately, the answer to that is quite easy.

Just eat your wife out.

Oral sex was always something that Chuuya enjoyed and was good at. At least he was always able to make Tane come quickly like that. So, perhaps doing it will help him take his mind off situations or people that don't have a place between husband and wife.

Yeah, eating Tane's pussy will help him.

Pressing a last kiss to Tane's pouty lips, Chuuya grins at her and moves out of the bed, kneeling in front of her legs that immediately open with his proximity. Chuuya looks at Tane and sees she seems pleased, even anxious about what he intends to do, which makes him feel less nervous about his

performance. If Tane is reacting the way she is, it must be because he is good. Right?

Right! Let's get this done.

It's obvious that Tane took care of herself in the shower, her pussy looks cute and freshly shaved, with just a small patch of curly hair above the labia, and Chuuya finds himself licking his lips. *Ok. It's working. His body is reacting because of his wife.*

"Enjoying the view?"

Chuuya, who is about to kiss the interior of Tane's thigh, immediately stops and looks at her with surprise, and for a moment, he swears he can see someone other than his wife. Jet-black straight locks change into dark brown, wavy hair, and in place of delicate features, heavy with makeup, a sharp jaw and vicious-looking eyes appear, petrifying him.

Why is this happening to him?

*"*Chuuya?"

Chuuya blinks, and Tane's features go back to normal, slowing down his thunderous heartbeat.

"Are you alright?" his wife asks, caressing the crown of his head. She looks concerned, and the confidence she was exhaling moments ago seems to be turning into insecurity.

Shit.

"Yes, yes. Sorry, I just… I did miss you a lot, and you look so beautiful right now, that I can't stop looking at your face," that's the first thing that comes out of Chuuya's mouth in a moment of desperation. He mentally cringes at the amount of bullshit that he was able to spew at his wife in a matter of seconds.

Tane smiles at that, looking more confident again, and with that she leans back on her elbows, waiting expectantly for some love.

After clearing things out, Chuuya returns to what he was doing and begins pressing kisses on the interior of the soft thighs, breathing in the floral smell of Tane's favorite shower lotion.

How can he be thinking about his stepson at times like this? This is his wife, the woman he fell madly in love with. The woman who is the owner of a body that he never seems to get enough of.

So, why can't he stop thinking about Dazai?

Tane's moans are soft, unfortunately not loud, since they aren't alone at home, and the moment Chuuya parts her soaked lips and starts licking her juices, he wishes he could hear his wife moan louder. Because as soon as Chuuya begins eating his wife out, her voice gains a masculine lower pitch with the help of his memories, making him return to an afternoon that should have never happened.

Chuuya can blame Dazai all he wants, but the fact that he is thinking about him as he eats Tane out is no one's fault but his own. In fact, his cock, heavy and throbbing, is getting off at this by fantasizing that the one he is eating out is Dazai and not Tane.

Even so, Chuuya tries to push those thoughts aside, pouring all his desire into Tane's cunt, lapping her folds, and swirling his tongue over the small clit that becomes swollen and sensitive under his experienced tongue and sucks. Yet, his efforts to try not to think about Dazai reveal themselves fruitless.

"Chu-Chuuya–that feels really good," Tane moans, but all that Chuuya can hear is Dazai moaning helplessly, and for once, he lets his imagination run free. Instead of fighting his head, Chuuya presses one finger inside the dripping cunt, pumping it fast, wishing he could do the same to another person.

Dazai with a dripping pussy. Just thinking about eating him out makes Chuuya moan into Tane's cunt.

Maybe that idea isn't so absurd or impossible. There's another entrance that Chuuya can use, and the idea of having that tight hole clamping around his tongue like a pussy, leaves Chuuya even more feral, and before he notices, there are already two fingers inside Tane, and he is using them to abuse her into oversensitivity.

Tane's moans become loud, and Chuuya finds himself pulling her legs open as they clamp around his head. He knows Tane is about to come, so he continues sucking her clit and fingering her until her whole pussy begins pulsing under his mouth.

Chuuya feels his mouth and chin become soaked with Tane's juices, but the vision of Dazai's small rosy cock, already spent but still trickling droplets of cum is all he can think about.

Tane makes so much noise that Chuuya is sure that Dazai can hear her some rooms away, and instead of feeling ashamed, something ugly in him, born out of spite, makes him pleased with the possibility of causing his stepson discomfort.

As Chuuya removes his mouth from Tane, he looks at her, observing with pride how fast her chest rises and falls after such an intense orgasm.

"You weren't kidding when you said you missed me," Tane says tiredly, removing the arm covering her eyes. The heavy makeup she did on her eyes is already all smudged, and he only ate her out.

"Why would I be kidding. You are my wife, of course I missed you."

You are not Tane! Get away from me!

You are right. I'm not. Judging how you were kissing and touching me, I thought it was obvious.

Chuuya knows that Tane is still recovering from her orgasm, but he is starting to feel rather impatient with his thoughts, "Can you turn around on your knees and hands?"

Tane raises one eyebrow, yet, to Chuuya's relief, she chuckles, nods, and does exactly what her husband asks her to do.

The image of Tane's plump behind, spread open in front of Chuuya's eyes, immediately makes him stand up. Unlike Dazai, Tane doesn't shave here, but her puckered hole is also cute and tiny, contracting as Chuuya places both hands on each buttock, inviting him for a touch.

"Chuuya?" Tane seems a bit surprised when she feels the engorged cock head rub over her entrance, making her look over her shoulder with a questioning expression.

Do you like this? Dazai asked him as he rode his cock.

Chuuya sucks in a sharp breath as he keeps rubbing himself on his wife's ass. It's so tempting, and he would love to push inside. Certainly, it would feel very tight. They never do it like this, and now that he had a taste–

"Love…I really don't like it *there*," Tane murmurs, sounding uncomfortable, making Chuuya freeze as he realizes that, *no* , his wife doesn't like anal.

Chuuya bites his lip. He needs to get this over with before he screws this beyond repair.

"I know, I know. Don't worry about it. You just look so sexy," Chuuya replies huskily before moving his cock down and rubbing himself between Tane's folds, "Your pussy is so wet tonight. I'm losing my mind."

"Then, just stop fooling around," Tane says playfully, looking at him over her shoulder, clearly aroused by the way Chuuya is now teasing her.

"Let me just–" Chuuya spits into his palm to coat his cock, giving Tane's ass one final mourning look before turning to her pussy.

Tane adjusts herself, spreading her legs wider and arching her back in a perfect curve. She looks so sexy, and Chuuya wants nothing more than to get into her pussy, so he aligns with the pink and warm entrance and starts to push in.

Chuuya opens his wife slowly and moans at the sensation of having his cock swallowed by the familiar warmth of her pussy. It feels so good; the tight grip of Tane's hole makes Chuuya's eyes rotate back, and the need to start to thrust violently occupies all his thoughts, but he manages to control himself because this isn't Dazai.

There's no way Chuuya can be as violent as he was with Dazai, and unfortunately, as he withdraws his cock and pushes back in, he finds himself craving exactly that.

Tane seems to love it, pushing back against Chuuya's thrusts, clearly feeling more comfortable with the penetration because he feels the tight grip around him slowly become laxer.

I'm sure it feels amazing for you to finally fuck something tight.

Chuuya tilts his head back as his hips move restlessly into Tane. Not even inside his wife, he stops thinking about Dazai. It's useless and stupid to continue to ask himself what is happening to him. It's clear as daylight.

He is completely obsessed with Dazai.

Tane chants her husband's name like a prayer, accepting the cock into her eagerly, with a desperation that Chuuya knows by heart now. She always loved doggy style because of how deep the penetration is and how much it stimulates her. Chuuya also loves this position, despite how easily it tips him into an early orgasm. Yet…

"Tighten up your legs," Chuuya says, accelerating his penetration.

"What?" Tane asks, mewling at how fast Chuuya is fucking her now.

"Tighten up your legs," Chuuya repeats, pushing one of her tights closer to her middle to make Tane understand what he wants.

"*Oh*, ok! Like this?" Tane joins her knees, and Chuuya immediately groans at the difference.

Tight, so tight. Like Dazai's hole.

"Fuck yeah. You feel so fucking good," Chuuya moans, rolling his hips fast.

The hips under his hands become leaner, the skin scarred, and the shoulders in front of him broader. At this point, his head is too fogged with lust and instinct to fight what his brain is choosing to fantasize about. He needs to come, to fill Dazai up.

Fuck!

The sound of their skins slapping echoes around the room, and Chuuya finds himself unable to contain his moans or even try to hold back his need to orgasm. Tane is in the same state of enthusiasm, but Chuuya can't hear her; in his head, there's an entirely different voice, and he doesn't feel ashamed of himself for once.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" Dazai moans, and Chuuya wants to laugh because there's no way he is going to stop until he spills all his cum into him.

You fucking slut!

Dazai's voice gets louder, distorting into a feminine pitch, calling him desperately. Then, the tightness around Chuuya gets too strong, milking his cock until it becomes unbearable to keep going.

"Gonna come," Chuuya groans, mounting the body in front of him like a complete animal until he finally starts releasing his cum.

The hole around his cock is pulsing, clamping him down in waves, milking everything coming out of him, and Chuuya finds himself savoring every second of it.

When Chuuya finally comes down from his high, his eyes blink open. He hadn't even realized that he had closed them. Tane has slumped ahead of him, breathing hard with her face hidden in a pillow, and Chuuya wonders if she is alright. Was he too rough?

"Hey. Are you OK?" Chuuya leans into her, placing a hand on her shoulder. He has to admit that now that they are over, he realizes how selfish he was during the entirety of their sex and is feeling like shit. He barely touched her body or rubbed her clit as he does so often during sex.

Please, don't be mad at me.

Tane turns her head to the side, and Chuuya can see how her makeup is even worse than before, but there's no sign of tears or discontentment. In fact, Tane is biting her lip with a barely hidden smile.

Chuuya feels confused.

"That was…wild," Tane says, surprising Chuuya with how pleased she seems.

What?

"Did you enjoy it?" Chuuya asks, wondering if he understood correctly.

"Yeah…I don't think that we ever did it like this. You were so mean to me, but I quite enjoyed it," Tane replies, biting her lower lip, "I think it was the first time you ever called me *slut* during sex."

Chuuya almost chokes on his spit. Did he say that out loud?? He needs to start being mindful and more careful about what he says.

Quick, think about something!

"I have been wanting to try something a bit different with you," Chuuya says as he removes himself carefully from Tane.

Tane whines as Chuuya's cock slides from her, falling boneless over the bed. She looks completely exhausted, but after a week of hard work, traveling, and now sex, it's not really surprising.

"I quite enjoyed it. In fact, I came again, in case you didn't notice," Tane murmurs, turning her face on her pillow, and bringing a finger to her mouth, biting it.

Did she?

"I did notice. How could I even miss it," Chuuya replies as he lies down next to her, caressing his cheek, "Your makeup is all smudged. You should take it off before sleeping."

Tane nods, all happy and rosy, looking at Chuuya in such an enamored way that he feels speechless for a second.

"I also need to clean myself. You made a big mess," Tane says, seeming to think that she was the reason why Chuuya came the way he did. And in a way, she was, but Chuuya knows it isn't entirely the truth.

"I better go now before I dirty the sheets," Tane says, pressing a quick peck on Chuuya's lips before she moves to get up.

Chuuya watches her place a hand between his legs, giggling at him and walking to their ensuite with a big smile on her face.

If you only knew…

When Chuuya hears water running, he sits on the bed, "Tane, I'm going to the kitchen. I will be right back."

"Alright!"

Chuuya gets up and dresses up in his sweatpants, basically running out of the bedroom. He needs to leave and take a breather, even if it's only for a few seconds. The situation feels so fucked up, but at the same time, he knows he managed to dodge a very lethal bullet.

The redhead makes his way to the lower level of their house, entering the kitchen to drink some fresh water. Yet, despite the light being turned off, he notices that the back door leading to the garden is open, and for a moment, he feels scared. Did someone break in?

Chuuya approaches with careful steps, feeling his tension ease when he takes a peek outside and sees a familiar figure next to the door. Dazai is in pajamas, looking unfriendly as he holds his cigarette between his fingers.

They exchange a look, and unlike what Chuuya would expect, Dazai remains silent.

"Is everything alright?" Chuuya asks, observing him. He is wearing a sleeping t-shirt and shorts without any bandages in sight. Everything seems normal, for all that Chuuya can see.

"Yeah. Why?" Dazai asks before bringing the cigarette to his mouth.

"It's late. I thought you had gone to sleep."

"Even if the walls aren't thin, it's still a bit difficult to sleep when your mother is screaming like a cat in heat. Don't you think so?" Dazai asks after blowing a cloud of smoke up in the air.

Chuuya feels his cheeks becoming red. He remembers having thought during sex that he didn't care if Dazai would listen to them, but now that Chuuya is being confronted about it, he can't help but feel incredibly embarrassed.

"I'm sorry. We should have been more careful," Chuuya can't believe he is saying sorry to Dazai, but the truth is that it must be horrifying to hear your own mother having sex.

Dazai chuckles, leaning his back and a foot on the wall behind him, "Did it feel good?"

Chuuya's eyes immediately turn away from Dazai's curious stare. How can Dazai even ask something like that when his mother is involved?

"Did you think about me?"

"Please, stop," Chuuya replies, feeling too drained for this conversation, "You can't be serious asking me this right now."

"Why? Did you actually imagine it was me?" Again, Dazai asks, this time amused, "Did you ask my mother to tighten her pussy so it would resemble my hole gripping your cock?"

"OK. Fuck this, I'm going back inside," Chuuya says, turning on his feet to walk back in.

"Chuuya?"

Chuuya stops before he enters the kitchen, closing his eyes for a moment and taking a deep breath, preparing himself for what's coming.

"What?"

Dazai approaches, observing Chuuya's expression as he takes a drag from his cigarette. Chuuya notices how Dazai gives him a head-to-toe look and wonders exactly what his stepson is thinking about.

"Next time, gag my mother or something. I don't want to hear her again," Dazai ends up saying, and then smirks, "From all the time since you came to live with us, this was one of the few times I heard something. It makes me wonder if you did it on purpose."

"Why would I do it on purpose? I'm living with my wife. Maybe you are jealous, and anything that I do that doesn't involve you bothers you," Chuuya replies, using the same provocative tone as Dazai.

"Hm. Good point remembering that you are living with your wife, but remember this is my house as well. How was it that you told me once? Living with others means you must be respectful of everyone's space and control your urges. Something like that."

Chuuya immediately closes his mouth. Dazai is right. He told him that precisely because he caught him having sex in the middle of their dining room.

"If you are so focused on trying to provoke me in my own house. Maybe I will invite more guests one of these days. After all, I find myself missing a good fat cock, and I have a few friends that won't think twice before I offer them my ass," Dazai murmurs, and Chuuya immediately feels something ugly brewing inside of him. The idea that he may return home after classes

and find someone over Dazai makes his heart clench uncomfortably, and his muscles tense in a way he never felt before.

"Don't you fucking dare!" Chuuya growls between gritted teeth.

Suddenly, the cigarette between Dazai's fingers falls to the floor, and that's when Chuuya realizes exactly what he did. For the first time, Chuuya sees genuine surprise on Dazai's face.

Is he feeling…Jealous? Possessive over Dazai?

When he realizes his new feelings, Chuuya becomes even more ashamed of himself. So before Dazai has time to reply, Chuuya re-enters the house in a rush, leaving his stepson behind. Tane is probably already waiting in bed, and if he allows this conversation to go on, she will come down and look for him.

Chuuya climbs the stairs to the upper floor, aware that what he did was probably one of the worst things he could have done. He shouldn't have left the bedroom. Or maybe he should have just drank his water and left Dazai smoking alone.

When Chuuya opens the bedroom door, he finds Tane already in their bed, and to his surprise, she is already asleep. Did he take that long?

Chuuya comes closer and takes a look at his wife. She is already free of makeup and breathing softly. Clearly, Chuuya must have burned what was left of her energy to make her fall asleep so quickly.

Tane looks so peaceful. So unaware of everything.

After giving one last look at his wife, Chuuya goes to the ensuite to get ready for bed. He only takes a while, washing his teeth and relieving himself, and as he returns to their bedroom and lies next to Tane, Chuuya realizes something.

Indeed, he is a cheater, but Dazai didn't force him to do anything. Everything happening to him, his uncontrolled hunger, is his responsibility,

and it's very likely that he won't refuse Dazai's advances again.

There's no hiding now. Not after tonight.

For some days, Chuuya wondered if Dazai had chosen him out of pure spite, but the reality is more complicated than that. The truth is that Chuuya is obsessed, but he isn't the only one. Dazai is equally obsessed, no matter how much he tries to tell Chuuya he is just a fuck. Now that Chuuya finally came to understand the intricacies of their relationship, he intends to show his stepson that he isn't the only one that can play.

Chuuya is going to play, and this time without fears or boundaries.

7. Chapter 7

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hello, hello 💔

I want to thank Rey for illustrating this fic again and giving Dazai the meal he deserves 😈!! (NSFW illustration!).

I also want to thank Julien, who gifted me two amazing illustrations for this fic 😭💔 you spoil me too much!! You can check it here and here (Both NSFW illustrations)!!

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

With all my love,
- Mari

They say a good night of sleep is essential when you are looking for a solution to your problems. Dreams can give you answers, or even if you have a dreamless night, some hours disconnected from reality can give your brain the reset it needs.

Despite all the tossing and turning Chuuya did in bed during the night, he finally slipped into a deep slumber after a few hours, without any dreams to torment his mind. No Tane, no Dazai. No conflict between wrong and right. Just Chuuya in his silence.

That silence proved to be the answer that Chuuya had been looking for because after waking up with a much lighter head and moving over Tane to wake her up and make love to her again, a plan finally formed in his head.

Even with all the times that Chuuya imagined Dazai in Tane's body, this time, he was able to act more naturally about it and take advantage of the pleasure his fantasies gave him. Tane didn't complain about Chuuya's treatment. In fact, she participated very enthusiastically in everything Chuuya did to her, moaning and orgasming many times into his mouth,

fingers, and cock. Who would have guessed that Tane also likes it a bit rougher?

Unlike the previous night, they contained themselves a bit more this time, muffling their moans instead of expressing their pleasure out loud. Perhaps, Tane realized that she was a bit too much the night before, so this time, even if something dark in Chuuya would love for Dazai to hear his mother scream her lungs out, he is glad she chose to be a bit more careful, and contained.

After their wild lovemaking, Chuuya and Tane took some time getting ready, showering together, and dressing in something comfortable before heading to the kitchen for breakfast.

"It's almost eleven," Tane says as she checks her cell phone, "I guess we went a bit overboard."

Indeed they did, but honestly, Chuuya couldn't care less. In fact, Chuuya predicts this will be a lazy Sunday, at least for the first few hours, and he couldn't be happier about it.

Dazai is already eating his breakfast when they walk into the kitchen. Unlike them, he is still in his pajamas, looking somewhat sleepy and amused as he stares back at them.

No matter how much Chuuya would like to avoid Dazai, he knows that living in the same house makes it impossible for that to happen. Chuuya knew they would come face to face again today, and after spending a long time thinking about how he should behave after his outburst the night before, Chuuya decided he would just take the bull by the horns. So, instead of hiding or avoiding Dazai, Chuuya faces him without shame.

"Good morning," Chuuya greets Dazai, walking by the table to go to the fridge to grab a yogurt. Tane does the same, but she goes to Dazai to press a kiss on the top of his head before beginning to prepare her breakfast.

"Good morning, guys. I didn't expect to wake up before you two," Dazai says, propping his head on his hand, "But I guess everyone loves to roll

around and laze in bed during their days off."

Tane blushes a bit at that. It's not that they have been sleeping until now. They have been awake for hours, but instead of sleeping, they have been fucking, but of course, Tane would never say that, unlike Chuuya, who feels like sharing that information just to annoy his stepson.

"Believe me. I would love to sleep the entire day after a week of work. But unfortunately, there are things to do around the house before another week of work starts," Tane replies, sighing as she sits at the table next to her son.

Chuuya sighs as well. Tane is rich, but instead of hiring a maid, she prefers to do the cleaning herself, even if she barely has time to breathe. Chuuya believes this all started when Tane began having suspicions that her late husband was having sex with their maids. Hence, she simply decided to end everything by never hiring another one. Which pretty much sucks because their house is enormous.

Maybe, Chuuya could convince her to hire a man to do the cleaning?

The idea doesn't seem bad, but as Chuuya looks at Dazai, he suddenly realizes that he prefers to clean the dust himself rather than hire a man to be around the house.

Even if Chuuya prefers to clean the dust himself, there’s no way he is going to start cleaning right after he got up from bed. After all, Chuuya also needs to start putting his ideas into motion and see if they have some effect on Dazai.

"Tane, I was thinking. Can we spend some hours at the pool first? I have some ideas I would like to sketch," Chuuya asks, bringing some creamy yogurt to his mouth.

"Oh? Are you feeling inspired?" Tane asks, surprised, placing her mug of coffee down, "Sure! No problem, it's such a beautiful day that it would be a waste not to use the pool!"

Chuuya avoids looking at Dazai this time, not wanting to give him the impression that he has a card up his sleeve.

"Yeah. Woke up feeling inspired," Chuuya replies, smiling affectionately at his wife.

Tane seems to understand some hidden meaning behind her husband's words, and because of that, the corners of her lips immediately curve upwards.

She is such a cute and genuine woman, and Chuuya just fucked everything. Incredible.

"I think I will accompany you two. I feel like swimming as well," Dazai says, interrupting the moment between the couple.

Tane turns to her son and smiles, "Of course. There's no way I would let you waste such a sunny day."

Dazai nods at her, and then, without another word, he picks up his cell phone from above the kitchen table and starts scrolling through it.

Now that Chuuya sees his stepson going through his cell phone, he realizes that he just abandoned his cell phone yesterday in the living room. The redhead knows he has been hiding behind a turned-off Wi-Fi, but he is also aware that he has a business to run, so he should check his cell phone.

So, with that in mind, Chuuya gets up from his chair, "Just going to pick up my cell phone. I will be right back."

"Oh. I forgot to tell you, Chuuya. I found your cell phone between the couch pillow this morning, so I picked it up and left it at the table in the hallway," Dazai informs unexpectedly, making Chuuya stop on his feet.

What?

Chuuya turns and observes him, but Dazai doesn't give anything away, looking at him peacefully as if his concern about Chuuya's belongings is a regular thing in their house.

"It's right under the mirror. There's no way you can miss it!"

"Uh. Thanks," Chuuya replies, trying not to let his confusion show through his expression too much.

Dazai winks at him and then returns to his breakfast. Meanwhile, Tane, next to him, seems happy with her son's attitude, but Chuuya can't shake a bad feeling that she may be very wrong about Dazai's behavior.

When Chuuya leaves the kitchen, his expression immediately changes from neutral to concerned. From what Chuuya remembers from the previous night, he placed his cell phone on the coffee table after reading Tane's text. So there's no reason for Dazai to have found it between the couch pillows. Also, why would he move it?

Chuuya goes to the hallway, and indeed he finds the cell phone on the table that is right under the mirror. After looking over his shoulder, Chuuya picks it up and begins his way toward the stairs.

"Going to the bathroom," Chuuya yells at his family as he starts climbing the stairs.

The moment Chuuya is out of view, he immediately unlocks his cell phone and starts going through it until he reaches the bathroom. Once inside the bathroom, he sits over the closed toilet lid and goes through his menu to check his texts and apps.

For a moment, Chuuya thought Dazai had found a way to get inside his cell phone and had entered his chat app to fuck him somehow. But that's not what happened because everything is exactly how Chuuya left it the night before. The same emails, the same messages to reply to, and images in the gallery…*Wait!*

Chuuya visits the cell phone's options, makes the private folders visible, and returns to his gallery, immediately finding the folder he created to keep his stepson's picture. The moment Chuuya opens the folder, he realizes that he had motives to feel uncomfortable and full of suspicions.

Dazai indeed hacked his cell phone.

Thousands of things go through Chuuya's mind as he looks into his private folder. First, how did Dazai unlock his cell phone? Also, how did he know Chuuya had a hidden folder, and how did he enter it? Maybe Dazai saw Chuuya enter his password before? But, even if Dazai saw him unlock his cell phone, Chuuya is sure he never touched his private folder before him. So, did Dazai hack his cell phone?

Perhaps the most enigmatic thing is the fact that Dazai entered his private folder and deleted the photo that Chuuya had saved in there, replacing it with what looks like a print screen of a conversation and a video. Both files intrigue Chuuya but, at the same time, frighten him. Without a doubt, the video makes Chuuya more uneasy since there's no way of knowing what he is about the watch since the first frame is blurred.

Maybe it's just a video of Dazai fingering himself?

Chuuya's thumb hovers between the video icon and the print screen as he thinks about where to click first. Tane and Dazai are waiting downstairs, so he knows he can't take forever in the bathroom without getting his wife's attention.

In the end, because Chuuya can't contain his curiosity, and since it's just a few seconds long, he decides to click on the video after turning the volume down.

The video starts with the camera being adjusted and focused, giving a close-up of an unknown young man's face. Chuuya can see the man's lips moving, clearly talking to someone close to him. Unfortunately, since Chuuya has his sound turned off, he can't understand what's being said, but that quickly stops being important because as soon as the young man walks away from the cell phone, what's behind him becomes visible. Behind him are two men on a bed, and one of them, the one with his back to the camera and bandages, is clearly his stepson, who's busy riding the dick of the man under him.

The feeling of rage and jealousy is overwhelming, and Chuuya almost finds himself smashing his cell phone against the tiles, but he is able to control his violent impulse and press pause. He takes a deep breath and tries to calm himself down before pressing play to watch the few last seconds. Unfortunately, this proves to be a disastrous mistake because the young man who started recording comes up behind Dazai and pushes him forward, aligning his cock and thrusting into his stepson's already occupied hole.

Chuuya's eyes widen with shock, watching how easily the cocks start fucking into Dazai before the video suddenly ends, leaving him completely frozen with his cell phone in hand.

If there was any doubt in Chuuya in moving forward with his plan against Dazai, now that his stepson left him such a vile video on his cell phone, he wants to do what he planned more than ever.

Chuuya rubs his forehead as he thinks about what he just saw. Clearly, and obviously, the three men had been going at it for a while before they decided to record themselves because there's no way Dazai would take up another dick so easily like that out of the blue.

Perhaps, in the middle of so many intense feelings of jealousy and anger, the fact that both men fucking Dazai were using a condom makes him feel a little better. Of course, it's a ridiculous thought, but somehow, Chuuya finds some comfort in it.

Chuuya knows there's still a print screen to open, and despite having a suspicion about its content, he tries to calm himself down the best he can before opening it. He knows that Dazai was looking forward to this, he wanted Chuuya to lose control and become violent after watching him being fucked by other men, but there's no way he will give him that pleasure.

A few seconds pass, and Chuuya finally finds the courage to press on the print screen, feeling his body tense as the image opens. Unfortunately and obviously, Chuuya can't help but grit his teeth when he starts reading what appears to be a conversation between Dazai and two men from the video.

Drinks After Midnight 🥃

tap here for group info

Me: Hello there, guys. I was thinking, it has been a while since we all had a drink together.

Dostoevsky: Oh? You must really be missing us. After all, it's so late for you to text us.

Me: You are replying, aren't you? I wouldn't say you two on your own, but some parts.

Gogol: Ah 💔 are you looking for some fun? I love spending time with you two, so I'm okay with anything you decide!

Me: I'm still thinking about it, but we could think about repeating what we did last time again. Double scotch single malt?

The conversation cuts there, and Chuuya feels like smashing his cell phone again, but he stops himself, leans back on the toilet, and takes a deep breath before re-reading the screenshot.

From what Chuuya can see, there's nothing set in stone, so this can be just a way of Dazai threatening him, just like he did yesterday. Hopefully, it's really just that, a threat, and Chuuya won't come back home to find whoever Dostoevsky and Gogol are over his stepson.

For a moment, Chuuya thinks about deleting the files that Dazai left him on his cell phone, but he chooses not to do it. It's good to have some material that does not include himself to blackmail Dazai if he needs to. In that aspect, Dazai was dumb. He should have thought twice before leaving such material on his stepfather's cell phone.

After calming himself down and locking his cell phone, Chuuya flushes the toilet to pretend he has been busy and goes to the sink to wash his face and hands. He splashes cold water on his face various times before cleaning it with a fluffy towel and finally leaving the bathroom.

Dazai is probably waiting for him to do something rash, to pull him aside and give a piece of his mind, but that's not what will happen, at least for now.

So, when Chuuya enters the kitchen and sees Tane and Dazai speaking quietly next to the sink, he doesn't say anything and sits at the table.

Strangely they immediately go quiet when they notice his presence, and Dazai seems to shift his calm expression to a mocking one as he focuses his attention on Chuuya.

"For a moment, I thought you had fallen down the toilet," Dazai says, crossing his arms and leaning on the counter behind him.

Tane can't help but giggle at that, shaking her head at her son's comment as she keeps loading the dishwasher.

"Oh no, no such luck for you. Took a bit more time because I was taking a huge shit," Chuuya replies, winking at Dazai, who clearly wasn't expecting his answer.

Unlike Dazai, who seems a bit caught off guard by his answer, Tane starts laughing so much that Chuuya can't help but do the same.

"You totally deserved that answer," Tane tells her son, covering her grin.

Dazai rolls his eyes, but he still smiles, "I hope you used your bathroom then," then, he steps away from the counter and starts stretching his arms, "Well, I'm going to prepare myself to jump into the pool. I guess I will see you two in a bit."

Chuuya watches his stepson walk by him as he exits the kitchen, ignoring him and trying to remain calm, even if his mood is a bit sour. He would love to stop him, to grab his arm and push him against the table to teach him a lesson, but he doesn't do anything like that. So instead, Chuuya looks at Tane, who has already loaded everything into the dishwasher.

"C'mon, the pool is waiting for us outside," Tane tells him, walking to him to place her arms around his neck. She looks relaxed and very in love. There's also this undeniable glow in her expression of someone that has been having some satisfying sex, and for some reason, Chuuya doesn't find it as hard as it was yesterday to face Tane with all his guilt.

"Sure. Let's get ready. I will also get my sketchbook." Tane looks pretty excited about that, and for Chuuya, that's a great start.

Time to put my plan in motion!

*

The day is sunny but not uncomfortably warm, perfect to lounge for a few hours next to the pool and pretend that Tane doesn't want to spend the rest of the day cleaning.

With their skins well covered in sunscreen, snacks, and fresh drinks in hand, Chuuya and Tane finally arrive at the pool, taking a seat on the lounge chairs under the parasol.

Dazai is already in the pool, swimming fast back and forth with an energy that Chuuya has never seen before.

"Osamu used to swim as a kid. Despite having not stayed long, he was an excellent swimmer," Tane tells him, and Chuuya realizes that he probably stared at his stepson a bit too long.

"*Oh.* I didn't know that." Chuuya turns his eyes back to Dazai, watching how he gracefully moves his arms and legs across the water. It certainly is impressive to watch.

The truth is that Chuuya doesn't know a lot about Dazai. Most of the things he knows were told by Tane or Dazai in some rare moments of conversation. It's a bit sad when Chuuya thinks about it, and it makes him wish that sometimes things were different.

But it is what it is, and the truth is that Chuuya can't force Dazai to open up to him when he clearly dislikes him.

Letting go of the subject, Chuuya makes himself comfortable on his chair and prepares the pencil and sketchbook so he can start his work.

Tane also doesn't seem interested in speaking about her son’s past anymore because she quickly changes the subject.

"It's an amazing day today. I wish I had more time to do this," Tane says, stretching her body lazily over the lounge chair.

Chuuya gives her wife a head-to-toe look while she stretches herself. She looks very good in her retro bikini, which, matched with her red nail polish and cat eye sunglasses, gives her a very fifties vibe that Chuuya enjoys. But, despite really liking her look, Chuuya will have to ask her to remove her sunglasses for what he intends to do.

"Take off your l sunglasses for me," Chuuya says, turning to her with his sketchbook and pencil in hand.

Tane looks at him with a questioning expression. Still, the moment she sees what Chuuya is holding, she immediately removes her sunglasses, showing her eyes shining with excitement.

"What are you doing, my love?" Tane asks with curiosity, even if she knows that Chuuya is about to sketch her.

"I want to get some references from you," Chuuya says, grinning at her, "I may have some ideas. Some interesting ideas."

Tane mouth shapes into a small 'o', and it's obvious that she wants to ask more.

"Share it with me!"

Chuuya laughs.

"I promise that I will show you something soon. But, I can reveal that it's something a bit spicy."

Tane's cheeks immediately become rosy, and perhaps, because they have been a bit wilder in bed, she seems to be pleased with his revelation instead of feeling uncomfortable with that idea.

Just as expected.

Tane was always like this. All it takes is a bit of coaxing to make her more daring regarding sex. Unfortunately, that never worked with anal.

"How should I pose?" Tane asks, not really knowing what she should do.

"For now, just relax. You are good the way you are now," Chuuya tells her, starting the first lines in his sketchbook.

Tane does that, and Chuuya continues working until suddenly, there's some splash close to their pool chairs, and he sees Dazai looking at them. He hasn't come out of the pool; instead, he is looking at them from the stone edge, with his arms crossed over it.

Chuuya notices that Dazai is observing them with some curiosity but not showing any emotion beyond that. Instead of commenting on the interaction between Chuuya and Tane, Dazai watches them silently as he rolls his tongue-piercing back and forth across his lips. It's clear that Dazai is taking a moment to analyze Chuuya's actions to unveil the meaning behind them rather than jumping to conclusions. He has to admit that it's a bit unnerving to be observed like that. Still, at the same time, it also feels somewhat powerful.

Dazai doesn't comment on the fact that Chuuya is sketching his mother, but he leaves the pool and goes to the chair next to theirs, stretching lazily like a cat.

Tane looks at Chuuya and smiles, clearly holding back how she wants to keep talking about her sketches, but with Dazai next to them, she doesn't feel comfortable asking for more details.

Interestingly, Dazai doesn't comment on it and just relaxes beside them. But Chuuya knows that not everything is what it seems, so he tries to listen attentively to Tane and Dazai's conversations while he sketches.

Chuuya draws for a while, but when he starts to feel too warm, he places the sketchbook down so he and Tane can go to the pool. While they are swimming, Dazai remains in the lounge chair, scrolling on his cell phone with the attitude of someone who doesn't have a care in the world.

In fact, after they return from their swimming, Dazai continues to sound calm as he replies to his mother's questions and doesn't seem perturbed when Chuuya picks up the sketchbook and starts sketching Tane again.

"Are you still going out tonight with your friends?" Tane asks her son, who is entertained by smoking his cigarette.

Tane hates the fact that Dazai smokes, yet just like many habits of her untamed son, she has given up trying to make him quit a long time ago, according to what she told Chuuya.

"No, we ended up canceling. Unfortunately, not everyone can go today, so we just ended up postponing," Dazai replies, flicking the cigarette ash into the ashtray.

Chuuya didn't know that Dazai was going to go out tonight, but he wonders about the real reason behind the postponement. He knows that Dazai's friends have been all over him because of what happened in Kunikida's car, so perhaps Dazai ended up canceling on them because of that. However, Chuuya doesn't really blame him; after all, he has been avoiding his own friends as well.

Perhaps, avoiding their group of friends now will bite them in the ass in the future, but in the present moment, none of them seems to care.

"We can make another movie night. I really enjoyed the one we did," Dazai says unexpectedly, surprising Tane and Chuuya, who immediately look at him to see if he is joking with them.

Dazai looks at them, bringing the cigarette to his mouth with no sign on his face that he is mocking them.

For someone who rarely spent any time with her son in the past, Tane immediately beams at her son's unexpected suggestion, "Of course, Osamu! We can do that after dinner."

Even if Chuuya doesn't see any sign of an ulterior plan, he can't help but think if Dazai is again trying to cut short the private time between them as a couple. He can count by his fingers the number of times Dazai spent time voluntarily next to them, compared with now that he seems pretty much everywhere.

Even knowing that Dazai must be voluntarily stealing time between him and his wife, Chuuya can't help but find the situation weirdly pleasing. However, he only wonders how long Dazai will handle this significant routine change.

With that in mind, because they are still playing, Chuuya asks his wife to change her position so he can keep sketching her, speaking clearly enough so that there isn't any way that Dazai can miss it.

They end up staying a few hours in the pool, and Chuuya takes advantage of those hours to sketch more references of his wife, who seems to be having the time of her life from being her husband's muse. Next to them, Dazai remains quiet about that, spending his time reading an ebook on his cell phone instead of commenting on Chuuya's unexpected burst of inspiration.

Eventually, they gather their things to return to the house for a late lunch after showering, but Chuuya feels very satisfied with all he was able to collect from just a few hours by the pool.

Overall, Dazai keeps the same friendly posture with his mother and, by extension, with Chuuya, not giving anything away and not asking anything in return about what he left on his cell phone. But there's always something, perhaps a question or curiosity, every time their eyes meet across the table.

Tane seems completely unaware of what's happening, chatting with them without noticing anything different.

"I was thinking something, Osamu. Do you have any plans for tomorrow?" Tane asks during lunch.

Dazai lowers his chopsticks, looking curiously at his mother, "No, why?"

"I was just thinking how you never visited Chuuya's art studio. So why don't you take the day tomorrow to finally visit it?" Tane asks, making Chuuya almost choke on his salad.

Why is Tane suggesting such a thing right now?!

"Oh, well, I guess it never happened."

You always refused to go there.

"But I wouldn't mind going there tomorrow. If Chuuya agrees, of course."

What?!

For a moment, Chuuya doesn't know what to say, but suddenly he feels a kick under the table and realizes that Dazai is trying to get him to react.

Chuuya clears his throat, "I wouldn't mind that. I can show you around, and you can even participate in my class if you want."

Tane looks pretty pleased with his reaction, nodding happily. "Good, that's exactly what I want to hear! I'm sure you are going to love the studio."

"I'm sure I will," Dazai replies, then he turns his attention to Chuuya, "Can't wait to hear all the things you have to teach."

There's obviously an innuendo in Dazai's words, but Chuuya doesn't take it seriously, chuckling instead.

"I hope you are ready to hop off your bed before midday," Chuuya teases him as he picks up his glass of juice.

"As if. Don't worry. I will be ready by the time we have to leave."

Tane is very pleased with their conversation. Too delighted, and Chuuya would be suspicious if not for the minor detail that his wife always felt sad about Dazai's lack of interest in her husband's life.

Dazai went from being almost absent in his and Tane's life to being everywhere, and the moment Chuuya sees him agreeing with his mother in helping them clean the house, he is more sure than ever that his stepson is doing it on purpose.

Not that Chuuya really minds, if he is being honest. He couldn't really appreciate Dazai's half-nakedness in the pool, so now that he can watch him sweat a bit thanks to his stubbornness, Chuuya feels satisfied, even if it also feels a little bit strange.

Dazai is currently vacuuming back and forth in the living room, and Chuuya can't help but watch, a little bit entranced. Maybe it's because he's also cleaning, but Chuuya can't help but imagine and wonder what it would be like if it was just the two of them in a small apartment. Out of nowhere, his mind becomes full of domestic scenarios between them, and Chuuya feels his heart squeeze a bit at the images going through his mind. Of course, When Chuuya realizes where his head is going, he feels the urge to laugh. Obviously, something like that would never work between them.

Chuuya shouldn't really be fantasizing about a life next to his stepson when he has nothing but lust and creative obsession for him.

With that in mind, Chuuya ignores his stepson and continues cleaning the dust from the bookshelves. The owner of his heart is Tane, not Dazai. His stepson is just a distraction, a temporary obsession that somehow Chuuya got himself stuck with. And once he tames Dazai and sates his desire for him, he will recover control of his life, and everything will fade away.

It's all fleeting, both for him and for Dazai.

However, what Chuuya doesn't realize while he is busy cleaning the dust, is that Dazai isn't paying attention to what he is vacuuming. Instead, Dazai has

his eyes focused on him. But what the young man is thinking will remain a mystery.

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In the end, the day turns out to be anything but a lazy Sunday, and the moment Chuuya lands on the couch after dinner, he lets such a loud groan that both Tane and Dazai start snickering.

"Well then, what are we going to watch?" Tane asks in a good mood, picking up the box and TV remote.

"Please, just pick up something that doesn't make my brain work too much," Chuuya replies, covering his mouth as he yawns.

"Are you feeling that tired, grandpa?" Dazai asks, crossing his long legs over the couch.

Chuuya gives him a nasty look, "Just wait until you get to my age. Then you will know what back pain and muscle pain means."

"Oh, I'm sure of that. Bet your hips hurt every day, old man," Dazai says, winking at him.

"I'm sure that with your lifestyle, you won't be very different. Just give it a few years," Chuuya replies, already getting annoyed with him.

It's still very fresh in Chuuya's memory how shaky Dazai became after he was forced to stay with his legs open for a long time when they fucked. How Chuuya wishes he could just remind him of this particular memory.

"I don't think that will be a problem. Despite not looking like it, I'm very flexible–"

"C'mon, stop bickering, you two! Listening to your conversation makes me feel older than I'm!" Tane says, immediately shutting up her husband and son.

Dazai smirks but refrains from commenting on the topic anymore, yet his seed has been planted. Chuuya didn't know that Dazai was that flexible. Despite having fucked him once, he never had the opportunity to test that flexibility, and now he feels curious.

"Anyway. I am going to get some white wine before the movie starts. Does anyone want a glass?" Dazai asks as he gets up from the couch.

Chuuya feels his stomach turn uncomfortably at the thought of drinking alcohol again after how much he drank on Friday, so he refuses.

The same doesn't happen with Tane. After all, she always loved a good glass of white wine, "Oh, I will want one. Thank you, Osamu."

Despite taking some time, Dazai eventually returns with two big glasses of white wine, winking at his mother when he sees her widening her eyes at how much wine he brought.

"I think we deserve it after today. So, did you pick up anything interesting?" Dazai asks, taking a seat in his favorite spot, with his glass in hand.

"I did! It's a crime movie! Let's start it now before it gets too late," Tane says before bringing the glass to her lips and pressing play.

About half an hour goes by, and unfortunately, the movie reveals to be one of the most boring things they could have chosen. So maybe accepting a glass of wine wouldn't have been such a bad idea after all. Because unlike Tane and Dazai, who are certainly having a better time watching the movie while they sip their wine, Chuuya continues to watch it without any help from alcohol, completely bored.

"Ooh, maybe you filled mom's glass a little too much. I'm dizzy," Tane laughs, setting the empty glass on the coffee table.

"It doesn't even seem like something you'd say. You tend to handle wine so well," Dazai replies to his mother, giving her a toothy smile.

Even though the atmosphere between him and Dazai is a little tense, Chuuya smiles when he hears his stepson's words. It is strange to hear Tane complain about wine when she can handle her drink well.

"There, there. Maybe I'm overreacting a bit, and I'm just tired," Tane says, crossing her arms as she turns her eyes back to the screen.

"It's possible. With so much we've done today, it's not surprising," Dazai says, setting his glass down next to Tane's.

"But now we can be proud that the house looks beautiful thanks to our teamwork," Tane replies, sounding incredibly proud of her family.

Chuuya wishes he hadn't spent much of the day cleaning before starting the work week, but he has to admit that the house got spotless. So, all his efforts were worth it, even if now he feels a bit sore.

After their small chat, they continue watching the movie in silence, but the story doesn't get any better, and for a moment, Chuuya wonders how he still hasn't fallen asleep with such a boring plot. It doesn't take long until he starts to feel his eyelids getting heavy, yet a sudden loud snore reaches his ears, scaring him and making him immediately look at his side. Just like him, his wife seems to have been beaten by her exhaustion, and Chuuya can't help but want to laugh at the way her mouth is open wide, snoring louder than he has ever heard. She must have felt exhausted to fall asleep sitting up with her arms crossed.

"OK, I'm almost falling asleep as well. I think I'm going up. This film is boring," Dazai says in a low tone after noticing that his mother fell asleep, "After all, we have to get up early in the morning."

Chuuya knows Dazai is right, so he simply nods at him, watching him getting up from the couch.

Dazai walks by the front of the couch, looking at his mother with an amused expression and shaking his head.

Chuuya thought that Dazai would just walk by them and leave for the solitude of his bedroom, but that's not what happens because suddenly, there's a warm breath next to his ear.

"What a beauty, isn't she? Why don't you sketch her now?"

Chuuya shivers when he realizes how close Dazai is, but he doesn't look back, keeping his eyes on his wife.

"If you follow me upstairs, I can give you something a bit more interesting for you to draw," Dazai continues, whispering heatedly into Chuuya's ear.

Chuuya knows that Dazai is shameless, but his mother is only a few steps away from them and could wake up anytime. So, finally, Chuuya looks over his shoulder, breathing the same air as Dazai as he utters the following words:

"Fuck off."

Dazai smiles and straightens his posture. "We'll have all day tomorrow to talk. Sleep well, Chuuya."

When Dazai finally leaves the living room in silent steps, Chuuya feels his ribcage decompress, finally getting the oxygen he so badly needs.

Next to him, Tane is still fast asleep, completely unaware of what just rolled between her son and husband.

For a while, Chuuya doesn't really react, and he keeps looking at the TV without really paying attention to the movie. Still, after a particularly loud snore from his wife, he realizes that he needs to go to bed and rest his head, so he picks up the remote to turn off the movie, ignoring how his hands are shaking and a bit sweaty.

"Tane, let's go to bed," Chuuya murmurs to his wife, shaking her softly by her shoulder.

Tane doesn't react to his call; instead, she keeps snoring as loudly as before, and Chuuya's shoulders sag. There's no way he can carry Tane up the stairs

with her like this, so after he gets up from the couch, he lowers her down and covers her with a blanket, hoping she can have a good night of sleep.

Chuuya kisses her forehead, picks up his cell phone, and goes up the stairs, but as he is about to enter his bedroom, he stops and looks down the hall.

If you follow me upstairs, I can give you something a bit more interesting for you to draw.

Before Chuuya even realizes what he is doing, he is already walking to the front of Dazai's door, stopping in front of it and trying to be the most silent possible to see if he can hear anything from the other side.

Ahh-ahh–

Chuuya's breath hitches. He can hear the soft moans on the other side of the door, tempting and inviting him inside. Dazai really wasn't kidding when he teased him back in the living room. He is really touching himself in his bedroom, and Chuuya can hear it.

In the last few days, Chuuya can't pinpoint the number of times his mind has fantasized about Dazai in all its states of nudity or his voice contorted into a moan. But, having him so close, masturbating, and possibly waiting for him leaves Chuuya conflicted.

Chuuya's forehead leans on the wooden door, and his chest fills with air as he takes a deep breath.

Despite being completely fast asleep, Tane is still downstairs, so there's no way Chuuya would simply work up the courage to accept Dazai's taunt. He has been doing unimaginable things lately, but there's no way he can take this step, even though he's dying to take it.

The fact that Chuuya realizes that it's only his wife's presence just a few feet away that is holding him back from going to fuck his stepson is what makes him walk away from the door with a defeated smile on his face. He's really sunk too low, hasn't he?

Even with temptation just a few steps away, Chuuya decides to leave. Who knows if he will get one of the most essential parts of his plan in motion sooner than he thinks? It's not worth it to risk it all right now. No matter how much Chuuya wants to return, he walks away with the certainty that there's no way what he desires will happen tonight.

*

Despite the busy Sunday, Chuuya wakes up with more energy than expected, surprisingly ready for his day ahead. The space next to him is empty, so Chuuya is sure that Tane spent the entire night sleeping on the couch, which is weird because he is sure Tane usually doesn't have such a heavy sleep. Most of the time, when Tane falls asleep in the living room, she always ends up going to bed later, preferring to spend her night on their expensive mattress instead of their couch.

It's probably nothing important, but when Chuuya leaves the shower and finds his wife getting on their bed, he can only raise his eyebrows.

"Don't you have to get up?" Chuuya asks, approaching his wife, whose face is still completely swollen from sleep.

"Dear, I'm still incredibly sleepy. I don't even know what's happening to me," Tane replies, turning languidly onto the bed to make herself comfortable, "I will be going to work later today. There's no problem."

Chuuya nods, going to her and covering her shoulders. Clearly, Tane is a bit overwhelmed with her workload, so Chuuya understands her to need to rest. Sometimes he wishes Tane was a little bit less harsh with herself.

"OK. When you get to work, send me a text, alright?" Chuuya smiles softly when Tane nods, "Love you."

"...Love you more," Tane murmurs sleepily.

Chuuya ignores the uncomfortable feeling in his chest and dresses up the most silently possible before going to the kitchen. There he sees Dazai

already dressed, opening the back door to their garden with a cigarette in hand.

Dazai stops at the door, giving him a head-to-toe look, "Good morning, Chuuya."

"Hey," that's all that Chuuya says as he goes to the fridge. It's still too early to have clever conversations with his stepson, so he remains quiet as he grabs something for his breakfast, "We will be leaving in a short bit."

"Alright," Dazai replies, miraculously giving him space and leaving the kitchen for a smoke.

Chuuya tries to eat in peace, ignoring the crescendo of anxiety starting to invade his body as he thinks about his day. For the first time since the whole bar scene, he is about to face Lippmann, but the hilarious thing about the situation is that he is about to do it with Dazai.

At this point, Chuuya doesn't know if he should fear today or tomorrow, because tomorrow, he will undoubtedly be alone with Lippmann.

Dazai eventually gets back inside, but he doesn't stay in the kitchen, informing him he will be waiting in the living room and letting Chuuya finish his breakfast alone, and for that, he couldn't feel more thankful.

After finishing in the kitchen, Chuuya gathers his belongings for class and calls Dazai, going to the entry door to put his shoes on before leaving. Dazai does the same thing, and perhaps because he is still a bit sleepy, he doesn't make any type of commentary.

That blissful silence only lasts until they leave the house and find themselves alone in the car. The sound of the radio is suddenly lowered, making Chuuya sure that Dazai finally got tired of so much silence between them.

"What?" Chuuya asks, looking at Dazai for a moment before he looks back at the traffic.

"That's it? You are not going to say anything?" Dazai asks, amused, leaning back on his car seat.

Here we go.

"About?" Chuuya asks while at the same time making clear through his tone that he knows exactly what Dazai is speaking about.

"Seriously? Here I was expecting a more explosive reaction from you yesterday. But you are not giving me anything. Should I hack into your cell phone more often?" Dazai asks, sounding somewhat childish.

Good. Dazai is cutting directly to the chase.

"You know that I don't want you near my phone, but what do you want me to say? That I'm disappointed in you?" Chuuya huffs a laugh as they stop at a red light, "I can't stop you from having a three-way or even being gangbanged. As long as I'm not forced to watch, you can do whatever you want."

"That's very hard to believe after your little outburst the other day," Dazai replies, sounding slightly ironic.

"Just like I have my married life, you have your… *lifestyle*. I can't stop you," Chuuya shrugs, accelerating his car again, "I know it's useless to deny what happened. But, just like you didn't appreciate hearing your mother, I wouldn't appreciate having to catch you like that."

"I certainly would appreciate not having to hear you two again. Oh, speaking about my mother, I have a little secret to tell you! Do you want to know why I came with you today?" Dazai asks, sounding incredibly childish for a grown man.

"Why?" Chuuya asks, wondering why Dazai is choosing to reveal why they are stuck together in his car so early in the morning.

"I just came with you because my mother asked me to. She didn't go to work today!" Dazai starts, making Chuuya turn his attention from the road

to look at him with a questioning look.

"What do you mean by that?"

"My mother is taking the day off because she is preparing a surprise for you, so she asked me to keep you out of the house until later. Unfortunately, I don't know what she is preparing for you since she also wants to surprise me. Anyway, my role today is being a good son and ensuring you arrive home later." Dazai says, not minding that he is ruining his mother's whole plan.

"So, you are here because you want to help your mother? What a good son."

"I am quite curious to see what she wants to do, and since I didn't have much else to do, I didn't see why I shouldn't," Dazai shrugs, not seeming concerned with the fact that he is about to meet with Lippmann after their weird episode at the bar.

They fall silent for a moment, but then Chuuya remembers what they were speaking about a few moments ago and realizes that he really needs to clarify some things with him.

"Returning to my cell phone. Don't fucking do that again," Chuuya says, this time a bit more serious.

"Why? It was fun! I just wish I could have seen your face while you watched it."

"Do I need to give you the same example I gave you last time? Do you want me to use your mother as an example?" Chuuya asks, looking at Dazai and rolling his eyes when he sees how amused he seems, "Besides, you fucking invaded my privacy!"

"You would never do something like that. You are so cowardly that you wouldn't have the guts to do it. In fact, I can see that being a coward is your middle name since you are now focused on changing your art exhibition project by using my mother instead of me."

Fucking hell! Dazai certainly saw his sketchbook again before he hid it under the mattress!

…

...Just remain calm.

"Actually, I still don't know what I will do. I guess I will paint two portraits and see the one that pleases me more," Chuuya replies, ignoring that he feels like stopping the car to beat the shit out of his stepson.

It's starting to become easy for Chuuya to see when his stepson attacks him out of jealousy, so he is going to make sure to make Dazai taste a bit of his poison, "Your mother is very beautiful and more adequate for this project, as you may imagine. Yet, I would like to paint your portrait as well."

Showing that he has to come to accept his obsession, while at the same time, he still chooses Tane is an important part of his plan. Chuuya knows he can't simply focus all his attention on Dazai without seeming suspicious.

Dazai huffs a laugh.

"You can't be serious. Got tired of hiding behind your dutiful husband's mask?" Dazai asks, clearly not quite believing he just heard what he did from his stepfather.

"You were the one that always said that you were going to prove a point about myself, so why are you so surprised? Isn't this what you wanted to hear?"

Chuuya looks at Dazai, watching how he chuckles but chooses to look out of the window instead of him. Despite having proved whatever point he wanted, Dazai doesn't seem pleased with Chuuya's answer, so he remains quiet.

Fortunately, the trip to the art studio isn't that long, and the moment Chuuya leaves the car, he feels relieved for not having to be in such a tense environment anymore.

They both gather their things from the car and walk to the art studio building, unlocking the door and walking inside. It's still a bit early, but the lights are already turned on, making it evident that Lippmann has already arrived.

The art studio was built on what once used to be a big bookstore full of natural light, having been remodeled to Chuuya's necessities. Despite the many rooms that Chuuya has to show Dazai, the first place where he takes him is the employee's room, where he and Lippmann can store their personal belongings, change their clothes and go to their bathroom. And just like Chuuya had expected, that's where they find Lippmann.

"Good morning, Lippmann," Chuuya greets, walking into the room with his stepson in tow.

"Good–" Lippmann starts as he closes the door from his locker, immediately going quiet when he sees Dazai smiling and waving at him right next to Chuuya, "...Dazai-san? I didn't expect you to be here today. You finally came to visit the studio?"

"Ah, my mother gave me the final push I needed to come here finally. I hope not to disturb your work," Dazai replies so politely that Chuuya feels like gagging.

"Oh, of course not. It was quite unexpected, but I am glad you finally decided to come to take a look at what we are doing here," Lippmann says, and then he looks at the messenger bag that Dazai brought with him, "Do you want to put your bag in one of the lockers?"

"Oh, no, I'm good, thanks. I don't want to disturb you in case I need to leave the class, besides I brought a book with me," Dazai replies, holding the strap of his messenger bag, "I will let you two speak now. I will be waiting outside."

"Yeah, just wait a bit for me. I will show you around in a few minutes," Chuuya says as he opens his locker.

Dazai nods and then finally exits the room, leaving both friends alone.

Suddenly there's a hand on Chuuya's shoulder, turning him around.

"What is he doing here?" Lippmann mouths, staring shocked at him.

"Tane asked him to," Chuuya mouths back, picking up his work apron from his locker.

Chuuya sees Lippmann lift an eyebrow at his comment and sighs.

"I will tell you later," Chuuya murmurs after tying the apron behind his back.

Lippmann doesn't push him for more answers, closing his locker and placing a hand on Chuuya's shoulder and squeezing it before leaving to prepare for their class.

Chuuya hears Dazai and Lippmann exchanging pleasantries, and then everything goes quiet again. That's when Chuuya chooses to leave the staff's room and meet his stepson outside.

"Alright, are you ready for a small tour before class?" Chuuya asks, placing his hands inside the front pocket of his work apron.

"Lead the way," Dazai replies, giving him a sugar saccharin smile, which Chuuya ignores before turning and walking away.

Chuuya shows his stepson each room patiently, explaining everything as they go by each division in the building. First, they visit the room where they keep the basic and more advanced drawing materials, and then they head to the room where the students have their own lockers. He also takes Dazai to the room with his students' permanent art exhibition, and he can't stop feeling proud when his stepson takes some time admiring everything.

"You really have some talent here," Dazai says, positively impressed as he strolls in front of each piece.

"Indeed. I'm very proud of my students," Chuuya says as he sees the time on his cell phone after reading Tane's text saying she is finally up, "I still

have my office to show you, but I'm afraid that I will only have time after class. So we need to go now."

"Alright, *sensei*. Lead the way," Dazai says, looking bored as he walks to Chuuya.

"I'm going to have to ask you to behave. Don't say anything that will make me regret bringing you," Chuuya murmurs as they leave the exhibition room.

"Don't worry, my dear stepfather. I promise I will behave," Dazai replies in a very suggestive tone, making Chuuya uncomfortable.

Chuuya knows there's nothing he can do but hope that everything will be alright, so as they enter the main classroom and he sees his students entering and greet him, he sends a prayer to the universe and asks for a peaceful day.

The room is already ready with the materials for the class, and Chuuya can only look at Lippmann and mouth a "Thank you" for his work.

Lippmann smiles at him, but then he turns his eyes to Dazai, sitting in a distant place from where Chuuya will present his class, before looking back at him.

Understanding Lippmann’s silent question, Chuuya simply shrugs and does a thumbs up, and he can see immediate relief in his friend's face.

With this out of the way, Chuuya rechecks the time one last time before finally turning to the class.

"Good morning, everyone!"

Class begins as usual, without interruptions from Dazai, as Chuuya had feared at first. Instead of bothering his teaching, his stepson seems attentive to what Chuuya teaches his students, listening with evident curiosity until they reach the practical part of the class. As expected, Dazai doesn't participate in class, preferring to pull a book out of his messenger bag to

read. And despite all the female students that keep staring at Dazai, he doesn't seem to lift his eyes from the book he brought. Instead, he is focused on it, going through the pages with a lot of concentration, as if only his body is present in the room.

Perhaps, it's better like this. Chuuya has to admit that he was a bit afraid of what could happen during class, but it seems his stepson has decided to behave for once.

Or maybe...

Chuuya looks at his coworker and friend, Lippmann, who is now helping one of their students. Maybe his friend is the reason why Dazai is assuming a calmer behavior. After all, Lippmann was there when Chuuya called him a good boy.

He has yet to face Lippmann after all that happened, but maybe the fact that Dazai came with him today will delay that conversation. After all, Lippmann isn't going to make that conversation with Dazai around, is he?

Perhaps, bringing Dazai today was a good idea.

Fortunately, the class runs smoothly from start to finish, and when the students finally start packing their things to leave, Chuuya sighs in relief.

"Dazai," Chuuya calls, signaling his stepson to follow him.

"I will meet you in a bit," Lippmann says, and Chuuya nods, turning his eyes back at his stepson, that is now approaching.

"What's the matter?" Dazai asks as he puts his book back in his messenger bag.

"Come with me. I need to take these papers to the office," Chuuya replies, shaking the new application forms that some students brought from friends and family, "Besides, I still haven't shown you my office."

There's no way Chuuya is going to let Dazai out of his sight with Lippmann around, so he will drag him around until it’s time to leave.

Dazai doesn't say anything as he follows him to the office, but the moment Chuuya opens the door to the room, his stepson whistles as he looks around.

"Well, well. This is a very fancy office," Dazai says as he walks in.

Chuuya has to admit that when it comes to the office, he and Tane are both to blame for its expensive decoration. Certainly, Chuuya didn't need such a luxurious shaggy white carpet in his office, but it matched so well with the wooden decoration and colorful canvas on the walls, so how could he not buy it?

"Well, I guess we went a bit overboard. Got to admit that," Chuuya says as he walks to the desk and invites his stepson to sit in the chair before it, "Take a seat, I won't take long in here."

Dazai does exactly that, and before Chuuya has time to appreciate his obedience, Lippmann appears at the door and walks in already out of his apron.

"Are you going somewhere?" Chuuya asks, noticing how Lippmann has his backpack already falling from one of his shoulders.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Unfortunately, I must leave now. I’m afraid I can't stay with you two for lunch."

Chuuya raises one eyebrow.

"Ah, before you ask, nothing is wrong. It's just my mother that wants me to have lunch with her before we head to the car stand today. She wants to sell her car, and you know how terrible she is with deals," Lippmann explains, coming closer to Chuuya's desk, "I hope you two don't mind."

"Ah, it's alright. I didn't know your mom wanted to sell her car," Chuuya replies as he sits on the chair behind his desk. He feels relieved that nothing is going on because, for a moment, he was afraid that Lippmann was feeling uncomfortable with his stepson's presence.

It seems it will be just him and Dazai having lunch together.

"She does, and I am honestly feeling glad that she wants to get rid of that old can. Anyway, I will leave you two now. I really need to hurry," Lippmann replies, a bit frustrated as he looks at the time on his wristwatch, "We will speak tomorrow. It was nice to see you, Dazai-san."

"Thank you for having me, Lippmann-san," Dazai replies politely, smiling at him before he watches the older man leave the office in a rush.

Chuuya watches his friend disappear through the door, and suddenly the office becomes very silent.

Stepfather and stepson exchange a look, but Chuuya is the first to look away, starting to organize the new application forms.

"So, what did you think about the class?" Chuuya asks, trying to ease the tense mood between them, "Was it what you were expecting?"

"I didn't pay a lot of attention, but I can say that your students seem to love you and Lippmann-san. I guess marrying my mother gave you all the benefits you were looking for," Dazai says, trying to backslap Chuuya with his words.

Chuuya sighs.

"Look, I'm not having this conversation with you. I think it's useless at this point. So you can believe in whatever you want to believe," Chuuya replies, feeling very tired of having this conversation with Dazai. He is not in the mood to repeat how Tane was the one that offered to invest in the art studio, not accepting a *no* as an answer.

"You are so boring. Aren't you really going to react?" Dazai asks, pouting.

"No."

"What about the video of my friends fucking my ass? Won't you give me any reaction about that?" Dazai asks, clearly trying to push Chuuya's buttons.

"What do you want me to say? We already spoke about it! Do you want me to slap you again like the day we fucked?" Chuuya asks, a bit frustrated, not understanding why they are speaking about this again.

"No, nothing of the sort. Since you are clearly trying to hold back your real feelings, I thought we could make a deal to work things out," Dazai replies as he inspects his fingernails.

Chuuya lifts an eyebrow and leans back on his swivel chair. A chuckle leaves his lips as he thinks about his stepson's words. Obviously, Dazai didn't come to spend his day at the art studio to play the good role of son. It was evident that after he saw Chuuya drawing his mother, Dazai would never end the situation with mere verbal provocations.

"And what could that deal be?" Chuuya asks, knowing that whatever it is, Dazai certainly won't keep his part of the deal after it's done.

"If you don't want to come home and find me busy entertaining guests, then you should fuck me right now. In this office," Dazai answers, seeming completely relaxed for someone that loves ruining Chuuya's patience for sport.

Chuuya bursts out laughing, but Dazai maintains the same nonchalant attitude. In fact, he even smiles a little, perhaps with some satisfaction.

"OK. My question is, how is that even a deal? Are you that desperate to have a taste of my dick again?" Chuuya asks, feeling really amused with Dazai's desperation for them to have sex again, as he could already see last night.

"No, as you already saw in what I left on your cell phone, I don't need you. It's just that I'm bored, and I feel like messing with your head," Dazai replies, getting up from his chair and walking around the desk with slow steps, "The idea that you know my mother is working her ass off preparing a surprise for you at home while you are here wetting your dick with me kinda gets me off. Not going to lie."

You are jealous, and you want me to pay attention to you. Just admit that you hate not being the center of my world.

"What would I win from this, then? Since this deal seems to be all in your favor?" Chuuya asks, giving Dazai a barely hidden appreciative stare as he reaches his side.

Despite not being completely fake, Chuuya's stare has a hidden purpose. Dazai can throw all his bullshit at him and give him these clever talks, but there's no way Chuuya will fall for his lies. So, since Dazai doesn't want to admit how badly he wants to be fucked again, Chuuya doesn't mind having a bit of work pushing his stepson into that blatant admission.

"Are you seriously asking me that as you look at me with those eyes?" Dazai asks in a heated tone, sliding the pad of his finger up Chuuya's freckled arm.

Chuuya knows that this is the time to put his plan in march. After all, the easiest way to shape and control Dazai is through sex because from all the times he interacted with him, sex was always where Dazai lowered his guard the most. No matter how unpleasant Dazai is with him, the truth is that he is dying to obtain some praise and validation from him, that much Chuuya is certain.

"Right. Well, I'm unsure if this is a good place to do it. It's a bit risky," Chuuya replies, moving away from Dazai's touch to walk to the front of the desk, leaving him behind in silence.

Dazai remains quiet, but he follows Chuuya, but instead of doing anything to him, he reaches for his messenger bag left behind on the chair. Chuuya watches him rummage around for something, and when he sees what his stepson pulls out of it, he can't stop his mouth from falling open.

"You brought condoms and lube?" Chuuya asks with some surprise, watching how he drags the chair away from the front of the desk before approaching. By now, it's clear that Dazai accepted his mother's offer to come here and try his luck with him, but Chuuya has to admit he didn't expect him to be concerned with these things.

Lube, Chuuya understands. But why condoms? It's not like they used a condom last time.

"I did!"

"It probably doesn't fit me. So if you really want to do this, you will have to forget about it." Chuuya really doesn't want to use a condom.

"They are XL-sized," Dazai replies, giving him a smug expression, "You are not coming in my ass this time."

Chuuya narrows his eyes and crosses his arms. He knows that he also needs to play along with Dazai to stroke his ego, but Chuuya has to admit that he isn't enjoying the fact that Dazai seems to want to punish him. Not being able to fuck Dazai raw is leaving his mood sour, and indeed, he isn't pretending anything right now, but since it helps Chuuya's cause, he doesn't try to hide his bad mood.

"Fine. But since we are using a condom, I get the right to fuck you in any way I want," Chuuya says, pulling Dazai to him, whose breath hitches when he falls into his stepfather's arms, "Also, to kiss you and touch you the way I want."

Chuuya looks him in the eyes and reaches for the contents of his hand, removing the condom and the lube bottle to place them over the desk. Dazai doesn't complain; he just lets Chuuya do that and adjusts his position when he feels his arms wrap around his waist.

Unfortunately, Dazai is covered in bandages this time, so Chuuya won't be able to touch him exactly how he wants, which is a shame.

"What?" Dazai asks, looking a bit at a loss when Chuuya doesn't immediately pull him for a kiss.

"I wish you hadn't brought bandages. I want to touch you all over," Chuuya murmurs as he finally touches Dazai's face, approaching their lips.

Dazai's mouth opens in surprise. Clearly, he wasn't expecting such an answer from him because, from what Chuuya remembers in his sex video, he was wearing bandages, so it's possible that taking them off isn't something he usually does with his sex partners.

"I…I thought it wouldn't be a problem for you," Dazai replies, and for the first time, Chuuya feels he was able to remove one of Dazai's masks successfully, "It's not like my scars are something nice to look at."

"Honestly, I think they are beautiful. Because they tell a story and make you unique," Chuuya murmurs honestly, using one hand to caress Dazai's face. He is not lying; clearly, Dazai understands that because he immediately blushes.

"Stop saying nonsense. I want to fuck," Dazai says, embarrassed, fisting Chuuya's red locks and sealing their mouths together.

A feeling of adrenaline instantly courses through Chuuya's body, making him moan into his soft lips.

Only now that Chuuya realizes how much he had missed feeling their mouths moving together. And judging by how his stepson reacts, the feeling seems mutual.

Things will change after today, of that Chuuya is certain.

I am going to make you unable to want any other man after this. Be prepared.

Notes for the Chapter:

Eheheh, please don't kill me! *hides*

8. Chapter 8

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Hello! I'm back earlier than I thought to everyone's surprise and even mine!

I must share this incredible sexy art Julien did of Dazai licking Chuuya, inspired by a scene that will occur in this chapter- I drool every time I look at it! Thank you for always spoiling me so much, Julien <3!

Deadly_Prodigy also surprised me and cosplayed Dazai, and I immediately saved all the photos because I'm simply in love with this cosplay! So please, take a look! Thank you for your gift my dear!!

Without any further delay, I wish all of you a good reading!

With all my love,

- Mari

When Chuuya woke up the previous morning, he woke up with the certainty of something–to regain back control of his life, he needs to tame and manipulate Dazai, and the only way to achieve that is to make him feel things that he certainly never felt before. Chuuya is certain Dazai never truly felt what it is to fall in love with someone. He certainly never allowed anyone that close, but what if Chuuya uses the mutual obsession there is between them to acquire that?

Of course, Chuuya doesn't intend to start being lovey-dovey with him. That's simply not who they are, and Dazai would get too suspicious that Chuuya is trying to manipulate him. But what if he does it slowly? What if he kisses a little bit less roughly and a little more softly from time to time? What if Chuuya speaks his honest thoughts about the beauty he finds in Dazai out loud at random moments? What if he praises Dazai, just like it's becoming obvious that he enjoys it very much?

"Just admit that you missed this," Dazai murmurs, pulling Chuuya's bottom lip between his teeth before kissing him again.

There's no way Chuuya can respond with the hungered way Dazai is kissing him, so he doesn't. Chuuya notices that while Dazai is devouring his mouth, his hands aren't still, running up and down his body, trying to map out everything he couldn't the first time they were together. He seems quite fond of Chuuya's shoulders and hair, winding the fingers of one hand through the red locks while the other caresses the small length of his shoulders. One would think that someone like Dazai would prefer a manly and extremely muscular man over someone like Chuuya, but it's becoming clear that with Dazai, nothing is what it seems.

The longer they kiss, the more obvious it becomes that Dazai doesn't feel like stopping kissing him. He rubs and curves his pierced tongue languidly against Chuuya's, smacking their lips, already moist from so many kisses exchanged. For someone who wanted to fuck so badly without further wasted delay, Dazai certainly doesn't seem to want to let go of his mouth.

As their lips move against each other, Chuuya finally moves his hands from Dazai's full buttocks to the front of his jeans, unfastening them with blatant interest in what's underneath. He can already feel the small mound formed by his erection, which, like his, is pressed uncomfortably against the hard fabric of his pants.

Even if they should just uncover the needed parts, in case someone walks in, Chuuya decides to take a risk and starts pulling Dazai's t-shirt up.

Although Dazai seems a bit reluctant to stop kissing him, he still raises his arms and lets Chuuya remove his t-shirt. Unfortunately, as expected, bandages are covering Dazai's body almost everywhere, even over his nipples, and this annoys Chuuya a little. So he places his hand over the bandages covering his chest and looks at Dazai.

"Can I take them off? I really want to see you."

Once again, Dazai seems taken aback by Chuuya's willingness to see his body, but to his delight, his stepson says yes, blushing slightly.

Chuuya immediately unties the bandages covering his stepson's chest and begins to unroll them, forming a small roll in his hand that he sets aside. Once Dazai's bare chest is exposed, his nipples immediately become erect under Chuuya's eyes.

Delicious.

Having always found this part of Dazai's body very beautiful, Chuuya doesn't resist and brushes his thumbnail over one erect nipple, enjoying the small moan that leaves his stepson's mouth. His body is really sensitive, isn't it?

"Have you thought about piercing them?" Chuuya asks, looking curiously at Dazai as he strokes the small pink nub.

"What?" Dazai asks, clearly distracted by his stepfather's caresses.

"Piercing your nipples. They would look so pretty," Chuuya replies, finding funny the surprise that forms on Dazai's face.

"Uh. I've honestly thought about it, but the healing time is long and boring," Dazai replies, biting his lower lip as Chuuya keeps tormenting him.

"Despite the long healing period, I think it would be worth it. It would match perfectly with the one on your tongue. I certainly would love them," Chuuya says, lowering his head to press a kiss over one of his nipples.

Dazai's breath hitches.

"I'm imagining biting down on your nipples, pulling the metal beads between my teeth," Chuuya confesses, biting and pulling the pink flesh of his nipple between his teeth, recreating his fantasy.

Dazai groans, and despite Chuuya having no clue if from the pleasurable pain or from his fantasy, he continues licking and biting his nipples, loving how the hand on the back of his head seems to encourage him to keep going with his rough treatment instead of stopping him. Since Dazai looks just as excited as he is, Chuuya continues, taking turns between both nipples until

they are swollen and completely wet. Then, seeing how abused they look, Chuuya turns his attention back to Dazai's mouth, kissing him passionately as his hands begin to lower his jeans down his ass.

"Let me undress you as well," Dazai moans between kisses, grabbing his t-shirt and starting to pull it up, even getting clumsy when their arms bump with the eagerness to strip each other's bodies.

After Chuuya's t-shirt comes off, Dazai's jeans and boxers also end up on the floor over his feet and are basically shaken off, along with the borrowed studio slippers.

"You are so gorgeous," Chuuya says, not hiding the scorching desire in his voice. He looks Dazai up and down, stopping at his small cock, already hard and wet at the tip. He doesn't wait for an invitation, gripping the tiny cock in the warm interior of his fist, loving how only the tip of the pink head sticks out.

"You keep repeating that. Stop this nonsense," Dazai pleads, dropping his head onto the shoulder in front of him and moaning heavily as Chuuya begins moving his hand over his cock.

"But it's true. Why do you think I enjoy drawing you so much? You're beautiful, and you know it," Chuuya says after turning his face against his hair, brushing his mouth against the soft locks, "Do you think if I didn't think that, I would be obsessed with your body or your face? Do you think I would feel the need to possess you like this?"

"I will always be someone you will never be able to control or own. So don't be cocky," Dazai says, amused, his breathing a bit ragged, "If you weren't my mother's husband, or if you didn't have such a big dick, I wouldn't look twice at you."

Chuuya can't help but let out a small laugh at Dazai's comment. His denial is definitely entertaining to watch. Cute.

"Of course. Same for your tight ass," Chuuya replies, falling in line with his caustic words. He rotates his wrist as he utters his next words, "I always

knew my stepson was a whore, but I never thought I'd get a taste of him. And now that I do..."

His hand moves quickly up, and down the cock he's holding, making Dazai mewl a little helplessly into his shoulder. "...I must admit it's hard to want anything else."

"Chu-Chuuya!" Dazai moans, digging his nails into his stepdad's back.

"That's it, let me hear you," Chuuya murmurs somewhat gently after his crude words. Dazai seems to love it, moving his hips and pushing his pelvis against Chuuya's hand.

Dazai doesn't hold back, letting Chuuya hear the sweet endless sounds coming out of his mouth. However, even quite excited, Dazai grabs Chuuya's wrist, stopping the back and forth of his hand. It's a little unexpected, but when Chuuya realizes how labored Dazai's breathing is, he realizes that maybe he just doesn't want to come too soon.

"Let me touch you too," Dazai says with a sigh before moving over and kissing Chuuya's neck. Chuuya immediately tilts his neck to the side, closing his eyes and panting audibly as Dazai unfastens his pants.

Dazai unbuttons Chuuya's jeans with agility while, at the same time, he begins to suck and nibble one of his nipples. And although it is difficult to process a coherent thought, Chuuya remembers that Dazai has to be careful while he is moving his mouth on his chest.

"Please don't leave marks," Chuuya groans, pressing Dazai's mouth against his nipple by pushing his head towards his chest. Despite Chuuya's push, Dazai lets go of his nipple and looks at him while pulling down his pants and boxers, "Wouldn't it be so much fun if I marked you? I'd love to know what my mother would say."

Like Dazai's clothes, Chuuya's pants and boxers suffer the same fate and are thrown to the side. Chuuya's thick cock slaps against his abdomen, then falls heavily forward, even though he's erect.

"No. Don't you dare."

Dazai looks at him slyly and then closes his eyes as he starts moving down his chest, spreading kisses and caressing his body with the palm of his hands until he falls to his knees in front of him.

"Can you hold your thick cock for me?" Dazai asks in a honeyed voice.

Chuuya raises an eyebrow, but since he is so aroused, he complies with his stepson's request, holding his dick against his belly.

"Perfect," Dazai murmurs, and without any other word, he approaches the middle of his stepfather's legs.

Chuuya's jaw goes slack as Dazai starts rubbing his nose and mouth on his heavy balls, watching with a certain pride as he inhales his intimate musky scent and sighs pleasantly because of it.

"Do you like them?" Chuuya asks, caressing the crown of Dazai's head. His stepson looks at him with his pupils blown wide, giving him the answer he wants.

"You know I do," Dazai replies honestly, rubbing his face against his balls, "I've been dying to taste them."

After those words, Chuuya feels the first lick, making him close his eyes for a moment as a wave of dizziness goes through his body from feeling so much arousal.

Dazai tastes the warm skin of his balls, sucking slowly before running the tip of his tongue along the dark, well-defined line in the middle of them.

"You are so big here," Dazai says, letting out a shaky breath as he places his mouth back on them, pressing heated kisses that leave Chuuya crazy, "Makes me wonder if you are as full as you look."

"And you want me to use a condom. Wouldn't it feel better if we didn't?" Chuuya asks, running his fingers through Dazai's silky brown waves.

Dazai stops and looks at him, pleased, "Are you that eager to creampie me?"

"As eager as you are to have my cock inside you," Chuuya says, fisting Dazai's locks to press his mouth against his heavy cock, which finally opens wide.

Unexpectedly for someone just starting, Dazai slides his lips down his stepfather's cock until his nose touches the red pubic hair. The fact that Dazai didn't even bother to begin slowly leaves Chuuya breathless. This is clearly something he enjoys doing, as Chuuya can feel the ease with which he relaxes his throat around his cock.

"You really know how to take a cock into your mouth," Chuuya murmurs, easing the grip on Dazai's hair.

The pressure of sucking around his cock is divine, and Chuuya can't help the long moan that comes out of his mouth as Dazai slides his pierced tongue back to his glans and starts licking its underside.

Dazai's mouth is scorching and wet, feeling almost like a pussy opening eagerly to receive him. Just by the way Dazai uses his tongue to stimulate him, alternating with sucking and the back-and-forth of his hand along his length, Chuuya can tell his stepson already has a lot of experience and taste for sucking cocks. Something that becomes even more evident when certain sounds start to reach his ears. Chuuya has been with plenty of people but has certainly never been with someone who moans like Dazai is moaning while sucking his cock.

In fact, Dazai looks so comfortable sucking his cock that Chuuya grabs the back of his head and starts pushing it down at the same time as he bucks his hips into it. Soon Dazai's lips become slick and swollen, and copious amounts of saliva begin to drip from his mouth, but he doesn't seem to care like the filthy and uninhibited man he is.

Chuuya could let the situation last until the end and pull his dick out and come over Dazai's pretty eyelashes and hair, but the need to want to taste him is stronger, and maybe that's why an idea occurs to him.

"Wait, Dazai," Chuuya says, pulling his hair without doing it too roughly in case his stepson decides to use his teeth where he shouldn't.

Dazai stops, letting the cock fall from his mouth as he glares at him, "What?" His voice is a little hoarse, demonstrating that maybe Chuuya was a little rough with his throat.

"How about we do this another way?" Chuuya asks, stroking his stepson's face, "We could go to the floor, the two of us, and enjoy the comfort of the carpet."

Dazai's eyes widen, "You mean...?"

"I also want to do it."

Dazai's eyes seem to light up with those words, but Chuuya doesn't know if it's from excitement or amusement that he is once again falling from his high horse to do something as suck his stepson's dick. Even so, Dazai lets Chuuya be the first to lie down on the carpet and position himself the way he wants.

The white carpet fiber is fluffy, hugging Chuuya's naked body as he lies on his side and anxiously waits for Dazai to do the same. Chuuya has to admit that when he bought this carpet for his studio office, he thought it was a little too much, making him feel like an eccentric nouveau riche. Yet, now that Chuuya is lying on it and finally embraces Dazai's thighs, he realizes he couldn't have chosen better.

While this isn't the first time they've had sex, it is the first time Chuuya has had Dazai's cock so close to his face, and just the smell is enough to make him drool. Dazai clearly smells masculine, but for Chuuya, it still feels like something soft and clean. The glans of his penis is dark pink with arousal, and the slit is wet with pre-cum, which is oozing now that he's lying down, giving Dazai the intense smell of sex. Chuuya licks his lips in excitement, moaning with pleasure when Dazai approaches and promptly starts to suck him. It's hard to think straight now that Dazai is back to suck him so hungrily. Still, Chuuya manages to focus back on what he is doing and moves his hand, wrapping his fingers around the small cock and playing

with the wet foreskin, pulling it back to reveal the moist, rosy head before bringing it between his lips for a taste.

Chuuya sighs pleasantly when he finally feels the taste of Dazai spreading over his taste buds. Just like the smell, Dazai's taste is simply pleasurable and unique, and Chuuya is sure he has never felt so much lust for someone like this during oral sex.

It's not Chuuya's first time sucking someone, and despite all the years that have passed since then, he also has a dick and knows that there are things he needs to be careful about. So, even if Chuuya feels like biting the hell out of Dazai until he cries, he still covers his teeth carefully with his lips to save his stepson from any possible discomfort.

Dazai, who had been sucking Chuuya's cock enthusiastically until now, stops to rest his neck a little, moving his mouth to his stepfather's balls and starting to lick the warm skin that protects them. And just like moments before, Dazai doesn't hold back his lust as he starts licking Chuuya, lapping the large balls and clearly not caring how his stepfather only trims his pubes, unlike him, who is completely shaved.

This small detail of how Dazai seems to love this specific part of his body pleases Chuuya very much, making him want to reward him by sucking him a bit faster. And, perhaps, because Dazai is on the smaller side, oral sex with him is easier since he fits perfectly inside Chuuya's mouth, sliding smoothly between his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

It's obvious that Dazai is enjoying this as Chuuya can feel a slightly bitter taste slowly spreading across his tongue. Besides, even with his mouth busy, Dazai doesn't disguise his pleasured sounds, moaning against Chuuya's balls. Everything Dazai does, he does it passionately, moving his hips against Chuuya's mouth so eagerly that the redhead wonders how he can still show so much denial about everything that's happening between them. Surely Dazai isn't like this with everyone he fucks, right?

Chuuya lets go of Dazai's cock, bringing a finger to his mouth and wetting it before taking it between his buttocks to begin rubbing the puckered hole. Dazai's entrance is hot and very closed, unlike their first time, where it was

already prepared and ready to be fucked, and because of that, Chuuya feels quite excited about the idea of being able to force it open.

The small hole pulsates under Chuuya's digit simultaneously as Dazai's cock throbs against his chin. Because of these things, there's no denying that his stepson loves to have his ass played with and stimulated. Therefore, Chuuya keeps stroking the entrance, pushing his finger through the puckered skin, feeling it sucked and snuggly pressed by his warm interior. On his side, Dazai continues to slide his tongue over his balls, playing with them with his piercing and licking them in such a way that Chuuya wonders if he intends to get him completely drenched.

When Chuuya's finger is fully inside Dazai, and he starts to move it, his stepson finally lets go of his balls and goes back to curling his pierced tongue around his cock, sucking with the desperation of someone who clearly loves to be fingered. Amid that commotion, Chuuya can see that Dazai's skin is covered in goosebumps, despite being clearly warm, even too hot, like a cat under the sun. This surprising reaction, along with Chuuya's feverish body and the carpet beneath them, is making them deliciously sweaty. The smell of sex and sweat is becoming so strong that Chuuya is sure that if anyone walked in on them right now, they would become overwhelmed with the situation and the heavy air in the office.

Chuuya becomes so intoxicated by the intense smell around them and Dazai's moans that suddenly, all he can think about is the need that has been going around his head for the last few days. So, without warning Dazai, Chuuya changes his position and brings his face closer to where his finger is fucking.

Here Dazai's body scent is even more masculine and intense but just as clean as the rest of his body and everything Chuuya fantasized about. Not holding back anymore, Chuuya finally lowers his mouth, pushing Dazai's buttocks apart and pressing his lips over the small hole, starting to suck it so ferociously that he feels Dazai's cock throb once again against him.

Dazai releases a muffled, somewhat surprised, and helpless moan against his cock, inviting Chuuya to push him harder. So he uses his tongue to

penetrate him, swirling it around before withdrawing it and pushing it inside again.

Dazai's legs start shaking, so Chuuya grabs them hard, pressing his fingers into his bandaged thighs while he devours his rim.

"Ah-ah! Fuck!" Dazai moans, letting Chuuya's cock slide from his mouth. The huge member starts rubbing against his face, and even if Dazai is having a hard time focusing on what he is supposed to be doing, he can't help but stretch his tongue to give some kitten licks to the cock now pressed next to the corner of his lips.

But then, unexpectedly, Dazai seems to have a burst of energy when Chuuya introduces a finger along his tongue because suddenly he is moving and changing his position, wrapping his stepfather's legs in his arms before curling up with him.

At first, Chuuya isn't aware of what Dazai intends, but then he feels something that he never felt before and begins squirming and groaning.

Dazai is rimming him, and it feels incredible.

Never in all the years, Chuuya had dated, or even when he experimented with his colleague, had anyone dared to approach their mouth in such a private area. It's a novelty that Chuuya discovers he likes a lot, both for the stimulation and the intimacy. He never thought that Dazai would touch him in such a way, which perhaps makes him like it even more.

At first, Dazai's hot tongue slid over his entrance timidly, but then any shyness and insecurity he might have been having disappears when Chuuya grinds his hips down, pushing his ass against his stepson's mouth, begging for more.

The atmosphere grows even more torrid between them, the energy more frantic and explosive. Neither can stop what they're doing, sucking and licking their asses while gripping each other, only stopping to moan each other's names and curse words as they use their fingers. Because of Chuuya's positive response, Dazai quickly stops feeling intimidated, and

like Chuuya, he also starts using his fingers, fingering his stepfather without restraint or fear.

Before Chuuya can even process what's going on, they are switching between licking each other's holes and using multiple fingers. It feels too good, in a way that Chuuya didn't even though it was possible, but that he is learning now thanks to his stepson. No wonder Dazai loves having his ass played so much.

If there's something that Chuuya is learning with this is that besides loving to eat pussy, he also loves to eat ass. But, just like he has discovered his enjoyment in doing this, he also realizes how much he loves to have his ass played by Dazai. Just Dazai. He can't imagine this happening with someone else, not even his wife.

Eating Dazai's ass is everything and more that Chuuya could have imagined because his stepson is incredibly responsive, so he quickly realizes that pushing him a bit harder is one of his favorite things to do. So, Chuuya bullies Dazai, using both his thumbs to widen his hole before introducing his tongue inside. Dazai clearly loves it, squirming and riding his tongue as he works his own into Chuuya's ass alongside his two shaky fingers. Even if Chuuya thinks that he is bullying Dazai, the truth is that he is eating him as if he is passionately kissing his mouth, and that clearly has some effect on his stepson.

Perhaps, Dazai doesn't even notice, but his movements slowly become more clumsy, and his voice becomes louder, giving away how close he must be, and Chuuya uses that moment to grab his cock with one of his hands, stroking it as he keeps licking his ass.

The moment that Dazai feels Chuuya stimulating him on both ends, he gives up what he is doing, giving his stepfather one final lick before he handles himself to the imminent pleasure that is making it too hard to think about anything else.

Chuuya doesn't mind it. In fact, he keeps rimming Dazai and masturbating his cock enthusiastically. For a moment, Dazai's entrance tightens under him, but then it starts contracting and relaxing quickly as his cock begins

spilling, filling Chuuya's chest and the expensive carpet underneath them with his creamy cum.

The fact that Dazai is dirtying the carpet should be concerning, but Chuuya can't give a fuck about that, and once the last pump of cum leaves his shaky body, he decides to let go of his stepson and crawl around his body until he is behind him and lies down, pulling him against his chest.

"You did so well. So perfect for me," Chuuya murmurs in his ear, loving how much Dazai's body is trembling with the aftershocks of his orgasm.

Chuuya rubs his sex against Dazai's balls and cock, breathing heavily whenever he passes his hole and pushes a little harder. Since it's so wet, the puckered hole starts to sag, but instead of pushing inside, Chuuya goes back to rubbing himself a little more along Dazai's sex. He's so turned on that he doesn't even know how much he'll be able to handle without coming quickly. Dazai really is his curse and perdition.

"Not–not like this," Dazai says, pulling Chuuya's hands away from him before awkwardly moving away. Chuuya feels so punch drunk with his hard-on that it takes him a while to process until he sees Dazai get to his feet and go to his desk.

Oh, right. The condoms.

Like Dazai, Chuuya gets up a little awkwardly but quickly clasps himself to his stepson's back, pushing his cockhead to tease the small hole before exiting and using it to slap the round buttocks. Dazai is incredibly hot all around, and even the fact that he is shaved between his buttocks makes Chuuya ache even more for him.

"Just get it over with," Dazai pants, reaching out with his hand holding a condom.

Chuuya looks at the offensive object and sighs.

"Tsk. So impatient," Chuuya clicks his tongue, snatching the condom from Dazai's hand.

Yet... As Chuuya looks at the small entrance that seems to be contracting with anticipation, he can't resist. So, contrary to what Dazai might expect, instead of putting on the condom, Chuuya places himself on his knees in front of his ass, dipping his tongue in the tight hole and moaning as he begins tasting it once again.

It's really delicious, yet, Chuuya doesn't have time to do much because Dazai is clearly feeling too impatient.

"You...!" Dazai whines, turning around at the waist to grab Chuuya by his hair and pull him away from him. Chuuya knows that at this point, Dazai is just throwing a tantrum and being capricious; however, he understands that they can't stay there all afternoon, so he presses one last kiss on one of his buttocks and gets up.

"Alright, alright," Chuuya says, opening the condom foil with his teeth. The condom is sticky and smells like a balloon, and Chuuya hates how he is being forced to use it.

Fuck. I guess I really can't win this one.

At the same time that Chuuya unrolls the condom over his erection, Dazai looks impatiently over his shoulder, spreading his legs wider as he rubs lube over his hole before tossing the bottle onto the desk.

Chuuya notices Dazai's impatience, but he contains his smile and focuses on what he is doing.

With the condom finally on, Chuuya lines up with Dazai's entrance, taking a deep breath before starting to push into him. Unfortunately, having his cock in a condom alters his perception a bit, but he still feels it being swallowed by warmth the moment his hips finally meet Dazai's buttocks.

Both moan at the sensation, and the moment Chuuya pulls back, sliding his cock from Dazai's entrance, his breath catches at the sight of how stretched his hole becomes once he pushes in again. The wrinkled skin of Dazai's entrance is stretched smooth, forming a perfect circle around his cock,

which only makes Chuuya want to push him harder to get rid of that perfect detail.

So with such a violent need taking over him, Chuuya starts to fuck Dazai with the same intensity as their first time, grabbing him by the hips to have a better hold on his body. Dazai doesn't complain; in fact, he seems to be euphoric to finally have Chuuya's fat cock inside of him, meeting his thrusts enthusiastically.

"You really love to have my cock inside you, don't you?"

Dazai can only moan incoherently, but Chuuya takes that as a yes. However, the memory of their supposed deal, of how they are doing this to ensure that Dazai doesn't take *guests* to their house, crosses Chuuya's mind, making him so possessive and feral with jealousy that his first reaction is to place his mouth over the soft flesh of his stepson's back and bite down hard.

Dazai screams in pain, trying to escape the bite, but Chuuya doesn't let him, sinking his teeth into him until he feels satisfied. The moment his mouth finally releases Dazai, the satisfaction of seeing his mark on his body fills him with satisfaction.

Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine.

"You piece of shit," Dazai cries, sagging over the desk and crumpling the papers under his hands.

"Hm. Maybe. But you are still letting me fucking you," Chuuya replies, moving his hands to Dazai's chest to make him straighten his posture. He doesn't want Dazai like this as if he is being forced; instead, he wants him to participate and take his cock like he was moments ago.

Fortunately, the moment Dazai returns to his previous position, they restart their old rhythm, and a familiar rapturous feeling and desire begin to run through Chuuya's body, controlling his movements blindly. His hips sway violently, pushing his cock into Dazai's tight, wet hole, which is already starting to loosen under the ferocity of the thickness that invades it. Chuuya doesn't feel displeased at it; instead, his primal side makes him look at the

situation with some pride. He wants Dazai's hole wide open, so he will think twice before hacking his cell phone to leave videos of him being double-penetrated. If Dazai wants two dicks that bad, Chuuya will put a dildo next to his dick next time he fucks his ass. If he wants to get totally destroyed, Chuuya will do just that, with the certainty that Dazai will probably regret it for a few days before inevitably wanting to return for more.

It's during this passionate and mad fucking, that Chuuya decides to start what he had planned the day before:

"You are so hot, so perfect for me."

"Stop saying stupid things!" Dazai says at first, clearly embarrassed and not used with the praise.

But Chuuya ignores it and continues;

"Please pierce them for me," Chuuya begs after a while, caressing both pink nipples while moving his hips restlessly against him, "You would become even sexier."

This time Dazai throws his head back in ecstasy, and Chuuya can see that his praise is starting to have an effect.

And so, he keeps going;

"You're driving me crazy. I can't stop fucking you. You're so tight!"

And keeps going;

"I'll make you mine."

"Ah-Fuck!" Dazai cries, grabbing Chuuya's hand on his hip and squeezing his fingers, almost as if he wants to hold his hand affectionately.

Maybe he does.

Contrary to Dazai's first reactions, with his constant insistence, Chuuya notices that he is starting to react positively to every word, squeezing his cock so tightly inside him that it's obvious he's taking pleasure in hearing it all. In fact, the way he starts to roll his hips back becomes so violent that Chuuya starts to feel the familiar pressure on his balls.

Just hold on a little bit more.

The secretary creaks with the fury with which Chuuya moves against Dazai, dragging the piece of furniture across the floor with the momentum of each thrust. Dazai keeps screaming and moaning, and Chuuya is grateful that this building belongs entirely to him; otherwise, things could go very badly if he had close neighbors. Fortunately, that's not the case, and the ecstasy Dazai is getting from being fucked so intensely by Chuuya is making it very hard for him not to want to orgasm. He wants to come inside Dazai, and there's no way he'll let that chance slip away, so he stops and withdraws his cock from his stepson, who immediately complains, slamming his fists on the desk. Chuuya quickly removes the condom, throwing it to the side and entering Dazai again, who groans with almost exaggerated satisfaction, as if Chuuya has been away from him for a long time and not just a few seconds.

The cock, all slick with condom lube, slides easily into Dazai's hole, eliciting a loud groan from both of them. It really is so much better to fuck someone without a condom. Chuuya has no idea how he even let Dazai have his way.

"Did you take it off?" Dazai asks, groaning as he is roughly pushed against the desk. Chuuya sees him looking at the place where the condom fell on the floor and chuckles.

"I did. Why? Do you want me to stop?" Chuuya asks, curling his hips as he moves his cock into Dazai.

"Fuck no! If you do that now, I will fucking kill you!"

The noise of their skins slapping is immensely loud and lewd, enough to make even the most serious person blush with embarrassment; however, neither of them seems to mind as they feel immeasurable pleasure traveling

through every corner of their bodies. Clearly, the closer someone gets to their orgasm, the more shameless they become.

Not being able to contain any more, Chuuya hugs Dazai's torso, pressing his face against his back as his cock begins ejaculating inside him. His thick semen shoots out of his cock, filling Dazai just like the last time. In fact, Chuuya's orgasm is so long and lasting that he pulls away from Dazai's back after he is done, looking down at the space where they are connected. The short amount that he sees from his dick is completely covered in cum, just like Dazai's hole, and seeing the state they are in gives Chuuya an idea.

"Don't move," Chuuya orders, removing his cock from the wrecked entrance, which immediately starts clenching around empty air once it's no longer filled.

"Wha–?" Dazai asks tiredly, looking over his shoulder, confused. He is not even able to finish his question because suddenly, he is moaning again when he feels Chuuya slurping his hole.

Once Chuuya starts sucking the small hole, his own warm cum begins filling his mouth, so he keeps doing it until he has enough fluid for what he wants. It's possibly one of the dirtiest things he has ever tried, but Chuuya realizes that he won't feel satisfied until he is able to do what he wants with Dazai.

After he is done, Chuuya stands up, mouth full of cum, and pulls Dazai to him, grabbing his chin and smashing their mouths together. His stepson looks a little taken aback for a moment but promptly opens his lips, accepting everything Chuuya offers. The milky fluid seeps from Chuuya's tongue into Dazai's mouth, eliciting moans from him as he swallows everything down. For some, this would be a humiliating and dirty act. Maybe if it were someone other than Dazai, he would immediately push Chuuya away for trying something so degrading, but it's clearly not like that between them. With Dazai, Chuuya isn't afraid to explore the darkest side of himself, and perhaps that's one of the many reasons he enjoys having sex with Dazai so much.

After they part, Dazai looks at him with heavy-lidded eyes and rosy cheeks, appearing to be drunk on the fluids Chuuya fed him. The redhead can't help but smile with some affection at Dazai, using his thumb to wipe the corner of his mouth. He loves how Dazai looks so submissive and tamed.

"Good boy." Chuuya murmurs, moving his hand to caress Dazai's cheekbone.

Dazai lets him and even starts rubbing his cheek on his hand, accepting the affectionate gesture.

Just like Chuuya had thought, his plan worked perfectly.

"Now, you are going to turn around to let me suck you because I want to make you come one last time before we start cleaning around," Chuuya says softly, even if his words have a clear order behind them.

Dazai obeys.

*

The everlasting and unnerving tick-tock of the clock echoes inside the four walls of the silent cafe. Lippmann isn't sure how much time has passed since he sat in the cafe across the street from the art studio, but possibly more than an hour—maybe two or two and a half.

Lippmann already had time to eat his lunch and drink two cups of coffee, and during that time, Chuuya and Dazai didn't come out of the art studio building. It was a feeling that led him to lie to Chuuya and take a hidden and strategic seat inside the coffeehouse, but now Lippmann wished he had never done it. Perhaps it would have been better to remain ignorant about what's happening because there's no other way out of the studio than through the main door. Lippmann can't come up with any justification for Chuuya and Dazai's delay.

However, as if listening to Lippmann's thoughts, Dazai and Chuuya finally leave the building, heading towards the car parked in front. Lippmann observes them as best he can in the few seconds he sees them. Unlike the

previous hours, Chuuya seems relaxed and satisfied even as he speaks to his stepson while holding a small trash bag in his hand. But what surprises Lippmann more is Dazai, who looks at Chuuya with a somewhat different expression than he is used to seeing. The young man doesn't look as tense or indifferent; instead, what Lippmann sees surprises him. He is staring at Chuuya somewhat softly, smiling even, and Lippmann doesn't know what to think about what he is watching.

Eventually, they both get into the car, and after Chuuya backs up, they pull out of the parking spot in front of the art studio and drive away. Only when Lippmann sees the car disappear does he remember to breathe. He wants nothing more than to get up and run to the studio, but he decides to wait a few minutes before getting up.

After about twenty minutes, Lippmann finally gets up and storms out of the cafe and runs into the studio, unlocking the door and stepping inside. Without thinking twice, Lippmann climbs the stairs to the top floor, stopping in front of Chuuya's office door, which is closed. Lippmann is sure that if something happened, it must have happened here, so he decides to open the door, feeling a little anxious about what awaits him on the other side. For a moment, Lippmann clings to the hope that it could all be a big mistake created by his imagination, but the moment he smells the air inside the office, he freezes. There's no mistaking it. There's a familiar musky scent and a strong latex smell in the air. Lippmann is so shocked that his hand has stopped over the light switch, and he doesn't seem brave enough to use it. Chuuya is really cheating on Tane, and what is more unbelievable is that he is doing it with her son.

What the hell are you thinking, Chuuya?

Lippmann turns on the light in the office and walks inside, closing the door behind him.

9. Chapter 9

What Dazai is feeling is unknown to him. For someone that is used to controlling everything and everyone around him down to the smallest detail, this state of mind makes him a little uncomfortable, even though his body is very relaxed after being used and so well stimulated by Chuuya.

They left the art studio not long ago, having stopped in a nearby shopping center since Chuuya has art supplies he needs to buy, so Dazai shouldn't be thinking too hard about whatever this is. After all, Dazai was able to coerce Chuuya into having sex with him once again. But even so, no matter how much he tells himself to let go, the truth is that Dazai can't ignore this itching feeling. Maybe it's because his mother texted him saying she would need him to distract Chuuya a bit more. And, even though Dazai hates how his mother is trying to use him as a homing pigeon, he has to admit that having Chuuya in his hands for a bit more is quite exciting and even makes him happy. Honestly, something like this is quite astonishing because Dazai knows he hates Chuuya with every fiber of his being.

But that's not the most surprising fact.

What is more surprising is that when they arrived at the underground parking, Chuuya chose an empty and hidden parking spot, and immediately after he parked his car, they started making out. And not only Dazai allowed Chuuya to kiss him, as he actively participated, ending up with them having to wait some minutes before leaving the car to ensure their hard-ons would go down.

For some reason, it seems that after their meeting at the office, it feels harder not to do what Chuuya wants.

However, Dazai isn't naive about Chuuya's actions. Even if he feels something similar to an adrenaline rush every time they kiss or touch, he is sure Chuuya has been trying to butter him up for a long while. Starting with how they had sex in the office and ending with their unexpected making out in the car. So, with that heavy suspicion in his mind, Dazai uses their lunch

to ask all the questions plaguing his head. But, the results are different from what he expected.

"So, what is this now? Decided to be all sweet with me for some reason?" Dazai asks as he picks up a french fry and dips it in his ketchup packet.

Chuuya raises one eyebrow as he slurps from his drink straw, looking at him as if he asked something completely absurd.

"We made a deal, didn't we? We had sex, so I won't have to catch you *entertaining* your friends. Because you know, I don't get off watching others having sex. Especially you. In the place where I have dinner," Chuuya replies, showing some discomfort in his voice, despite the conversation not being enough to ruin his mood after the satisfaction of emptying his balls not even an hour ago.

"Oh? So all that babbling during sex about my ethereal beauty wasn't true?" Dazai asks, feeling somewhat sour at his stepfather's answer, even if he doesn't let it show in his tone or expression.

"I didn't lie. I like to praise my partners during sex. But I think that whatever politeness we have going on now is just the result of our good chemistry in bed," Chuuya replies before taking a bite of his hamburger. It's almost as if his stepfather is talking about the weather, which makes everything funnier, “I think we are quite compatible, despite everything.”

You speak so casually as if you didn't bite my back like a ravenous wolf.

"I see. So what do those kisses we exchanged in the car mean? Do they mean that we are having an affair? Apart from the respectful relationship between stepfather and stepson that we seem to be having now?" Dazai asks sarcastically, trying to provoke Chuuya.

Chuuya stops chewing, giving Dazai a long look, "Honestly, since my obsession is pretty much in the open right now, I wouldn't mind turning this into an affair. Make this a regular thing. But I would have one rule in case you are interested."

Dazai's mouth stretches into a smile, and he stops eating for a moment, feeling rather curious about what kind of rules his stepfather wants to impose on him.

"Proceed."

"You aren't allowed to have sex with anyone else if you want to have an affair with me."

Dazai bursts out laughing, almost choking on his spit in front of a completely calm Chuuya.

"You really got some nerve in asking that from me. With what right do you think you can ask that from me?" *Strange*. How can the idea of wanting to be controlled so possessively be both revolting and simultaneously make Dazai want to kick his feet like an excited infant?

"Take it or leave it. I'm not forcing you to do anything. Oh, wait. Two rules. The second would be: this affair has no place for feelings. It would be pure sex."

Dazai doesn't even laugh this time. Instead, he just stares incredulously at Chuuya, "The first one was hilarious, but this one… Are you on drugs?"

Chuuya shrugs, seeming way too calm and relaxed in Dazai's opinion. He wonders how much Chuuya is controlling himself not to show his real feelings.

"Unfortunately, I'm not. I would love to have an explanation like that for all of this other than my obvious artistic obsession," Chuuya replies, shrugging. However, despite trying to remain somewhat indifferent to what his stepson may want to answer, he still gives Dazai an unforeseen and somewhat charming smile that makes the younger man's toes curl inside his sneakers, "So, what do you say?"

For a moment, Dazai feels his stomach turn uncomfortably at the unexpected fear of Chuuya starting to reject him if he says no. But then,

Dazai realizes that since there's no way that’s going to happen, he definitely won't assume the humiliating role of *mistress*.

"Fuck off. No way I will accept that. I'm going to keep fucking around and have as many dicks inside my ass as I want," Dazai replies rudely, intending to hurt Chuuya's ego the most he can.

As if I would let you own me in any way.

It's just for a few seconds, but Dazai can see Chuuya's jaw clench, perturbing the so well-built fake calmness he has been showing, before it relaxes and his face assumes both a humorous and disappointed expression.

"Well, I guess it was like we spoke before. I can't stop you from having your *lifestyle*, just like you can’t ignore I'm married to your mother. I guess days like today may or may not happen in the future," Chuuya replies, disappointed, before assuming a sarcastic tone, "But, no problem. As long as we keep it civilized as we have been doing so far, your mother won't start making questions."

Of course. Let's keep the appearances just for my mother's sake. Are you trying to use my mother to provoke me?

"Sure, let's keep it civilized."

Dazai replies, despite knowing that they are both beasts. No one seems convinced by each other's responses, yet neither comments. Instead, they decide to keep eating their lunch but this time in silence.

*

It's around four in the afternoon when Dazai finally receives a text from his mother asking for him to bring Chuuya home, which couldn't haven't arrived at a better time because, since their conversation at lunch, the mood between them simply became very uncomfortable.

They visited every possible store in the shopping center mostly in silence, and when Chuuya went to the art store to purchase some supplies that he

needed, along with a new canvas, Dazai decided to remain outside because even staring at his stepfather just felt too much to handle.

Chuuya immediately agrees to leave the shopping center as soon as Dazai tells him that Tane wants them back home, and to no one's surprise, there aren't any more hidden kisses in the car or caresses. There are no conversations, not even about the weather. It's like they suddenly went back in time before they started getting intimate, and Dazai doesn't really know what to think about it, nor why he feels bothered about it.

Dazai knows Chuuya is trying to punish him but doesn't understand why it affects him so much. He should be indifferent to this, just like he is with almost everything in his life. But why isn't it working right now?

The memory of how Chuuya got on his knees in front of him and sucked him hungrily to the point of oversensitivity until Dazai couldn't hold anymore occupies his head all the way home, and when they park in their garage, he realizes that the moment he dreaded all day finally arrived.

Dazai knows his mother is waiting outside in their garden, and before Chuuya even takes his art supplies out of the car trunk, he just guides him by the stone path that connects the garage with the back of their house.

Many things crossed Dazai's mind when his mother told him she wanted to prepare a surprise for Chuuya, but nothing could have prepared him for what he sees the moment they get to the garden.

"Surprise!!" Tane says, making Dazai and Chuuya stop as they look at the unexpected scenario before them.

"You bought a Ducati 1299 Panigale??" Chuuya asks excitedly as they see Tane next to a shiny red motorcycle with a large golden bow on top of it.

Dazai can only stare at the whole situation in shock. He can't believe his mother took the day off to buy Chuuya a motorcycle.

"Yes, for you, my love. I know how you have wanted one for so long. Also, you told me how you had to sell your old motorcycle in the past so you

could invest in a car to carry your canvas and art supplies around. I remember you telling me that this model was an old dream of yours," Tane replies with a voice filled with emotion, eyes teary as she approaches Chuuya.

No. No. No!

Chuuya looks at Tane, equally moved, with his blue eyes filled with emotion, but Dazai doesn't know if it's guilt he sees or emotion resulting from his mother's surprise. A feeling of fury burns within Dazai when he sees his mother and Chuuya hug, but he remains silent, swallowing his pride.

However, the moment Dazai sees them pecking their lips, he feels something malicious in him. The need to reveal how Chuuya was swallowing his cum some hours ago is very strong, but against every fiber of his being, Dazai chooses to keep that information to himself. Because even if Dazai feels spiteful, he knows that revealing that information to his mother wouldn't do him many favors besides starting an endless shit show.

After finishing their warm embrace, Tane turns to Dazai with an ear-to-ear smile and eyes filled with anticipation.

"So? What do you think, Osamu?" Tane asks, so excited she can barely contain the volume of her voice. Dazai remains silent, looking between the bike and Chuuya, who can't stop looking at the vehicle with a stupid smile on his face.

Chuuya looks so happy…

"Just looking at your husband, I think it was a great gift. He can barely contain the urge to go for a ride," Dazai replies, trying to fake the enthusiasm he doesn't feel, "By the way, you two should go for a ride around Yokohama, don't you think?"

A detail that didn't escape Dazai is the fact that there are two helmets on top of the motorcycle's seat. Still, Tane seems slightly surprised by her son's suggestion, immediately looking to Chuuya for approval.

"Why not? I know this will be your first time, Tane. Besides, didn't you buy two helmets just for that?" Chuuya asks, placing a hand on his hip before looking at the two helmets on the motorcycle seat.

Dazai almost rolls his eyes at his mother's sly attitude.

"Think about it, and go have some fun. I'm going to undress and relax in my bedroom for a while. I will see you two later," Dazai says, wanting to get out of there as quickly as possible.

"Oh? Don't you want to see the bike in action?" Tane asks, looking taken aback by Dazai's attitude. Chuuya, on the other hand, remains silent, heading to the motorcycle to remove the wrapping ribbon. He doesn't seem concerned with Dazai's sudden departure. Clearly, the fact that Dazai refused his rules has pissed Chuuya off more than he initially thought. Just by observing Chuuya's behavior, it's obvious that he is showing that he's more interested in his marriage and all that comes with it.

Unlike other times, this indifference seems to be charging Dazai's body with anxiety to the point that even breathing is becoming a difficult task, so he wants nothing more than to get out of there.

"Ah, I'll certainly hear the engine from my bedroom. Besides, I'm sleepy. I really want to go relax," Dazai replies, this time with less patience.

"*Oh*, okay. Have a good rest," Tane replies, seeming to have realized the switch in his son's mood.

Dazai nods and says nothing more, leaving the garden. The moment he walks into the house, Dazai basically runs upstairs and locks himself in his room. Why does breathing seem so hard all of a sudden?

He needs to calm down. It's been a while since he felt like this, and seeing his emotional control slipping through his fingers is making him very nervous and angry.

After picking up the pack of cigarettes and the lighter, Dazai heads to his bedroom balcony, sliding the glass door as silently as he can, even in his

state.

A cigarette is quickly lit, and Dazai sits in the lounge chair in front of the glass door, reflecting on everything that has happened so far and how he feels.

Why does he feel this way?

Unexpectedly, Dazai chokes on a sob. He feels very irritated as he rubs his fingers across his forehead, bringing them down over one of his eyes and rubbing it. He brings the cigarette back to his mouth, taking a rather deep drag. From his balcony, he can hear Chuuya and Tane laughing in the garden, which annoys him even more.

So many sweet nothings, just to immediately throw him aside like trash after meeting his wife and her crappy gift. Is this all revenge for having denied him exclusivity? But what was he thinking asking him that?

This was what you wanted me to feel, wasn't it?

Dazai is not stupid. He knows that Chuuya acted the way he did to manipulate him. There is no reason for all the passion he showed him during their torrid encounter. However... At the same time, Dazai can't shake that it all felt genuine, and maybe that's why he's so upset. He promptly stubs out the cigarette in the ashtray and sits on the edge of his lounge chair, burying his eyes in the heels of his hand and beginning to rock back and forth.

I'll make you mine.

Liar.

You did so well. So perfect for me.

LIAR!

Dazai stops rocking, reaching for the pack of cigarettes with his trembling hand. He removes another cigarette from inside and places it between his lips, lighting it and closing his eyelids as he feels the nicotine rush. Chuuya

will not manipulate him. Dazai won’t let him. Who has power over Chuuya is him. Only him.

Even in his certainty, the memory of how Chuuya worshiped his body immediately invades his memory, squeezing his heart painfully.

What is this? Dazai asks himself as he anxiously rubs the back of his hand on his forehead.

Maybe he's just exhausted; hence, he's unable to process everything that happened today. In addition to getting up early, he's had sex and walked around a mall for hours under stress, which certainly took away what was left of his energy. Or maybe he's just trying to ignore the obvious. But Dazai doesn't want to think about it anymore. So, after wasting another cigarette uselessly, Dazai goes back into the bedroom, ignoring the sound of the motorcycle's engine revving up outside as he undresses.

Strength seems to fail him as Dazai removes his bandages and puts on pajama shorts and a t-shirt, but he manages to carry out his tasks to the end, and by the time he drops onto the bed, he feels the remaining of his strength leave his body.

I feel so tired.

Seconds fade into minutes and then hours. The sun begins to fall over the horizon, but Dazai doesn't get out of bed. His body seems glued to the sheets underneath him, and no matter how much he closes his eyes, he can't sleep, as the conversation during lunch between him and Chuuya is repeated in an endless loop inside his head.

Dazai knows that his mother and Chuuya have already returned from their motorcycle ride since he heard them arrive, but no one came to see him, preferring to let him rest in peace. Something Dazai couldn't be more grateful for because if there's one thing he doesn't want, it is his mother banging on the door.

Time continues to pass without Dazai noticing, barely moving, only doing it to take his cell phone off vibrate mode to activate the silent mode, as it

keeps vibrating on the bedside table with unread texts.

The knock on his door eventually arrives, and Dazai can only snort in annoyance.

"Osamu? Don't you want to come down for dinner?" his mother asks softly from the other side of the door. Dazai decides to ignore her, turning his head to the side, but the knocking on his door starts again, and he groans.

"I'm not hungry!" Dazai replies, perhaps a little too aggressively.

Even eating seems like a chore right now.

After a few seconds of silence, Tane replies, *"No problem, son. I'll leave the leftovers in the fridge in case you get hungry later. Just rest."*

Dazai doesn't respond, but seeing as Tane doesn't either, he assumes she's gone after her last words.

Finally.

Only after this conversation does Dazai finally feel the strength to get up and pull out a box from the back of his closet and go back to his bed. He opens it and looks inside. Inside are various pills, mostly sold to him by his Russian friend and once-in-a-while fuck-buddy, Fyodor, who has introduced Dazai to different drugs several times, including sleeping pills. There goes the time that Dazai took some kind of medication or even had psychotherapy after he started self-harming. Even that was taken away by his mother, who, after being prescribed medication during her first mourning months, gave up due to difficult side effects and did not want her son to go through the same thing. Perhaps, his mother did it to please him since he was reluctant to take his medication. And although Dazai feels more like himself without being numbed by pills, he has to admit that on certain occasions, he needs something to help him sleep, but in those cases, Fyodor always gets him the best pills going around.

Dazai takes a green and white powder capsule from a small plastic bag, the same kind he used to drug his mother's wine the previous night. What a pity

the pill didn't leave her in a worse state; maybe the ride with Chuuya would have ended very differently if he had used two pills. The image of his mother falling off the bike and hitting her head on the road fills Dazai's mind as he pops the pill inside his mouth and drinks from the bottle of water he always has on his bedside table.

No matter how macabre it may be, Dazai can't help but smile as he replays that scenario in his head.

Unfortunately, despite the Universe not wanting to fulfill Dazai's sickest fantasies, it’s generous regarding the pill's effect because his eyelids quickly start to become heavy. What no one imagines is that the last thing Dazai sees before succumbing to total darkness is the sight of Chuuya looking at him affectionately as they both clean up an apartment that belongs to no one else but them.

*

The birds are chirping outside when Dazai finally opens his eyes. The first thing he notices is a sick feeling in his stomach and a strong headache that covers the entire front of his forehead. He has no idea what time it is, just that his house is currently silent.

12:36

Dazai's mouth opens in shock when he checks the time on his cell phone. Is it possible that he slept that long?

Despite the nauseous feeling, Dazai's stomach growls, reminding him that he hasn't eaten anything since yesterday, and that is what ends up forcing him out of bed. And contrary to what Dazai initially thought, his late breakfast does wonders for him, and he repeats until he feels satisfied before heading out into the garden to smoke a cigarette.

There's no sign of Chuuya's bike, so he probably took it to work, which perhaps is a good thing because Dazai can be really good at making art with a key.

After smoking his cigarette, Dazai returns inside the house and takes his sweet time bathing in his ensuite, filling the tub with warm soapy water to relax. While soaking, he takes the opportunity to smoke another cigarette as he thinks about yesterday: the hot sex between him and Chuuya, their conversation at the mall, and the moment they got home. He wonders if Chuuya is more conducive to chatting today.

Perhaps, the fact that Dazai didn't leave his bedroom for the rest of the afternoon, not even for dinner, had an effect or created some concern in him. Perhaps, Chuuya realized that he was too rash and rethought his rules, and that fills Dazai with hope. Of what? Dazai isn't sure.

It's while Dazai is running his razor over his balls that he hears the sound of a motorcycle approaching, letting him know that Chuuya has arrived from work. Because of that, Dazai almost drops the razor in the water with how excited he gets to know that his stepdad is back home, but instead of rushing, he takes a deep breath and thoroughly shaves until he's finished.

After getting out of the bathtub and drying off, Dazai doesn't put on his bandages and dresses in comfortable clothes before looking for Chuuya around the house. And since his stepfather is nowhere to be found, Dazai heads to the annex and smiles when he sees the open door.

Chuuya has his back to the door and is seated in front of a blank canvas, smoking a cigarette, and the moment he hears Dazai's footsteps, he looks over his shoulder for a few moments before looking straight ahead again. Dazai chuckles, coming up behind Chuuya and putting his arms around his neck. But contrary to what Dazai was expecting or hoping, Chuuya's shoulders immediately tense at his touch.

"Let go of me. I thought it was clear that you weren't interested in the rules I set." Chuuya says, sounding more aggressive than Dazai expected to hear, shaking his shoulders to get rid of his arms around him as if he were a disgusting bug.

Dazai can't help but take a step back in astonishment. There is no sign of the passion he showed him the day before; on the contrary, Dazai feels that Chuuya has returned to the same state of disgust he used to show him.

"OK, I shouldn't even be caring about this. But what's your problem? It's not like you've cared about my touch these past few days," Dazai says, feeling really uncomfortable with Chuuya's rejection. Although he didn't accept Chuuya's conditions, it wasn't set in stone that he couldn't touch him. Besides, weren't they supposed to keep things between them civilized? Because this type of rejection feels very different from Chuuya's indifference the day before after he refused his rules.

"Lippmann spoke to me today. He knows about us!" Chuuya answers and Dazai finally realizes what's happening: "He lied to us. He never went anywhere with his mother. While we were fucking in my office, Lippmann waited in the cafe across the street until we left. So, all he had to do was add two plus two after he barged into my office shortly after we left."

Dazai raises his eyebrows. He has to admit he never suspected this was Lippmann's plan, but hats off to him. Now Chuuya's attitude makes sense.

"So what? Did he make you feel guilty? A *cheater*?" Dazai questions, wanting to hurt Chuuya for going back to reject him so quickly. Clearly, Lippmann has shaken Chuuya's conscience, and now he's trying to push him away and end the game they have been playing with so much pleasure.

Am I so easy to dispose of?

"Yes. Honestly, I don't know what I've been thinking. I must be going crazy." Chuuya mutters before bringing the cigarette to his mouth for a drag, "This isn't me. Obviously, you manipulated me into something I'm not."

Dazai laughs, "You're kidding, right? My actions only allowed you to reveal your real nature, nothing more. I refuse to be solely responsible for your actions. You kissed me and fucked me because you wanted to. Also, I didn't hold your hand when you filled your sketchbook with my drawings. Besides, you already admitted that you are obsessed with me!"

Chuuya jumps up from his chair, making a loud noise as it drags across the floor. He glares menacingly at Dazai. "You may be right, but It's over. No matter what it takes, I will get over whatever this obsession is and save my

marriage. In a way, I'm glad Lippmann found out because I finally realized what the fuck I was doing and how much I was screwing my whole life over a kid's account. Now get out!"

Ah… I see.

Dazai can't help but smile, "It felt quite heady to get such an expensive gift from your wife yesterday, right? I think that's why you feel like this. Lippmann reminded you that throwing away a life of luxuries for an affair isn't something clever. With my mother, you have a woman with whom you can control a body and wallet, so it would be a shame to lose all of that since you couldn't do that with me."

Chuuya tenses, and Dazai watches with some pleasure how one fist clenches with fury while the other stubs the cigarette violently in the ashtray. He knows how Chuuya hates to be called a gold digger. Also, he knows how possessive Chuuya can be, at least with him, so that's exactly where he strikes. It must hurt to remember how he failed to tame his stepson with his rules, and Dazai isn't going to waste such a good opportunity.

"Get the fuck out before I beat the hell out of you." Chuuya roars, stepping forward with a clear violent intention, "Even if you are aesthetically pleasing for a painter like me, whatever you do, you will never catch up with your mother. At the end of the day, you're just a pretty face with a fuckable ass and mouth."

Anyone would feel destroyed by such harsh words, but Dazai knows that just like him, Chuuya is just trying to hurt him in every way possible. The Chuuya before him is a different man, altered by all the mind games played between them, and now the shame of having been caught by an old friend.

Dazai's face, painted with a cold smile until now, becomes neutral, free of any emotion that could compromise him. For now, Dazai knows it's pointless to push further, as it's clear that Chuuya doesn't even want to look at him, and since Dazai still has his pride, he won't force the situation. Dazai also feels a little numb from the sleeping pill he took, so he's in no shape to start a physical fight, so he just takes a step back.

"Are you done?" he asks, not feeling intimidated by Chuuya's gaze.

"I don't even know what you are still doing here. Get out. Unlike you, some people in this house work for a living."

Dazai looks between the notebook with the altered sketch, replacing his body with his mother's, to the still blank canvas and turns away, not responding to Chuuya's last provocation before leaving. Dazai knows they'll start fighting if he opens his mouth again, so he chooses to do what Chuuya asks, even if he doesn't want to.

Despite returning to his bedroom, no matter how pissed Dazai is, he refuses to get into bed again and dive into the weird depressive state he was in yesterday. So instead of lying down, he removes the bedsheets from the mattress, throws them on the floor, and opens the door to the balcony to air the bedroom. He uses the chance to go to the balcony and smoke a cigarette as he thinks about the current mess.

For the first time in what feels like an eternity, Dazai unlocks his cell phone and checks all the texts he missed from his friends. He ignores Fyodor and Nikolai's texts, reminding him that they didn't forget about his suggestion, and also ignores the chat he keeps with his closest friends, yet he can't overlook Yosano's chat window. After all, of everyone in their group, she is the closest to him, even if he is still very reserved with his feelings.

Yosano: I know you are ignoring us. But you have known me for years and know that if I keep insisting, it is because I'm concerned. I just want to know if you are alright.

Yosano: If you need anything, please let me know. I just want to show you my support in any way I can.

Dazai blows a cloud of smoke into the air, thinking about his friend's words. But, unfortunately, despite appreciating Yosano's words, there's nothing much she can do for him at the moment, right? So unless she finds a way of making sure Chuuya rethinks about his choices, there's nothing more she can do.

After placing his cell phone aside, Dazai returns the cigarette to his mouth as his other hand scratches a sudden itch on his chest. But, as Dazai realizes what he is doing, his fingers stop scratching the skin close to his nipple, and he looks down.

Have you thought about piercing them?

…

A sudden feeling of euphoria pushes Dazai to immediately pick up his cell phone again and start writing a message to Yosano.

Me: You said you wanted to show me support in any situation. Can I ask you for a favor, then?

After sending the text to Yosano, Dazai enters one of his social media accounts, goes to a profile of someone he hasn't contacted in a long time, and starts writing a direct message.

Akutagawa Gin | Body Piercer

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Hey, Gin-chan. How are you? I have finally decided to pierce my nipples. When do you have time for an appointment?

*

Like his first piercing, Dazai chooses the Akutagawa brothers' Tattoo and Piercing Parlor to get his new piercings done. He met them through their page on his favorite social network, having immediately fallen in love with the work of both brothers. While Akutagawa Ryunosuke's specialty is making highly realistic tattoos, his sister's specialty is piercings and some body modifications. And despite only being in their early thirties, they both have a very extensive portfolio and several awards already under their belt.

"I still can't believe you dragged me into this," Yosano sighs, following Dazai inside the parlor and stopping at the reception.

Yosano's reaction to Dazai's request was one of complete surprise and disbelief. Initially, Yosano thought that Dazai was kidding when he asked her to go with him to get his nipples pierced; however, once she realized that he was, in fact, being serious, she immediately asked where that sudden idea had come from. Of course, Dazai only responded by saying that if she wanted to show him support, she would have to agree to go with him without asking too many questions. Otherwise, he would ask someone else. Fortunately, Yosano agreed with his conditions after a few days, which is why she is beside him as he talks to a young man, clearly a newbie, at the reception desk of the parlor.

"I don't believe we have met," Dazai says, greeting the young man with a white tiger tattooed on his forearm. By the style, it's obviously something done by Gin's brother, and the funny thing is that it matches perfectly well with the boy's choppy hairstyle, all colored light gray except for a prominent black streak on one of the sides.

"Oh, I have been here just a few months now. My name is Nakajima Atsushi," the polite young man replies, smiling at both friends, "Did you come here for an appointment?"

It is possible to hear the buzzing sound of a tattoo machine, so Dazai assumes that Gin's brother is currently busy with a client in the room reserved for tattoos. Unlike many tattoo studios, Ryunosuke likes to work away from prying eyes, so he created a specific area to work in this studio.

"Yes, I came for an appointment with Gin-chan, but maybe we have arrived too early," Dazai replies, scratching the back of his head. He knows there are still about twenty minutes left until the scheduled time.

"Oh, that's not a problem. Actually, Gin-chan's last appointment ended sooner than expected. So I'll see if she's available," Atsushi says, but before he gets up, he picks up a questionnaire sheet from under the desk, "I ask that you just fill out this short questionnaire. It's normal procedure."

"Ah yes, it's not the first time Gin-chan has pierced me," Dazai smiles, accepting the paper and picking up a pen to fill in his information.

The young man gets up from behind the desk and heads to one of the rooms, leaving the two friends alone.

While writing his personal information down, Dazai looks at Yosano and smiles when he sees her enjoying the vast amount of art spread across the dark-gray walls. There's a bit of everything, both traditional and western art, just like many illustrations signed by Akutagawa Ryunosuke. In addition, several frames with prizes and tattoo guns are also exhibited in black frames with a red velvet background, making the studio an even more fascinating space.

Gin's familiar voice reaches Dazai's ears, followed by Atsushi's, who responds excitedly as they enter the reception. The petite body-piercer is still as beautiful as Dazai remembers, but unlike the last time, he notices that the artist now has a septum piercing, which suits her exceptionally well. Despite this new addition and having her arms covered with floral tattoos, Gin doesn't have a dramatic alternative style, choosing to wear something more boho-chic than anything else. A style that completely contrasts with her brother, who is a staunch goth.

"Dazai-san! It's good to see you!" Gin greets, bowing to him and Yosano, "How are you feeling today? Ready to finally do your piercings?"

"I'm a bit nervous if I'm honest. But I'm ready," Dazai replies, handling his questionnaire, now filled with his information, "Can my friend watch it?"

"Of course. No problem at all. Let's get inside," Gin replies, inviting them to follow her to her private studio.

As they walk into Gin's studio room, she and Yosano introduce themselves, exchanging just a few words before her friend realizes that this division has little to do with the reception outside. Unlike the dark tones of the reception, Gin's studio is painted and decorated in white and cream tones. Funnily, the only thing in black is the piercing chair where clients sit or lie down during the procedure and the counters where she has the machines to sterilize the needles and work tools. The walls have several framed diplomas from her training, as well as small 3D figures of various areas of the body and the various piercings that can be done on them

"I have to admit I wasn't expecting this," Yosano says, looking around in awe, "I like it."

"My brother and I are completely different. His studio is completely different from mine," Gin laughs as she starts disinfecting her hands before picking up a surgical mask.

Since Yosano is a medical student and didn't have the opportunity to be present the first time Dazai came to the studio, she can't contain her curiosity, asking Gin several things about Dazai's procedure, which the young body-piercer responds with pleasure as she prepares the needles and piercings. This fact relieves Dazai a lot because it is the first time he will show his scars to Gin. However, maybe because Gin is entertained by her conversation with Yosano, or perhaps because the young artist simply doesn't care, she doesn't ask anything when he removes his t-shirt, focusing instead on marking his nipples with skillfulness to make sure his piercings come out aligned.

Gin takes a while to mark his skin, then and when she is finally satisfied with her work, she invites Dazai to lie down on the piercing chair, which is currently positioned down. Dazai chuckles anxiously but does as Gin says, giving Yosano a nervous smile before he positions himself as intended.

"Okay. Here we go, Dazai-san. Relax," Gin says in a soothing voice. Yosano remains quiet, not saying anything, as Gin clamps Dazai's nipple so she can start the procedure.

It's not the first time that Dazai has done a piercing, yet he can't help but feel slightly anxious. Even so, he simply nods, staring at the ceiling, completely still.

I'm doing this for myself. Just myself–

What initially feels like just a small sting turns into an agonizing burn when Gin inserts the hollow needle into his left nipple. What’s supposed to be a few seconds seem like minutes, and Dazai contains a groan of pain, clutching the chair's padding as he feels the cold needle going through him.

Even going through such pain, all Dazai thinks about is Chuuya caressing both his nipples while whispering sweet nothings about how he would love for him to pierce them.

“All good?” Gin asks as she pushes the titanium bar through the hollow of the needle.

I certainly would love them.

“Ye-yeah,” Dazai replies, a bit shaky. He feels somewhat dizzy at the unexpected pain but keeps it to himself.

“Man. I swear that for someone that hates pain, you surely love to put yourself through suffering,” Yosano says, amused, finally breaking her silence as Gin pulls the needle out.

Gin’s chuckle is muffled by her surgical mask, but Dazai doesn’t take it personally. In fact, the conversations seem to dilute in the recesses of his mind. In his head, as the pain throbs in his sensitive flesh, all he can think of is those deep blue eyes fringed with light long lashes. Those eyes observe him, worshiping every detail of his body as if Dazai is a divinity walking among common mortals. And now, as Gin stitches Chuuya’s desire into his body, Dazai wonders how much power he will gain over him.

Please pierce them for me.

“Now, I’m going to pierce the other nipple. Are you ready?”

Dazai nods, “You can proceed.”

The memory of the torrid kisses between them begins when the needle pierces the second nipple, and this time Dazai cannot avoid a small groan of pain. He is aware of how he responds to Gin's concerned question, saying everything is fine, but in his head, Dazai can only think about the pain of Chuuya's slap, crossing his face and smearing the deep red lipstick on his mouth and the following kisses as he fucked into him.

It's over. No matter what it takes, I'm going to get over whatever this obsession is and save my marriage.

Instead of the clean and sterilized smell of the Akutagawa siblings' parlor, Dazai suddenly feels the strong scent of art supplies and, under the pad of his fingers, the dense texture of the pages of Chuuya's sketchbook. And, page after page, Dazai sees himself moaning, naked and debauched.

I'm the one in control. Not you. Even if you think you are, even if you think you don't want me anymore.

The burning pain of the needle being pulled out makes Dazai see the same eyes, but this time, darkened and half-lidded, and all he can think, against all his survival instincts, is: *Please, don't look at anyone else but me.*

Please, come back to me–

...

"They are done, Dazai-san."

After blinking his eyes a couple of times, Dazai feels how painfully hard he is gripping the chair padding and slowly eases the pressure on his fingers until he finally releases it.

"Feeling well?" Gin asks softly. She clearly noticed the way Dazai behaved during the procedure because there's some concern in her voice.

Dazai nods, blinking before looking at Yosano, who seems to be staring back at him with a complicated expression.

"Well, if you feel well enough to get up, go to the mirror and check your new piercings," Gin says, giving Dazai space.

After slowly getting up, Dazai walks over to the mirror on the wall, and when he looks at his chest, his mouth immediately stretches into a smile. The piercings align perfectly with Gin's marks on his nipples, giving the two tiny pink nubs a rather erotic look, even if they are a little swollen.

Yosano approaches with her arms crossed, and Dazai notices that she takes a look at his back before looking at the mirror.

"I have to admit they look pretty good on you," her friend says, giving in even though she initially found the idea a bit impulsive. Fortunately, Yosano doesn't comment on the bandage Dazai put on his back to cover Chuuya's bite, but he wonders how long Yosano will keep her silence about the whole situation.

"I agree. I think I'm in love with them," Dazai says, ignoring everything he felt during the session with Gin, pushing the strange feelings to the farthest reaches of his mind.

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Dazai knew from the start that it was risky to invite Yosano to come with him and that she wouldn't be able to remain silent about the mystery surrounding him and Chuuya. And as he'd expect, Yosano doesn't spare him the moment they get into her car, even if he feels incredibly sore and the simple press of the seat belt is bothering him.

"I didn't know Chuuya-san liked nipple piercings," Yosano says, clearly attempting her luck with Dazai's patience.

"Yosano. We spoke about this already," Dazai sighs, annoyed that she is breaking her promise, "You promised that you wouldn't bother me with this situation again."

"Dazai, I'm sorry. But as your friend, it's complicated to see what's happening right in front of my eyes and remain quiet. I'm sure that if you were in my situation, you would be as concerned as I'm now," Yosano responds, turning the steering wheel smoothly under her fingers despite the stressed tone of her voice.

"Nothing happened. We didn't fuck. Also, I'm not doing this for Chuuya–"

"Dazai!" Yosano interrupts, clearly not buying Dazai's lie, "After what I heard and saw that night, sorry, I just can't believe you. Did he force himself

on you?"

"No!" Dazai responds, shocked that Yosano would even suggest such a thing. At this point, he feels so exhausted by his friend's insistence that he just explodes, not caring about the consequences anymore, "OK, it happened! Consensually! Are you happy?"

Yosano sighs, and her shoulders slump slightly as she continues to drive, "Of course, it happened. Your stepdad wouldn't talk like that unless you two weren't having an affair. In my opinion, it's not as unexpected as you may think. The tension between you was always knife-edge. But as Ranpo once said to me and Kunikida, the way you look at each other is like two felines circling each other, waiting for the other to turn his back and pounce. He always said that the only way you two would work things out would be by fists or fucking. Neither Kunikida nor I believed and laughed at him. Funny how things are."

Dazai almost chokes on his spit as he hears Yosano. He can't believe Ranpo said something like that. Or perhaps he shouldn't be so surprised since his friend's deduction was always very sharp.

"We aren't having an affair," from all the things Yosano said, that's the only thing Dazai chooses to comment on.

"You aren't?" Yosano turns her eyes momentarily from the road to Dazai, raising an eyebrow, "So, was it just one time?"

Dazai remains silent, looking at the traffic with his head resting on his hand, "Twice. Also, some heavy petting and making out."

This time, Yosano says nothing and continues to drive. Dazai turns to look at her, not feeling a twinge of guilt at the disapproval on her face. This was why Dazai didn’t want to tell her; he doesn’t have the patience to be bothered or judged by his friends. He knows his actions are reproachful and immoral, but he doesn't care much.

"Dazai, I am well aware of your relationship with your mother. But, apparently, I am unsure of your relationship with your stepfather. However,

I only ask that you protect yourself and think carefully about what you are doing. For your sake."

Dazai rolls his eyes. This was why he didn't want to have this conversation.

"Contrary to what you might think, I am the one in control. So you don't even have to worry about my situation. I wanted to prove my point about him being a gold digger, and since he has a big dick, I took advantage of the situation."

"Oh, my god, Dazai, I didn't need to know that!" Yosano whines, seeming very uncomfortable with the path their conversation is heading, "Regarding your stepfather's personality, I don't think things are that simple, but I also know that you won't listen to anyone." Yosano says in a tone of reproach and concern, "Despite not agreeing with your choices, I also know you're not the only one to blame. "

Dazai sighs.

"Please, Dazai, think well about your actions. This can end very badly."

Dazai is no fool. He knows he has been playing with fire and that the situation between him and Chuuya is quite dangerous. However, Dazai knows he has nothing to lose at this point. Unlike Chuuya, who has everything to lose, which makes the situation also extremely amusing.

Like Chuuya, Dazai has made up his mind about the two of them, but unlike his stepfather, he refuses to stop playing their game, and it's not Yosano's or anyone else's disapproval that will stop him. He won't rest until he manages to separate Chuuya from his mother and have complete control over him. Because even if his stepfather thinks he can get away from what happened between them, he is completely mistaken.

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After going to the supermarket to buy the necessary aftercare supplies for his new piercings, Dazai finally arrives home, completely tired of Yosano's lectures. Even so, just the fact that he's about to provoke his mom and

Chuuya is enough to put him in a good mood again. The pleasant smell of cooking immediately guides Dazai to the kitchen, which was exactly where he was heading since he has something to store in the fridge.

Tane is the first to acknowledge his presence, greeting him, and then Chuuya greets him despite having not spoken to him for days since their argument. Even if Dazai is fed up with them, he greets them back, leaving his shopping bag above one of the counters and heading to the fridge with a small cardboard box.

"You're finally here! How was your day?" Tane asks, clearly a little reluctant to ask Dazai such a question since he has been more distant from them again.

Dazai looks at his mother and smiles, "Fine."

Despite looking somewhat nervous about the possible outcome of their conversation, Tane smiles back, stopping cutting vegetables to watch Dazai place the box inside the fridge.

"Did you bring anything for dinner?" Tane asks curiously, putting the knife down and wiping her hands on the kitchen towel over her shoulder. Chuuya, who has been stirring ingredients inside a pot, stops what he is doing and looks at them.

"Are you speaking about this?" Dazai asks amusedly, pulling out the small blue cardboard box inside the fridge, "This is saline. For my new piercings."

Both Tane and Chuuya seem to freeze, but his stepfather's expression is the better of the two, as Dazai can clearly see how his eyes travel quickly down his body to his chest.

"What?? Piercings again?" Tane asks, clearly leaving the careful demeanor to assume a disapproving one, "Also, I don't think I heard correctly. Did you say piercings, plural?"

"Yes, I pierced both nipples. But don't even think I'm going to have this conversation. I'm an adult, and I do what I want with my body," Dazai says every word clearly, immediately shutting his mother's mouth. He doesn't speak aggressively or even defensively. Instead, he says it with an unexpected calm, not giving room for arguments.

Tane doesn't say anything else, picking up the knife again, but this time to chop the vegetables a little more aggressively. Clearly, Tane isn't pleased, but Dazai isn't the least bit concerned. His mother is so worried about trying to recover the fragile balance between the three of them that it will only be a matter of days before she lets the matter go. She has noticed how he and Chuuya seem more distant again, and it's very amusing to see her trying to make amends without even knowing the reasons behind that distance.

At this point, Chuuya is just holding the wooden spoon uselessly. Clearly, he wasn't expecting this, and Dazai is loving every second of his reaction.

Dazai sits at the kitchen table, facing Chuuya, who still hasn't taken his eyes off him. There are many questions in his eyes, as well as curiosity and a glimpse of that uncontained obsession that Dazai knows very well by now.

Now you can't take your eyes off me? I thought you didn't care anymore.

Contrary to everything Dazai has felt these past few days, even during his session with Gin, what he feels now is his pent-up rage resurfacing for having been rejected when he looks at Chuuya. His stepdad probably senses this because he turns his attention back to the pot in front of him.

What a coward. You thought you'd get over your obsession with me quickly, didn't you? But remember that we're still playing. In fact, ever since you walked onto my chessboard, I never intended to let you out.

With both Chuuya and Tane clearly bothered, Dazai ignores the heavy mood inside the kitchen and, in an amused tone, asks, "What's for dinner?"

10. Chapter 10

<u>The following day after Dazai visited the Art Studio.</u>

There's something wrong with Lippmann. That is the only thing Chuuya can think of whenever their eyes meet across the room.

Did something happen yesterday at the car stand with his mother? Chuuya keeps wondering as he walks among the students and stops to give them some points.

They only had a little time to talk before their students arrived, and Lippmann didn't seem very different from usual, so this unexpected shift seems somewhat sudden. And as he tries to unveil the possible reasons behind Lippmann's crescent sour state, Chuuya wonders if this has to do with the conversation they have been postponing for days, and now that's about to happen, it’s becoming difficult for Lippmann to hide his true feelings. But, if that was the case, wouldn't that be visible on the previous day? Or did Lippmann hide it because Dazai was around?

That remains a mystery until the end of the class. Because after all students leave, and Chuuya looks up, he sees that Lippmann has sat down at one of the desks and is looking straight at him with a severe expression.

“We need to talk.”

Shit!

This is really about him, isn't it?

"Is something wrong?" Chuuya had a feeling this could be about their night out, but now he is completely sure.

"I don't know, you tell me. Clearly, you have been hiding something from me," Lippmann responds, crossing his arms, "I have no patience for beating around the bush, especially when I'm watching my best friend commit the biggest mistake of his life."

Chuuya's muscles immediately tense at Lippmann's words, which his friend notices and immediately paints a disappointed expression on his face.

"Want to know a funny story? The truth is that I never went anywhere with my mother. After the night I saw you drunk, calling your stepson a *good boy*, and then Dazai's sudden visit to the studio, a little voice in my head told me to wait in the cafe across the road. And imagine my astonishment when I saw you and your stepson leaving the art studio basically two hours later, all happy and smiling. I have to say that seeing your stepson looking like that left me quite impressed."

Fucking hell!

"Wait–this is not what you think!"

"Don't even try to lie to me! I came back here immediately after you two left. Are you going to tell me that the smell of sex and condoms left in your office or the obvious wet stain on the carpet was all my imagination?" Lippmann isn't offended, he looks completely pissed, and Chuuya can even judge him, "How can you be cheating on Tane?!"

Chuuya's mouth immediately shuts. He feels embarrassed, too ashamed of having been caught and confronted by one of his closest friends. What can even he say in the face of such a confrontation? He knew that it was dangerous to have sex in his office, but he certainly didn't expect Lippmann to plan such a thing.

"I…I know I don't have any excuse, no matter what I say," Chuuya replies anxiously, squeezing his fists, "But many things lead to it. Dazai has been chasing me down tirelessly, and I just gave in…Because he gave me back my inspiration! My creativity has been flowing non-stop, and I can't stop drawing him since we got involved!"

Lippmann doesn't look shocked; instead, he looks horrified, "Don't give me that inspiration bullshit right now! Are you really trying to get away with an fucking affair by telling me that having sex with your stepson inspires you? You are cheating on your wife, the one you always told me was the love of your life. How could you do this to Tane? Even worse, how could you do

this to her with her son?" Lippmann asks as he gets up, moving toward Chuuya.

Instinctively, Chuuya flinches, not expecting such a confrontation from his best friend.

"Does she make you unhappy?"

"No!"

"Is she a bad wife to you?"

"No!"

"Did she have an affair first?"

"Of course not! Tane would never do that!" Chuuya almost roars back, not even noticing how violently his heart is beating.

She wouldn't do that… unlike me, it seems.

The vision of Tane smiling at him fills his sight. Yet, it quickly transforms into Dazai, staring at him half-lidded and completely submissive, and Chuuya hates himself for not being able to push the image of his stepson away from his mind.

How did I ever allow myself the luxury of thinking I was totally in control? Dazai may be in my hands to some extent, but the truth is that how I reacted after having my rules rejected shows that I am far from having complete control.

"Did you find out that you are in the closet and want to get a divorce?" For a second, Chuuya almost feels like laughing at the question if the subject wasn't so serious.

"No! I'm very comfortable with my sexuality!"

Lippmann doesn't seem very convinced by his answer, but still, he chooses to move forward.

"Then, why are you doing this?" Lippmann asks, this time, in a very exasperated tone, "Are you in love with your stepson?"

"No! Fucking no! It’s not like that between us," Chuuya says, fisting his locks in frustration. There’s no way Lippmann would understand what’s happening between them, "This is the only way I found to control him! With Dazai, everything is a game, and he is finally showing signs of backing down!”

Or not. I thought I was finally taming him….

Lippmann grabs Chuuya's hands, making him stop pulling his hair. Only then does Chuuya realize how hard he was holding his red locks, making him immediately release them.

"Chuuya, I'm not going to ask you anything else about what's happening because this clearly has been happening for a while. But I want you to think well about your situation. Dazai may be a manipulative piece of shit, but you are allowing and indulging him with this game you spoke about. You are playing it with your volition, and even if it’s a secret now, someday everything will come out and be exposed." Lippmann starts, making sure that Chuuya is looking him in the eyes as he speaks, "If it's just sex or a power play because you want to have some control over Dazai, I suggest you stop right now. You are older and have more life experience to know how toxic relationships are addicting and always end up with lives completely destroyed."

Chuuya wants to look away from Lippmann's heavy stare. He feels really embarrassed and guilty, worse than when he was dealing with the situation alone. What he has with Dazai is a toxic relationship that he has been feeding and feeding from. Chuuya knows very well how dependent he is becoming, but worse than acknowledging that is having it pointed out.

Having Lippmann alerting him to their toxic relationship fills Chuuya with a sense of responsibility he doesn't want to feel. Because, right now, he is the one that needs to put an end to it before Tane finds out.

You aren't allowed to have sex with anyone else if you want to have an affair with me.

You really got some nerve in asking that from me. With what right do you think you can ask that from me?

Chuuya bites his lip nervously and finally looks away from Lippmann as he thinks about his mistakes. Even if Dazai seduced and manipulated him, he could have stopped it without giving in. But the truth is that Chuuya knows that he gave in because he wanted, tempted by the forbidden fruit that is Dazai. Now, he is sure Lippmann won't give him peace unless he ends his distorted sexual affair with Dazai, something Chuuya shouldn't have even started. And perhaps, the fact that Dazai rejected him yesterday, and saw how coldly he reacted after, will help Chuuya give the final push he needs.

"Dazai may be beautiful and tempting because of his intelligent mind and appearance, but he is still a kid with many troubles that you surely won't want for your life. He is a passing fad in comparison to what you feel for Tane, the woman you felt for and didn't rest until you were able to marry her," Lippmann says, looking both disappointed and worried in a way that Chuuya never saw before, "Even if I initially thought you were being too hasty by marrying her so quickly, you did everything in your power to prove me otherwise, and because of that you made me accept to be your best man. So imagine what I feel watching you do something so stupid."

If Chuuya already felt embarrassed before, now hearing Lippmann remind him of such details makes him feel even worse. The truth is that although his friend has adored Tane since the first day he met her, the truth is that the moment Chuuya pronounced his desire to make her his wife after a few months of dating, Lippmann tried to warn him not to be so hasty. After all, getting married is not a decision that should be taken lightly. But perhaps, carried away by the love story of his late parents, Chuuya didn't listen. So, doing everything in his power, Chuuya assured his friend and the rest of the group that he would never fall in love again until his last day on Earth, and in the end, his moving speech was what convinced Lippmann to accept the role of best man.

"I...I'll put an end to this today. I made a mistake that has no excuse, but you're right to blame me. I don't know what I've been thinking," Chuuya sighs. As much as he has voices inside him screaming to keep going and allow Dazai to satisfy his twisted desires, he knows there is no way to continue this unhealthy and toxic situation. Dazai's games and tireless chase made him a man who would break his parents' hearts. But obsessions are like addictions, and Chuuya knows overcoming them is possible. And that's what Chuuya will do. He will fight his obsession, no matter what it hurts.

Lippmann seems to understand Chuuya's regret and desire to correct his mistakes, so his shoulders relax for the first time all morning. And although he is clearly still disappointed with Chuuya, he places a hand on his shoulder and gives it an encouraging squeeze.

Chuuya looks at him, his blue eyes watering from the anger and humiliation caused by his own actions and having Lippmann call his attention to something like this. Chuuya never thought one day he would be scolded by Lippmann for cheating on his wife.

This conversation completely destroyed my ego and dragged me through the mud. I don't even know how to feel.

"I believe in your willingness to make things right, Chuuya. So I want you to know I will be here to help you get through this if you want me to. Also, your secret is safe with me, but it will be the first and last time." Lippmann says, making sure Chuuya understands the seriousness with which he speaks to him through his voice.

Chuuya nods and places his hand over Lippmann's, still resting on his shoulder, "Don't worry. I'm going to turn this situation around starting today. Any influence Dazai has on me will end now. I'm not going to destroy my marriage over a kid."

Lippmann nods, accepting Chuuya's words with a smile and hope shining in his eyes, unaware that his friend can't stop questioning how he will get over someone he is completely obsessed with.

Only time will tell.

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Present day.

The weeks pass, and promptly August gives way to September, and with the arrival of that month, changes also come. With the start of the second school term for some of Chuuya's youngest students and the return to work of the older ones, the Art Studio schedule goes through some changes, offering classes only a few days a week and after work hours.

In Tane's case, despite the continued and immense workload, she is already used to her new rhythm and ready for the week in Osaka, which is just around the corner. So instead of being nervous, Tane feels quite confident that she will be able to ensure that everything gets done quickly and efficiently, just like her first visit in the previous month.

Thanks to Chuuya's new schedules and rigid discipline to ensure he doesn't slip up again with Dazai, his work rhythm changed dramatically, and he began working even more hours in his annex. So, in the following weeks, after arguing with Dazai, he managed to stand his ground, even after almost taking a fatal step back when he saw that Dazai had pierced his nipples just as he desired. This act ignited an inexplicable rage within him, so he resolved to pour all his frustration and spitefulness into painting Tane precisely as he wanted to paint Dazai. And now, with his work finished, he can barely look at the painted canvas without feeling frustrated that it wasn't what he wanted at all.

The painting isn't explicit, and despite Tane's breasts not being visible, only her bare shoulders and an expression of pleasure that doesn't even belong to her, it boosted her confidence in a way Chuuya has never seen. Dazai, however, never tried to see the painting or ask about it, even knowing about its existence. In fact, he never again sought to maintain a cordial relationship with Chuuya. Something Chuuya didn't expect after Dazai went to pierce his nipples on purpose after he asked him. Nowadays, it's clear to Chuuya that Dazai did it with a defiant and revengeful attitude against him, almost like the middle finger of someone who was rejected and didn't like it.

Tane's anger at Dazai's new piercings quickly faded away, perhaps forgotten over being the one Chuuya picked to be the main focus of his exhibition. However, even if she no longer feels angered at Dazai, as a mother, the subject of the painting clearly still embarrasses her. That becomes obvious when Chuuya sees how much she avoids speaking in front of Dazai about the painting.

But, perhaps, Tane's behavior may be seen as a way of giving Dazai the space he wants. After all, Tane realized how Dazai returned to his erratic and distant behavior, especially after she gifted Chuuya his motorcycle. So, in her head, Dazai got jealous for not being her focus when they were becoming closer, and his piercings were a way to protest.

How Chuuya wishes he could tell his wife how far from the reality her theory is.

But away from Tane's crazy theories, the truth is that even though Dazai is back to his less friendly demeanor, he continues to sit at the table for meals, participating in a conversation or two when he feels like it, but never giving much of himself away in his words. For these reasons, Chuuya can't help but be surprised when Dazai reveals his plans during their dinner on Wednesday night.

"Before I forget. I decided to invite my friends over for dinner this weekend. But don't worry, I'll prepare the dinner myself, and we'll use the table outside under the porch," Dazai says, picking up the juice bottle and refilling his glass.

Chuuya stops chewing, looking a little surprised at Dazai. In these last few weeks, his stepson has barely spoken about himself or his friends to him or Tane, choosing to retire to his bedroom most of the time like a hermit or simply leave the house and not come back for hours. So, after watching the same behavior for so long, this sudden announcement makes it hard for Chuuya to contain his astonishment. Why has he decided to invite his friends all of a sudden?

Judging by Tane's expression, she is clearly surprised as well; but unlike Chuuya, she is positively surprised.

"You don't have to worry about cooking, Osamu! I understand you want privacy, but I'll be happy to cook for Akiko-chan and the rest of your group of friends! So you can leave it to me!" Tane informs, feeling happy that his son seems in a better mood and wants to invite his friends over again. After all, everyone knows that the respect and affection between Dazai's friends and Tane have always been mutual.

"*Oh*, but I am not speaking about Yosano or the rest of the group." Dazai smiles, resting his head on his hand as he chews some more.

A chill runs through Chuuya's body. He has a bad feeling about this. After all, Dazai doesn't do anything out of the blue or for no apparent reason.

"Do I know them?" Tane asks, cocking her head and looking a little confused, clearly trying to remember all of her son's friends.

"Hmm, I don't know if you had the opportunity to meet them! They were friends I made when I was still in college. Gogol-kun and Dostoevsky-kun," Dazai responds, in a good mood, "I haven't had the opportunity to be with them for some time, and I must admit I miss them already. They are a lot of fun."

Suddenly, a print screen of a chat appears in front of Chuuya's eyes, reminding him of a conversation between three friends speaking in code. And because of that, his heart begins pumping unexpected fury and uncontained jealousy through his pulsing veins in a way that Chuuya hadn’t felt in weeks.

Gogol and Dostoevsky. The ones in Dazai's chat window and the ones in the homemade sex video, double penetrating him.

Is Dazai daring to invite them into their house?

His stepson continues to chew, untroubled, replying to his mother's questions about his friends when she starts feeling curious about them.

If you don't want to come home and find me busy entertaining guests, then you should fuck me right now. In this office.

Chuuya wants to laugh. He knew that Dazai wouldn't keep the end of their deal, yet can it even be considered valid at this point? Besides, Dazai already said he intends to have dinner with them in the garden, not inside the house, so it's obvious he wants to keep some distance and privacy, and that makes Chuuya wonder exactly what he plans.

The truth is that since the argument between them, and even after Dazai got the piercings done, he never sought Chuuya out again or provoked him. Any secret sexual relationship they had just vanished overnight, somewhat easing Chuuya's hidden desires. However, Chuuya would lie if he said that his obsession disappeared in the past few weeks, as he knows well the frustration he felt while painting Tane instead of Dazai. And the fact that he found himself reaching for the sketchbook hidden under the mattress to try to draw Dazai's nipples, now pierced, is something that he tries to pretend never happened because of how heavy it feels on his consciousness.

To this day, Chuuya only had the opportunity to see Dazai’s piercings once. It happened during a scorching afternoon when Dazai left the kitchen wearing only his shorts after grabbing an ice cream from the freezer. Until that afternoon, Chuuya had never seen his piercings, to the point he started thinking Dazai was lying about the whole situation. But the truth is that he saw them that day, the little silver balls on each side of his rosy nipples, and that had an immediate effect on him. To Chuuya's embarrassment, that vision sent him running to his annex to draw what he'd just seen, before ending up in the bathroom, jerking his cock until his hand became full of cum.

Fortunately, no one ever noticed or became aware of Chuuya's slip-up, as he knows that if Lippmann found out, he would never let him hear the end of the conversation. Because despite Lippmann continuing to show his support, only the passing of the weeks and Chuuya's effort to return to his usual self made their relationship less shaky. Also, the fact that Chuuya chose his wife as the central theme of his exhibition left Lippmann quite pleased and a little more convinced with Chuuya's attempt to make up for his mistakes.

For these same reasons, and even though Chuuya is unhappy with what is about to happen over the weekend, he tries to remain calm throughout the

week to not show Lippmann his true feelings during the few days they work together. He also uses the rest of his free time to dedicate himself to his online clients' commissions to focus on things other than his stepson’s crazy plans.

However, even though Chuuya spends a lot of time in his annex working, he also knows he needs to relax. So just as it became usual during the weekends, when Saturday afternoon arrives, he grabs Tane and drives around Yokohama on his motorcycle so they can both relax away from home. Usually, a ride on his bike is enough to make him let go of the weekly stress, but that doesn't seem to be working today, nor does the sweet taste of the crepe he and Tane stop to eat. Nothing seems enough to soothe Chuuya’s anxious heart, as he knows Dazai's friends will likely be at their house by now.

But, despite all his concerns, Chuuya tries to remain calm until his return home, excusing himself and dodging Tane's questions by using his artistic frustration as an excuse since he has some tricky commissions piling up, which isn't exactly a lie. Fortunately, Tane accepts that answer and doesn't push him further about the situation, choosing other topics to discuss until they head home.

Eventually, they end up returning, and contrary to what Chuuya expected, the moment they drive into the garage, there is a car that seems to have just arrived and parked in one of the vacant spaces.

Did they arrive at the same time?

Dazai is standing close to the car, wearing a huge smile that turns Chuuya's mood into something sour.

Chuuya parks his bike close by, and just like Tane, he also removes his helmet, looking at the two friends that leave the car. They are taller than Chuuya had thought, and to his surprise, one of them immediately hugs Dazai when he sees him.

Tane watches the whole thing, a bit amused, but that doesn't stop her from approaching so she can introduce herself.

"Good afternoon. You two must be the friends my son spoke so well about," Tane says, smiling at both of them.

The tallest of them, the one with his arms around Dazai just a few seconds ago, immediately turns to Tane, and his face becomes even brighter.

"Oh, are you Nakahara-san? You have a beautiful mother, Dazai-kun!”

The man next to Dazai, the one Chuuya remembers being the one that started the recording of their homemade porn video, doesn't say anything and just smiles at the whole situation.

"My name is Nikolai Gogol. It's nice to meet you, Nakahara-san!" Nikolai says, bowing in a Western fashion before removing a bouquet of fabric camellias from his denim jacket sleeve and presenting it to Tane. Chuuya becomes surprised at the sudden action, but Tane immediately starts laughing.

"Gogol-san, it is nice to meet you! My name is Nakahara Tane," Tane replies in a good mood, accepting the bouquet with rosy cheeks, "Thank you for the flowers."

"Nakahara-san, it's my pleasure. Dos-kun, don't be shy! Come and introduce yourself!" Nikolai says, turning back to the other man next to Dazai.

Dos-kun, or the one Chuuya supposes, whose name is Dostoevsky, comes forward and bows politely to Tane, while Nikolai introduces himself to Chuuya, but this time without a bouquet. There's a certain emptiness in Nikolai's eyes when they meet, but Chuuya chooses to ignore to greet the other man, who introduces himself as Fyodor Dostoevsky.

After all the introductions, Chuuya finally takes a moment to observe them with more attention. At the same time, Dazai helps his friends get groceries bags out of the car, but that doesn’t stop Nikolai and Tane from chatting about his magic trick.

One of the things that Chuuya notices is that Nikolai, in addition to the unexpectedly short layered white hair, has a scar that crosses his left eye vertically, giving him an even more eccentric look. However, even with his unexpected appearance, the boy is polite and cheerful, having managed to charm Tane in just a matter of seconds with his magic trick, unlike the other member of the group, Fyodor, who seems a little more restrained with his emotions and theatrics. It's not that Fyodor is impolite, but he's clearly more aloof, preferring to stick by Dazai's side. Like his stepson and Nikolai, Fyodor is quite tall and handsome, and his dark hair reaches his shoulders. But beyond his physical appearance, Chuuya senses that there is something dangerous about him, just as it seems inherent to everyone in their little group.

"Well, I'm glad my son invited you two. I'm always happy to meet my son's friends," Tane says, clearly in a good mood after experiencing Nikolai's magic trick, "Let's all go inside. We won't be in the way, so If you need anything, just call Chuuya or me."

"We will head to the kitchen to cook. I hope that's alright," Dazai says to his mother as they begin to make their way inside.

"Of course. Don't worry about that," Tane replies, seeming somewhat moved by Dazai's concern, and Chuuya has to make a herculean effort not to roll his eyes.

Dazai smiles and motions to his friends to follow him to the kitchen area, leaving Tane and Chuuya behind and an unexpected bouquet of camellias.

"Well, let's get comfortable?" Tane asks, raising the bouquet of camellias to her nose and laughing after smelling the flowers, "Even though they are fake, they still smell very good. What an interesting guy."

Yes, what an interesting guy. If you knew what the flower boy does to your son behind your back, maybe you wouldn't think that way. But if we follow that line of thinking, even I wouldn't escape it if you knew all the secrets hidden around you.

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Since it's still a little early for Tane and Chuuya to think about having dinner, they both put on something more comfortable to walk around the house and go to the living room to enjoy some of their favorite entertainment. While Tane settles down on the sofa with her laptop and turns on the television, Chuuya decides to see what Dazai and his friends are doing, using his desire for a cold beer as an excuse to go to the kitchen.

I will just pick up a beer and leave… Nothing else.

Upon entering the kitchen, Chuuya sees the three friends at the counter cooking and talking about something that he doesn't have time to process because as soon as he looks at the island in the middle of the kitchen and sees the number of bottles of alcohol on top, he becomes pretty shocked.

Do you three want to drink till you drop tonight??

Perhaps because Chuuya isn’t silent enough as he keeps walking, Dazai immediately looks over his shoulder, along with the rest of the group, that instantly becomes quiet upon seeing him. Chuuya's first reaction is to wave at them like a loser and then hurry up and do what brought him to the kitchen before any compromising conversation starts. Which perhaps wouldn't have been a bad idea compared to what comes next.

"Ah, let me see your piercings. I've only seen pictures, and with the weeks that have gone by, they must be looking much better," Nikolai says, waving his sharp kitchen knife excitedly to the point that even Chuuya stops to look and almost intervenes. But before he can move forward, the other young man in the group grabs his wrist.

"Careful with that. Nobody needs a haircut, and we certainly don't want anyone to get beheaded before dinner," Fyodor says, prompting Nikolai to put the knife down on the chopping board. There's a playful exchange of glances between the two friends, filled with satisfaction and humor from Nikolai, and a disapproving shake of the head from Fyodor, making Chuuya even more confused about their real personalities.

"Well, since no one got beheaded, you can now pay attention to me and look at my piercings," Dazai laughs, lifting his shirt to show his pierced

nipples to his friends, who immediately focus their attention on them.

"*Oh*, they look amazing! I love them," Nikolai says, changing his playful voice to something more profound and husky, using the moment to reach over and grab Dazai's pec, "Don't you think, Dos-kun?"

"Don't squeeze so much, you fucking clown. My nipples are still a little sore," Dazai complains. However, even if Dazai looks somewhat bothered, Chuuya realizes with some surprise that his stepson is enjoying the attention, judging by his slightly rosy cheeks and breathy tone.

What the fuck!?

Fyodor leaves Nikolai's side and moves closer, eyeing the pierced erect nipple with interest, saying nothing of how Nikolai is harshly squeezing the flesh around it.

Chuuya, who's standing in front of the fridge with a beer in hand, doesn't even notice that it starts beeping because it has been open for too long. However, the same cannot be said of the trio, who look at him with some amusement, clearly finding it funny how he still hasn't left.

"Chuuya...the fridge is beeping," Dazai says, raising an eyebrow when he sees that his stepfather is taking some time to react.

Chuuya swallows hard, finally coming to his senses and closing the refrigerator door before quickly leaving in silence with the cold beer and heading to the living room.

What the hell did I just watch? Do they know about Dazai and me? Was this a test?

Tane is sitting on the sofa, changing focus between the laptop on her lap and the volleyball game on the TV. She doesn't say anything when Chuuya sits down next to her, simply smiling at him and returning her attention to the game, which is currently so intense that she doesn't even notice how Chuuya downs most of his beer in one gulp.

His wife always loved to watch volleyball games, so Chuuya just lets her be, drinking his beer in silence until the game goes to halftime and the commercials start.

"I was thinking, if the kids are going to stay home, why don't we go out? We could have some dinner at the mall and go to the cinema," Tane suggests, finally turning her attention from the TV to him.

The sudden suggestion surprises Chuuya a little, who didn't expect such an invitation. And honestly, such an invitation couldn't have come at a worse time. No matter how polite Dazai's friends seemed at first sight, the situation Chuuya witnessed in the kitchen was not normal at all. Instead, their interaction felt heavy with unsaid things and sexual energy, only proving how this behavior is typical between them. If Chuuya had doubts that Gogol and Dostoevsky had come here with some purpose, now he is sure they won’t leave until they get what they want from Dazai.

"Look, Tane, I would love to do that with you, but I would feel more comfortable if we stayed at home," Chuuya responds in a low tone, casting a glance over his shoulder before looking back at his wife, "Didn't you find them a little...eccentric?"

Tane raises an eyebrow, looks in the kitchen direction, and back at Chuuya, "Did you see something weird? I have to say I became quite charmed by his friend's magic trick, but did I miss something?"

It's not like Chuuya can reveal what he saw or what he knows about the trio, so he decides to play safe.

"No, I didn't see anything. It's just…."

"Is it because they are foreigners?" Tane interrupts him, making Chuuya immediately roll his eyes.

"You speak like that as if I don't have a double nationality. I couldn't care less about that, Dazai’s friends could come from outer space," Of course, even having a French mother and a Japanese father doesn't free anyone from being xenophobic, but that's not the case at all, "I'm just worried they

will start behaving weirdly since they brought a lot of alcohol. Besides, we have never seen or heard about them before, and you know how weird your son has been lately."

Tane sighs and nods, closing her laptop before placing it on the coffee table, "Alright, I will admit they are a bit weird. They were very polite but…."

"It's exactly that…also, I want to make sure your kid is safe and in good company," Chuuya says, realizing how easily the tiny lie leaves his mouth. The vision of a disappointed Lippmann appears in his mind for a few seconds, but he quickly pushes it away from his thoughts.

Chuuya's words immediately fill Tane's eyes with emotion. Of course, there's nothing easier than convincing a mother to do something than using her child's protection as an excuse, so that's exactly what he does.

"Thanks, Chuuya. I know Dazai is acting weird with you again, and yet you worry about him," Tane sighs, placing his hand over Chuuya's, "Although I believe everything is fine, let's play it safe and stay home. After all, I know you're tired from the work week. Me too, honestly."

"Yes. Let's play it safe," Chuuya says, squeezing his wife's hand and smiling at her.

I'm sorry, Tane. I didn't mean to deceive you like this, but I have no choice.

Despite not feeling as guilty as Chuuya initially thought he would have from manipulating Tane, he is still uncomfortable with what he saw in the kitchen but decides to focus on the volleyball game his wife is watching.

The time passes while they watch the game, with many laughs coming from the kitchen, and Chuuya does everything he can to ignore it.

Although Dazai and his friends end up moving to the garden, Tane decides they will only step in the kitchen if it is absolutely necessary, so they end up ordering takeout and having dinner in the dining room. And despite the meal being quite good, Chuuya cannot help but feel irritation at seeing how

Dazai always gets everything from his mother, even if he gives the bare minimum into their relationship.

Fortunately, they accompany the meal with a bit of wine, nothing fancy, but enough to make Chuuya a little more relaxed, even with the laughter and voices of the three friends coming from the outside bothering him.

"You know, I think it's going to be okay. It's good to hear Dazai laugh like this," Tane says during their meal, smiling at Chuuya, "I just hope they don't drink too much. Otherwise, tomorrow morning's conversation will be very different."

"Well, I'm sure they will control themselves. After all, your son's friends know they will have to drive back home," Chuuya replies, not feeling confident that Dazai's two guests will be leaving their house tonight. Because why would they be indulging in so much drinking knowing they have to drive back?

Tane doesn't seem to think much about it, but Chuuya can't shake that feeling, and the louder he hears them laugh, the worse it gets.

Since the couple has no plans for the evening, they spend the hours after dinner relaxing in front of the TV and scrolling through social media, with a few interruptions by Chuuya to smoke a cigarette. Which is nothing but an excuse for him to see what Dazai and his friends are up to.

But unlike whatever Chuuya may have expected, during all the times he gets into the garden with a cigarette in his mouth, he doesn't see anything suspicious or weird. Instead, the three friends seem to be having fun smoking and drinking after dinner under the illuminated porch, passing around a portable console that Chuuya has watched Dazai play with occasionally and laughing as they chat. It seems like a perfectly normal get-together of friends, and if they weren't who Chuuya knows they are, he would ignore the situation, but given what he knows, it becomes impossible.

It's around one in the morning when Tane and Chuuya finally decide to go to bed. Yet, before going upstairs and at Tane's request, they quickly stop at

the garden to say goodbye to Dazai's friends. Fortunately, given the late hours, they are already more contained with the volume of their voices; however, Chuuya can't help but shiver uncomfortably the moment they arrive under the porch, and everyone smiles at them.

"Chuuya and I are going to bed. We just came here to say goodnight," Tane says politely to her son's guests.

"We are very grateful that you had us in your home tonight," responds Fyodor, equally polite, smiling like Nikolai beside him, “We won’t stay much longer since you two will be heading to rest.”

Dazai seems to be finding the situation somewhat amusing, smoking his cigarette as he watches it all, and for a few moments, Chuuya thinks he will remain silent, but he couldn't be more wrong.

"I was just wondering. Since we've all had a few drinks, why don't you guys stay in the guest rooms for the night?" Dazai asks, looking between his guests and his mother as he raises his cigarette to his mouth, "That wouldn't be a problem, would it, mom?"

For a moment, Chuuya feels rather stupid for believing that Dazai would throw such an opportunity away, but he doesn't comment, leaving the decision to his wife.

Tane is clearly caught off guard, both for the way Dazai refers to her as mom and his plans to offer his friends the guest rooms; however, she doesn't even look at Chuuya before nodding.

Chuuya internally sighs. Obviously, Tane wouldn't miss a chance to try to please Dazai when all she has to do is say *yes*. Unfortunately, she doesn't know another way of building a relationship with him.

"Of course, the bedrooms are ready to receive guests. Also, your friends can wear your pajamas since you're all about the same height," Tane replies, trying to seem excited about her son’s unexpected plans.

Dazai's friends seem satisfied with the answer and, if possible, become even more relaxed in their seat cushions. However, the fact that they don’t even fight Dazai’s invitation makes Chuuya wonder if they have been expecting something like this since they entered their house.

"Cool!" That's all Dazai replies to his mother before turning to his friends, "This way, I don't have to worry about waking up and finding out you two end up at the bottom of Yokohama Bay from drunk driving."

Tane laughs, "Well, no one here is going to drive. We will go now, have a good night, all of you."

"Good night," Chuuya says when they all reply to Tane, giving the group one last look before following his wife out of the garden.

The couple silently walks upstairs, but Chuuya can hear Tane's conflicted thoughts as they get closer to their bedroom.

"I'm sure everything will be fine, Chuuya," Tane ends up saying, clearly trying to convince herself more than Chuuya.

"Of course. Don't worry," is all Chuuya says, making an effort not to show his displeasure with Dazai's plans. Because, if there's one thing he doesn't want is for Tane to think that he's upset with her, "They've been behaving well. So, I'm sure everything will be fine. Let's just sleep and rest. Tomorrow will be another day."

Tane smiles, taking his hand and squeezing it affectionately. It’s obvious she feels grateful and reassured by Chuuya's words.

However, something tells Chuuya that Tane shouldn't be thanking him so soon. After all, there's still a whole unpredictable night ahead of them.

*

Chuuya can't sleep.

He's sure he has been in bed for at least two hours, and unlike Tane beside him, who is dead asleep, sleep refuses to come to him. Unfortunately,

Chuuya feels like he's been in purgatory for hours, awaiting his judgment.

Right now, there are two guys Chuuya barely knows occupying the guest rooms, and he's pretty sure they're doing anything but sleeping. Not even a few minutes ago, Chuuya heard doors opening and another one closing as quietly as possible (but not silently enough for him to miss it), along with muffled laughter in the hallway and footsteps. So Chuuya is pretty sure that what he has been waiting all day is about to happen.

Perhaps, if this was happening at another time and Chuuya wasn't so anxious, he's sure he'd be sleeping soundly by now. But in his current state of mind, even dropping a pin on the floor would be enough to alert him.

Being in bed is an ordeal at this point, so Chuuya gets up as quietly and carefully as possible and picks up his cell phone before heading out into the hall. He doesn't turn on any light; instead, he uses the light from the phone's screen to illuminate his path as he walks through the dark.

When Chuuya arrives at the door of Dazai's bedroom, he sees that it is ajar, with the light off as he expected, leaving him even more anxious. Next, he checks the guest room next to Dazai's bedroom, noting that the door is precisely in the same state. However, the other guest room on the other side of the corridor has its door closed, and light coming out through the crack near the floor. And seeing that makes Chuuya immediately lock his cell phone and approach silently, trying to breathe as slowly as possible, even with his heart pounding wildly.

I knew you had something planned.

With his ear basically glued to the door, Chuuya can hear a few suggestive sounds, but what he hears next is way worse than those sounds.

I would apologize for being so rough, but I know you like it.

Chuuya immediately backs away from the door as if he has been burned, and before he does anything stupid, he decides to immediately retreat to his bedroom, where Tane is still fast asleep.

Even shaking with rage and anxiety, Chuuya lays down next to Tane again, trying to calm down as much as possible. They are having sex. Dazai is about to get fucked a few doors away, while Chuuya struggles with sleep and is complacent about everything.

How dare Dazai defy him and his mother like this?

Even though he doesn't have his cell phone in front of him, Chuuya can perfectly see the video of Dazai being double penetrated, which only enrages him even more.

Fuck off. No way I will accept that. I'm going to keep fucking around and have as many dicks inside my ass as I want.

Chuuya feels all his muscles tense, and his fingers tighten the sheets covering him. If Dazai wants to teach him a lesson this badly, then Chuuya will also play dirty. So, with that in mind and not thinking about the consequences at all, Chuuya turns to Tane and starts to shake her. He is rough in how he does it, and because of that, Tane wakes up scared with all the movement going on.

"What?... Chu-Chuuya, what's wrong?" Tane asks, clearly confused and sluggish from sleep but equally startled by her husband’s sudden shaking.

"They are having sex!" Chuuya mutters rather aggressively and disgustedly.

"What?" Tane asks, confused and lost about what her husband is saying.

"Your son and the other two. I heard noises and went to check. There are unmistakable sounds coming from the only occupied guest room," Chuuya explains, turning over to turn on the lamp on the bedside table.

Tane groans and immediately covers her eyes as the room fills with amber light, but as she feels Chuuya sitting on the bed and about to get up, she quickly turns and grabs him by the arm.

"Chuuya, I don't know if I'm still dreaming, but if what I'm thinking is really happening, let them be," Tane says, a little worried, clearly more awake than she was just a moment ago.

"They have no right to disrespect us like this when we offered them a place to spend the night so they could drink as much as they wanted. Obviously, this was their plan from the start," Chuuya says, breaking free of his wife's hold and getting up from the bed, "Of all places that Dazai could have chosen. I can't believe he is doing something like this."

"Chuuya, wait!" Tane whispers a little louder, with some distress. However, Chuuya doesn't want to hear it. He just walks out the door, filled with a thirst for revenge, not minding he is leaving his wife behind.

Some moments before.

Dazai's text to gather in the guest room where Fyodor is spending the night is sent in the wee hours of the morning. It's already late, so Dazai is sure no one is awake, but even so, he can't help but chuckle when he comes out of his room, and Nikolai is already waiting for him, clearly excited and wide awake. He drags Dazai across the hall, entering Fyodor’s guest room without knocking, although he silently closes the door behind him.

"It was about time." that's all Fyodor says, smiling at the sight of his friends. Like them, Fyodor is quite alert when they enter his room, wasting no time grabbing Dazai as he is pushed between them.

The funniest thing in the whole situation is that between them, there isn't a drop of alcohol running through their blood.

The truth is that not one of the pitchers that Dazai and Nikolai prepared had any alcohol in it. All the bottles that Fyodor and Nikolai brought contained nothing but water or juice. From the beginning, the intention was to appeal to what little maternal instinct there is in Tane so that she wouldn't object to Dazai giving his friends a room to stay. It's not that Dazai can't invite anyone who suits him to sleep over at their home, but a pajama party at his age would be a little suspicious, hence all the creativity they had in making fake drinks.

From the beginning, Dazai just wanted to show Chuuya that he has yet to overcome his obsession, contrary to what he's been trying to demonstrate these past few weeks. And the way Chuuya went out of his way to observe them all night showed exactly what Dazai was looking for and longed to see in him. It’s evident that Chuuya still craves him and clearly isn't indifferent to Fyodor and Nikolai coming to visit their home.

However, even though Chuuya still desires to have that hold over him, that doesn't mean he will act on it. Possibly not, which is why Dazai wants to take advantage of every second that Fyodor and Nikolai are under his roof to feel desired again.

At the moment, Dazai doesn't know where to turn, with both men covering his front and back, kissing and groping him after spending an entire day flirting and suggesting dirty things to him while only pretending to be chatting casually. Of course, neither his mother nor Chuuya noticed, but it's unknown to them that everyone had more than one hard-on since they started making dinner and sat under the porch to eat and socialize.

Fyodor is behind him, grabbing his hips and rubbing his rock-hard cock between his pajama-covered buttocks. And as Dazai would expect from Fyodor, his friend can't keep his teeth off his neck, biting and sucking it without worrying it will leave marks.

Like Fyodor, Nikolai is also busy, shamelessly kissing Dazai with his tongue while his heavy cock rubs against Dazai's small erection.

Dazai feels extremely excited with so many hands roaming his body, drunk with desire in a way that drinks could never make him feel. He can't stop moving his hips to rub himself against both of his friends, groaning as his pierced tongue tangles with Nikolai's and Fyodor's teeth graze the sensitive skin of his neck.

These fervent kisses continue until Dazai is pushed to his knees, and they both get their erections out of their pajama bottoms. Dazai finds himself drooling at the sight of both dicks, but especially Nikolai's, for whom he holds a particular fondness. After all, who's crazy enough to pierce their dick as he did? There are frenum piercings starting at the base of his cock

and finishing just under the head, making one of the most extreme examples of Jacob's ladder that Dazai has ever seen.

Sadistic bastard.

Noticing how turned on Dazai is by seeing Nikolai's erection, Fyodor uses his cock to tap him on the cheek, drawing his attention. Dazai laughs at the tiny slaps, grabbing them in his fists before bringing both cockheads at the same time into his mouth. He moans at how they barely fit together inside their mouth, but he still teases the slits and the glans with his pierced tongue before backing and taking his sweet time sucking each one more deeply.

First, Dazai takes Fyodor in his mouth, moaning as he feels the familiar, masculine taste spreading across his tongue. Like Nikolai and Chuuya, Fyodor is also big, but not as big or thick as them, but within what Dazai likes. And, although he loves the feel of the shape of Fyodor's cock and the way it fits so well in his mouth, he knows Nikolai won't be satisfied with just his hand, so he decides to give him a little attention. But even with the excitement of having Nikolai’s cock inside his mouth and their piercings touching, he doesn't seem able to prevent the memory of another dick from popping up in his head.

Obviously, no dick is the same, and Dazai has tried several different types, but not even his favoritism for these two seems to satisfy him in the way he wants.

Something is missing, and Dazai doesn't know what.

"You're thinking about him, aren't you?" Fyodor asks, rubbing his cock on Dazai's cheek, leaving a trail of fluid behind, "I wonder, what did he do to make you so crazy about him?"

Dazai tries to remove his mouth from Nikolai to tell Fyodor to fuck off, but the other doesn't let him, using the grip on his hair to push his head down and his pierced cock further into his throat, almost making him choke.

"I would apologize for being so rough, but I know you like it," Nikolai chuckles, biting his lip as he sees tears trickle down Dazai's cheeks, "But

yeah, did your stepdad ever fuck you up so hard to the point where you pissed on the floor after coming too many times?"

It has never been a secret between them how much Dazai despises his stepfather, nor his desire to ruin his life, as well as his marriage to his mother. However, the fact that Dazai ended up in bed with his stepfather amused Fyodor and Nikolai to no end, but it also made them want to help him in fucking the situation further. For them, this is also a just game in which they get to satisfy all their needs and have some fun at the cost of others.

They are deplorable, just like me.

Dazai has to admit that even though he hates that they are now trying to humiliate him by mentioning his stepfather, at the same time, he feels excited by their rough treatment. The truth is, he's done completely immoral things with both of them, things Chuuya can't even imagine.

"Surely Nakahara-san would lose it if he knew how there are scars on your body inflicted by us." Fyodor chuckles, beginning to push his cock against Dazai's stretched lips, trying to make some space.

"He was so high last time we cut him, remember? He would moan so much whenever we used the razor blade on him." In Nikolai's words, there's something akin to nostalgia and amusement, and Dazai really wants to laugh at how sick he is. Still, when Nikolai's cock leaves Dazai’s mouth, Fyodor immediately shoves his own between his swollen lips, "He has such tasty blood."

Dazai moans at the praise, even if it's something completely fucked up. He has just a few memories of that night and how everything became a maddening blur once Fyodor slipped an ecstasy pill into his mouth using his tongue, doing the same to Nikolai shortly after. He remembers wanting to be cut open with a razor blade, how Fyodor had fun doing it, and how Nikolai joined him, licking him and savoring all the blood that came out of him.

"I don't know about the taste since you were the one that drank it, but I had a lot of fun cutting him open," Fyodor says breathily, accelerating his hips and thrusting his cock between Dazai's lips, making the other drool with how fast he fucks his mouth.

Nikolai leaves Fyodor's side, moving and kneeling behind Dazai and introducing a hand inside his pajama bottoms to grab his small cock. He squeezes and pumps it with no gentleness, making Dazai groan with relief from finally being touched after so many hours of build-up.

"Now, tell us. Why did we stay over tonight? Do you want us to fuck your hole at the same time as we have before?" Nikolai asks seductively, rubbing his cock between Dazai's covered buttocks, "Do you think you can handle being silent with your family a few feet away?"

Fyodor huffs a laugh, forcing Dazai's head down, pushing his nose against the pubic hair at the base of his cock.

"You are asking him that as if we all don't know how much he moaned last time. Maybe we should gag him," Fyodor says, groaning when Dazai starts to use both his mouth and hand on him.

Even though Fyodor and Nikolai are treating him degradingly, Dazai doesn't care. As Nikolai has already said, he takes pleasure in being treated like this because sex with them is not complicated or entails consequences that occupy his mind in moments of insomnia. There are no power games during these moments, and what happens is not reflected in how they relate to each other daily. Of course, there is teasing and flirting, but there is no possessiveness or demands. Above all, there are no kind words or tender touches, or promises of things that will never happen.

There are never affectionate caresses on my cheeks with Fyodor or Nikolai, confusing my head.

Nikolai releases Dazai's cock and laughs as he sees precum sticking between his fingers, playing with it for Fyodor to see before taking it into his mouth.

"Tasty," Nikolai says after removing the fingers from his mouth with a pop.

While Fyodor and Nikolai murmur between themselves, Dazai continues to suck the cock in his mouth, turning all the resentment he's been feeling the last weeks into violent desire. Dazai wants to get back what Chuuya took from him. He wants to feel desired again, even if the only way is to resort to such moments like this. And even though Chuuya looked grim all day, that's not enough for Dazai because what he really wants is to see him crawl.

While Dazai is fighting with the thoughts in his head, his pajama pants are pulled down and placed below his buttocks, and suddenly, he feels Nikolai's wet finger rub his entrance, reminding him of what's to come and pushing Chuuya out of his mind.

But, just as Nikolai starts to move his finger into his entrance, there's a loud bang against Dazai's door, making all three jump.

"What the fuck?" Nikolai asks, immediately pulling Dazai's pants up before doing the same to his own.

Fyodor also tucks himself in, and Dazai rises from his knees, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Were they heard? Dazai's lips immediately curl upward.

Despite the late hours, the violent banging on the door continues, and Dazai looks at his friends to see if they are already dressed and more composed, and they both nod, even though everyone is currently tenting up their pajama pants. Unfortunately, there isn't much they can do right now, so Dazai decides to see who is knocking so desperately on the door, even though he is ninety-nine percent sure who it is.

Is that you, Chuuya? Or did my mom finally get the balls to stand up to me?

However, before Dazai even manages to reach the door handle, he hears a deep, male voice on the other side: "I know you're there, Dazai! Come out right now!"

Notes for the Chapter:

Currently, Lie About Us is my only work with open comments. Please, refrain from asking private questions and only comment on the chapter/story. For more information, you can read my bio here on AO3. Thanks.

11. Chapter 11

"They have no right to disrespect us like this when we offered them a place to spend the night so they could drink as much as they wanted. Obviously, this was their plan from the start," Chuuya says, breaking free of his wife's hold and getting up from the bed, "Of all places that Dazai could have chosen. I can't believe he is doing something like this."

"Chuuya, wait!" Tane whispers a little louder, with some distress. However, Chuuya doesn't want to hear it. He just walks out the door, filled with a thirst for revenge, not minding he is leaving his wife behind.

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Punch after punch, Chuuya can't stop banging on the guest room door. He is livid and wants answers now! But, before his fist can hit the door again, it suddenly opens, and on the other side appears his stepson, with swollen lips, a neck full of love bites, and a raised eyebrow. By seeing him in this state, Chuuya can't help looking at him from head to toe, stopping at his crotch area, where a small bulge tents his pajama pants.

"What the fuck do you want? Why are you banging on our door?" Dazai asks with apparent contempt in his voice, pressing a hand on each side of the door as if to prevent Chuuya from looking inside. He notices how Chuuya observes him, making him huff a laugh and roll his eyes. Although he clearly looks a little annoyed at being interrupted, the whole situation seems to give him a certain amount of pleasure, which only annoys Chuuya further.

"You've got to be kidding. Did you purposely invite them over for sex? Your mother and I are only a few rooms away!" Chuuya says with distaste, grabbing Dazai by the collar of his t-shirt and jerking him forward, making the other lose his balance, "Your mother willingly offered the guest rooms to your friends, and you do this?"

Any amused expression Dazai might have had fades, and he grabs Chuuya's fingers, pulling them one by one from the collar of his t-shirt, "I'd be careful

if I were you because you're talking with your mouth full. This house is mine, and I'll do whatever I want under my roof."

Chuuya feels his blood boiling, perhaps because he knows that Dazai is right in how he speaks and that his outburst is completely unreasonable. Deep down, Chuuya knows he is only acting out of jealousy; after all, Tane was deep asleep before he started this shit show on his own. However, none matters in the face of Dazai's obvious contempt. However, before Chuuya can respond, Nikolai appears behind Dazai, stepping forward with a confused look, "Dazai-kun, is everything okay?"

Chuuya looks in horror at how the young man's pajama pants are tenting and how he isn't even trying to hide his huge erection. How can a guest be so shameless in someone else's house?

“Step the fuck back. You dare to appear in that state–” Chuuya roars, but Dazai pushes him back before he is able to throw himself at Nikolai.

The sound of scurrying slippers approaches, and before Chuuya can get the younger men out of Tane's sight, he hears the inevitable.

"Chuuya, please stop arguing–**oh, my god**!" Chuuya doesn't need to be a genius to realize what Tane saw, and with just a look, he is able to see how she covered her eyes in embarrassment.

As if the situation wasn't bad enough, when Chuuya looks forward, he notices that if there was any concern on Nikolai's face before, now it has completely disappeared to give place to a toothy smile.

"I don’t care about what you three were doing before Chuuya started all this. It’s not my business! I'm just asking you to please stop this stupid argument. It's late, please," Tane whines, keeping her back to Chuuya, her son, and his friends, "We all had a good night. Please, let's not ruin this."

After Tane's plea, Fyodor finally appears, standing between Nikolai and Dazai while he stares coldly at Chuuya.

"We don't want to upset anyone, and I can assure you that it wasn't ever our intention. However, since our presence is a reason for conflict, we'll go home," Fyodor says, putting his hand on Nikolai's shoulder, who looks at him with a certain disappointment.

"You don't have to leave!" Dazai says, sounding disappointed at his friend's sudden decision.

"Clearly, our presence is generating pointless conflict, so we'd better leave," Fyodor replies, ignoring how Nikolai deflates like a balloon under his hand.

"Please understand that I'm happy to have Osamu's friends over, but I think the three of us need to have some private time as a family after what just happened. But, if you need me to pay for an Uber to go back home, I don't mind doing that," Tane says with a shaking voice, still with her back to them.

"No need to worry, Nakahara-san. I'm fine to drive. Thanks for the offer anyway," Fyodor replies, then turns to Dazai and offers him a small smile, "We'd better go. We'll talk tomorrow."

Dazai crosses his arms and sighs but accepts his friend's decision. Somehow, this attitude impresses Chuuya, who expected Dazai to put up a little more fight for the whole situation, but he clearly seems to understand the gravity of his actions.

"I will let you get ready to leave, but I ask that you keep things civil, please. And, Chuuya, please make sure to accompany Osamu's guests to the door. Because in this house, it's how we take care of our guests. With respect," Chuuya can't help but wince at the tone in which his wife says her last words and retreats to their room, slamming the door behind her with unexpected force.

Clearly, Tane isn't happy with Chuuya. It's only now, after hearing the way she spoke to him, that Chuuya realizes how impulsive he was.

Nikolai passes by him, letting out a small laugh as he heads towards the room where he was spending the night, and Chuuya clenches his teeth at the

fact that the young man seems to be taking some pleasure in teasing him. However, no one evokes such a deep feeling of anger and confusion in him as his stepson, who stares at him the moment Fyodor goes back into the bedroom to get dressed.

"Are you happy?" Dazai asks with unexpected satisfaction, leaning against the door jamb, "I hope you realize this is going to blow up on you too."

Chuuya doesn't want to hear it. Because now that the haze of possessiveness and jealousy has finally cleared before his eyes, Chuuya realizes exactly what he did. Deep down, Chuuya is still hopeful that Tane might simply feel this way because she is embarrassed by what she saw. But, whatever the reason behind Tane's state is, Chuuya knows that a conversation between the three of them will inevitably occur tomorrow.

“Just hurry the fuck up,” Chuuya says and walks away from Dazai to the stairs.

Despite knowing how much Tane hates the smell of tobacco and that he will probably get in trouble for smoking indoors, Chuuya picks up his cigarette pack while waiting for the group of friends.

The first inhaling of nicotine has an immediate effect on Chuuya, easing somewhat his impatience as he waits for Dazai and his friends to come down the stairs.

They seem to take an eternity, but eventually, Chuuya hears Dazai's familiar voice murmur something to his friends as they descend the stairs in silent steps.

Despite noticing that Chuuya is watching them, Dazai doesn't care about his presence, just like his friends, who walk calmly towards the front door. They don't seem upset at all about having to go back to their house so late. Instead, Chuuya realizes they seem amused by the whole situation.

"Well, we'll speak tomorrow," Dazai says when he opens the front door, "Do you have everything?"

"I think so," Fyodor replies, patting his pockets to check for his wallet, cell phone, and keys.

Yes, don't leave anything here that will make you come back.

"Oh, wait! Something is missing, Dos-kun!" Nikolai says, grabbing Fyodor with urgency, and Chuuya just wonders if he's talking about the mess of bottles they left in the kitchen. But, before Fyodor can even question what he is speaking about, Nikolai approaches and leans over Dazai to join their lips together right in front of Chuuya.

Not for a peck of lips but for a full and deep, heated kiss.

Chuuya can't look away, and the scene is so lewd that it almost makes him choke on smoke when he sees they aren't even keeping their tongues inside their mouths. But, apparently, Chuuya is the only one shocked because Fyodor doesn't say anything; instead, he just looks at the two with evident satisfaction.

Chuuya knows he has to control himself because even if Tane isn't there, she will get out of bed if they start arguing again, and if there's one thing he doesn't want, it is to get into trouble with his wife because he's jealous of her son and his friends.

A trail of spit connects their mouths after they stop kissing, making Nikolai lick his lips to savor the aftertaste Dazai left behind, "You still taste like our dicks."

Even if Chuuya knows Nikolai is just trying to rattle his cage, he can't prevent his nails from biting into the palm of his empty hand. Dazai has made him feel all types of anger, but Nikolai takes the award tonight with how much he is infuriating him.

"Pfft, just fucking leave," Dazai laughs, pushing Nikolai away from him. Yet, instead of walking out the door as he should, Nikolai heads towards Chuuya, approaching without warning.

What?...

Feeling uncomfortable, Chuva immediately steps back, but Nikolai follows, placing his mouth very close to his ear.

"You know... I was just asking your stepson, while he was sucking our dicks in the guest room, if you ever fucked him so hard that he became unable to come, ending up pissing on the floor like the little bitch he is," Nikolai mutters, letting out a low and sinister laugh, "He didn't answer us, as his mouth was too full with our cocks, but something makes me doubt that ever happened. I bet you're only interested in enduring about five minutes of boring vanilla sex as you do with your wife."

It's not the fact that clearly, they know about him and Dazai that makes Chuuya see red, but the nerve of Nikolai in invading his space to say such a thing to him. It takes all of Chuuya's self-control not to rear his fist back and punch the hell out of Nikolai, who, fortunately, is promptly dragged away from him by Dazai. He is sure that if he started a fight with Nikolai, things would end up very badly for him. So even if Chuuya is completely enraged, he swallows up his pride and remains silent, not lowering himself to the younger man’s level.

"Good night, Nakahara-san," Nikolai says, waving and grinning as Dazai drags him out the door, unlike Fyodor, who remains silent and just shakes his head disapprovingly as he follows them, no longer concerned with being polite with Chuuya.

Despite the entrance door closing silently, inside Chuuya's head, it resounds incredibly loudly, causing him to swallow hard. Chuuya is unsure how he feels about the whole situation and all the confusion he's managed to create in just under an hour. Still, he also thinks that Dazai should, at the very least, have a little shame on his face instead of looking so calm about the situation. Perhaps saying that Dazai even seems amused by the situation isn't so far off the mark, as Chuuya had the misfortune to witness how comfortable he is with his friends just moments ago.

While Chuuya is debating how to start their conversation without yelling, Dazai passes him toward the stairs without even looking him in the face but is immediately stopped before he can take even one more step.

"Where are you going?" Chuuya asks, feeling displeased to see that Dazai just thinks about leaving without even giving him an explanation after his kiss with Nikolai or showing interest in knowing the things his friend whispered in his ear.

Dazai raises an eyebrow, "Where do you think I'm going? To my bedroom, of course, to resume what you didn't let us finish. They were about to fuck me..." He clicks his tongue, "I think I'll use the suction cup on my bad dragon dildo to pin it to the ground and ride it until I can't take it anymore. And well, even though you've ruined my plans, I wish you a good night, Chuuya. You'll need a good night's sleep to face what awaits you tomorrow."

After his last words, Dazai rips off his arm and goes upstairs, leaving Chuuya behind alone with his almost non-existent cigarette.

Chuuya huffs. Even then, Dazai doesn't skimp on upsetting Chuuya, choosing to leave him with a very explicit image in his head and a disguised threat. However, perhaps the worst thing about it all is that whatever Dazai wanted tonight, he got it because Chuuya acted like a completely irrational caveman. Nikolai and Fyodor's visit happened just with the purpose of helping Dazai, who wanted to make Chuuya feel in his skin how intense the flame of his obsession still burns and that no matter how much he tries to put a distance between them, the green-eyed monster will always make an appearance if Dazai snaps his fingers correctly.

Whatever happens tomorrow, Chuuya knows he will have to give his best to show Tane that his only concern is his family's safety, even if he has to prostrate himself at Dazai's feet just to make his wife see how sorry he is about ruining the night. But if there's one thing Chuuya is sure is that Dazai will pay dearly in the future for this. As much fun as it is to play with fire, Dazai cannot forget that it burns, and the marks it leaves behind may never go away.

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If regret could kill, Chuuya would surely be six feet under by now. Tane has obviously been giving him the cold shoulder since last night, remaining

silent from the moment he walked into their bedroom to not wanting to look at him as they eat their breakfast.

Eating breakfast has never felt like such a morose task.

"Tane…" Chuuya tries as they eat in cold silence, wincing when he sees her face turn as she chews on her toast. She is clearly angry with him, but Chuuya can't quite figure out why. Was it because he woke her up in the middle of the night? Or was it for having scared her with all the ruckus?

"I'm sorry. I don't want you to be upset with me. I certainly could have done things more correctly, but I woke up and heard them and became incredibly nervous," Chuuya tries to explain, sounding somewhat desperate as he speaks, "I know you and Osamu have a very fragile relationship, so I got revolted that such a thing was happening a few doors away. Because, even if you tried to show you were fine by them staying over, I know you didn't feel that comfortable. I lost my mind and felt that Dazai was intentionally doing it to provoke us."

After Chuuya's explanation, Tane finally turns to face him and raises an eyebrow, "Precisely because I have a fragile relationship with my son is the reason why I didn't send them away. I was fine with them staying over as long it made Osamu happy, but it all ended badly. What annoys me is that if they were bothering anyone, it was certainly you because I didn't even listen to them. You don't have to use me as an excuse to justify that you don't like my son's *choices*."

What?

"Are you trying to suggest what I think you are?" Chuuya asks, somewhat shocked. First xenophobia, and now homophobia? It's not that Chuuya thought Tane was homophobic since from all the times they spoke about it, she never showed feelings of revulsion, but to assume such a thing about him is just a bit too much.

"You certainly didn't notice the tone you used when you woke me up, did you?" Tane asks, setting the half-eaten toast on her plate, "I know Osamu is volatile and has strange behaviors, but who he decides to sleep with is up to

him and certainly doesn't interfere with how I see him. But, it seems we see things differently regarding sexual orientation."

Fortunately for Chuuya, Dazai still hasn't gotten out of bed; otherwise, he is sure his stepson would have the time of his life laughing at him.

"I'm not homophobic! In fact, I could care less who your son chooses to sleep with! I just felt that what they were doing was disrespectful to us. We were just a few doors away!" Chuuya says through clenched teeth. Although they have shared many secrets between them, the truth is that Chuuya never told Tane that he already experimented with a man during his college days, but he won't do it now either, "You know me better than that. Come on, Tane! Your son and I may not have the best relationship, but you know perfectly well that I was worried yesterday about the presence of those two and the influence they might have on your kid. Surely this never happened in all the times his other friends stayed the night."

Maybe it's because of Chuuya's slightly more aggressive tone, but suddenly Tane's chin begins to tremble. Obviously, this is all too much for Tane, and the last thing Chuuya wants is to make her cry, but she also can't go around suggesting serious stuff about him that just aren't true.

"I'm sorry… I shouldn't have made such assumptions about you. Maybe I misheard your tone and misunderstood your intentions," Tane murmurs, putting a hand in front of her eyes, "But I think you provoked them. What if my son doesn't want to talk to me anymore? I would like to speak to him about this…I think that we should have a proper conversation. I'm his mother, after all."

Ah. So this is why you are acting so volatile as well.

"Look–"

"~Good morning," greets a familiar voice, interrupting Chuuya.

Chuuya immediately stops speaking, turning to watch Dazai stretch himself lazily. Strangely, his stepson seems in a good mood, and his body language screams approachable, which is weird after having his night ruined in such

an unfashionable way. There's not even an ounce of shame or embarrassment as he smiles at them and heads to one of the cupboards.

Tane, in front of them, also seems slightly astonished, but she immediately greets back, observing how her son moves around the kitchen until he finally sits at the table with his cereal bowl.

The kitchen becomes silent, and while Chuuya keeps eating his breakfast, Tane can't hide how anxious she feels, which becomes very obvious to her son.

"What?" Dazai asks with his mouth full of cereal as if there isn't a huge elephant in the room.

"No–nothing. I'm just glad you came to join us. I didn't really expect...after *what happened*." Tane replies, staring at her son with a complicated expression, "I think we all should speak about last night."

Now?!

The last thing Chuuya wanted was to have a conversation like this over breakfast, and judging by Dazai's sudden dissatisfied expression, he probably feels the same way. But, honestly, did Dazai think that he could simply get away from the situation without a bit of questioning from his mother?

Tane's suggestion makes Dazai sigh, and for a moment, Chuuya waits for him to get up from the table; however, that is not what happens. Instead, Dazai exhales tiredly before putting the spoon down and looking at his mother.

"I know I make somewhat eccentric decisions, but I don't think we were bothering anyone yesterday. I don't understand why Chuuya interrupted us the way he did. Because I'm certain we were doing our best to be silent," Dazai says, clearly trying to obtain his mother's compassion. And as if it wasn't enough, he turns his attention to Chuuya, this time looking offended, "Also, this is my house as well. So, if you two are bothered by them being men–"

Fucking bastard!

No matter how much Chuuya wants to yell at Dazai for trying to make him the bad guy, he knows he can't. Tane is watching, so he needs to play his part as a good and worried stepfather.

"It has nothing to do with them being men, as I already explained to your mother. It was all a matter of respect towards her," Chuuya explains, doing his best to hide how annoyed he feels by Dazai's obvious manipulation.

"I may not like the fact that you enjoy piercing yourself because, for me, that's just an embellished form of harming your body. But I don't care that you're gay. Honestly, I only want you to protect yourself from harmful people and be happy." Tane says, greatly surprising Chuuya with how direct she is with her son.

"But I'm not gay," Dazai replies, sounding like his mother said the stupidest thing ever.

"...Osamu, given what happened, it's quite difficult–" Tane begins, clearly a little annoyed that her son is still trying to lie to her.

"I am bisexual," Dazai replies, interrupting his mother.

That may be true, but you have a clear preference, Chuuya thinks, almost rolling his eyes. But instead, he looks at Tane and sees that she seems somewhat surprised by her son's answer.

"Ah...I see. Honestly, after all your failed relationships with your ex-girlfriends and now with all that happened, I thought it had something to do with your sexuality."

"Nop. It just didn't work out," Dazai replies nonchalantly and strangely cooperative in Chuuya's eyes. If this was happening some months ago, Chuuya is sure Dazai wouldn't let this conversation start. Funny how things have changed so much between the three of them.

Tane seems a little more satisfied with her son's answers; however, when she raises her coffee mug to her mouth, Chuuya notices she is looking at him, moving her eyes from him to her son.

Shit. He knows perfectly well what she wants. Chuuya bites the inside of his lip as he steels himself for the humiliation ahead.

"Look... *Osamu*. I recognize that I didn't act the best way, and I promise that it has nothing to do with your sexuality. I just wanted to protect your mother and didn't think about the consequences. For that, I give you my… apology. I recognize that I spoke out of place. But in the end, it all boiled down to a concern that got out of hand."

The pain of humiliation is excruciating, but the vision of Dazai, who looks like someone who has been completely caught off guard, serves as a soothing balm to Chuuya's bruised ego.

You never thought I would do this, right? Enjoy it.

If Dazai is trying to play it cool and cooperative in front of his mother, surely he won't deny such a heartfelt apology from Chuuya.

"Please, let's all get along," Chuuya adds, trying to lighten up the mood, "I really wish we could share movie nights and cook together again. C'mon, Osamu!"

Dazai’s cheeks become rosy after he hears his given name leaving Chuuya's mouth again, an important detail he surely won't forget.

It doesn't matter if Dazai is feeling somewhat embarrassed because he still tries to make himself a bit hard to get, crossing his arms and staring at his mother first, who is clearly moved by her husband's apology, before looking at Chuuya as if he is doing him a favor, "I accept your apology. But I would appreciate it if this didn't happen again, because if it does I will question the sincerity of your words."

Chuuya doesn't shy away from Dazai's stare, but the urge to be nasty is heavy on the tip of his tongue, "I just want us to all be a close family. This

won't happen again."

What a humiliation!

Dazai smiles, but contrary to what Tane might think, Chuuya knows that nothing good is behind that smile. Instead, his microexpressions are filled with mockery and morbid pleasure in seeing Chuuya fall at his feet, adoring and savoring each second of the situation.

I accept my defeat, Dazai. This time the victory is yours. But not for long.

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Initially, Chuuya thought that Dazai would immediately search for him after the conversation, or at least during the remainder of the day, but that's not what happened. Instead, unlike previous times, in the next few days, Dazai stays at home, busying himself with his own affairs of smoking and reading, without approaching or bothering Chuuya when they are alone at home.

Although Chuuya would love to approach Dazai to give him a piece of his mind, his ego still feels too bruised, so he refrains from doing it, keeping himself closed in his annex.

Funnily, Dazai is open to conversation with his mother and doesn't mind replying after Chuuya finishes speaking, but he never shows much interest in his stepfather before focusing on his mother again. In Tane's eyes, this is Dazai's way of showing that he is still hurt, and even if Chuuya knows this is all bullshit, he just nods and lets his stepson do whatever he wants because he knows that sooner or later, he is going to come out of the pits of hell to bother him.

The week goes by, and Chuuya tries to live his days without letting the memory of what happened during the weekend embarrass him further. Fortunately, things between him and his wife eventually return to normal since she realizes Chuuya's weird outburst didn't disrupt their family's fragile equilibrium. Also, despite how hard it is to keep pretending he feels unaffected by everything, Chuuya is able to hide it from Lippmann during the few days they teach classes together. But, just like expected, once

Friday arrives, the gates to the pits of hell finally open, but it's not the smell of sulfur that comes to bother Chuuya's break, but a completely different one. A smell that Chuuya loves to feel on his skin.

This was supposed to be a moment of relaxation, where Chuuya would take time to clean his motorcycle before returning to his art commissions. Still, Chuuya can’t help but tense as he gives the young man a quick look after he walks through the garage’s door wearing nothing but an open button-down shirt and boxers, no bandages in sight.

"Look at you, taking care so well of the gift my mother gave you," Dazai murmurs as he walks by him, leaving behind a trail of his familiar perfume that leaves Chuuya a bit dizzy.

Even if Dazai's presence is tempting, Chuuya remains silent, avoiding looking at his stepson as he returns his attention to his motorcycle. Clearly, Chuuya's jealous outburst and attempt to fuck his life didn't upset him like he tried to show his mother because otherwise, he wouldn't be here now, trying to mess him up by showing so much skin. It's evident that Dazai wants something, but Chuuya wonders if he is just attempting to fuck with his head or if he is going to try to seduce him into sex again.

What is it that you really want?

Even without any response from Chuuya, Dazai climbs onto a small workbench in the garage and starts swinging his long, bare legs.

"I think your plan to force me to come out to my mother didn't go as well as you'd hoped. Right?" Dazai asks with some humor, pulling his buttoned shirt away from the front of his pierced nipples, exposing them to Chuuya, even though his stepfather has given him nothing but a quick glimpse since he walked into the garage, "How humiliating did it feel to say sorry to me?"

Even if it came with some days of delay, Chuuya should have expected this confrontation. He was foolish, and this situation only created a temporary weird mood between him and his wife because it should have been evident that Tane didn't mind Dazai's choices regarding his sexuality. Stupidly,

Chuuya never asked Tane about her suspicions or if she ever had a feeling that it could be a possibility all along, despite having never commented about it. So, aside from making a fool of himself for trying to defend Tane's honor for something she hadn't even realized, he ended up having to apologize to Dazai when he felt like kicking his ass. Fortunately, his apology to Dazai served to appease things between him and Tane; otherwise, he would have felt even more stupid.

"I thought that this conversation was already behind our backs. So, what do you want, Dazai?" Chuuya asks, trying to sound indifferent, despite his nerves being the reason why he keeps cleaning the same spot on his bike over and over.

Even if Chuuya doesn't want to speak about what happened and feels like shit about the following the consequences of his outburst, he has to admit that he is satisfied that Dazai has chosen to search for his attention because this aligns precisely with what he expected of his stepson.

"Fuck your mind," Dazai replies honestly, crossing his legs, "And, yes, even though some days have passed, I must admit that I can't stop thinking how I loved seeing you so jealous. Although, I'm also a bit annoyed because your jealousy made me miss out on a great fuck. There's nothing better than fucking those two. They love to do unimaginable things to me, and now I don't know when we will be able to meet."

Chuuya huffs a laugh, stopping his cleaning and finally looking at Dazai. After making such a fool out of himself on Saturday and then Sunday, Chuuya decided not to fight it anymore in case Dazai decided to approach him again in search of sex. He knows that all this time, he has been controlling himself over guilt and guiding himself through an iron will of what’s right and wrong in everything regarding his stepson. But Chuuya knows that if it weren't for Lippmann's scolding or the fact that Dazai denied him exclusivity, he would have loved to keep playing their game. Because it doesn't matter what Lippmann says, in the end, Chuuya is already too deep into this and beyond saving. That's what he realized in the weeks they were apart, and the last few days only served to make him sure of these feelings. Not to mention that Chuuya is beyond pissed and completely pent-up and in need to fuck Dazai in all senses.

"So, is this why you are here? Exposing yourself to me and clearly in search of something," Chuuya says, walking to Dazai's side to set down the rag and the cleaning product over the workbench, "Why didn't you try setting up a date with your friends instead?"

"I could, but I guess I'm more interested in you right now. Because after having you pushing me away so violently a few weeks ago and then watching you almost tearing my friends' heads out of jealousy on Saturday, I have to admit that it's hard to resist not coming here. I guess Lippmann's scolding wasn't enough to take that obsession away from you."

After setting things down, Chuuya moves his eyes slowly over Dazai's scarred bare legs, past his tight boxers, where he can see his small dick hardening underneath them. And since the atmosphere between them is heating up, Chuuya doesn't try to hide what he is doing, so his blue eyes continue, moving over the fine trail of hair below Dazai's navel.

Enjoying the attention, Dazai's hand moves, landing above his navel with his palm, which slides up his body until it rests below one of his nipples, squeezing his flesh around it.

Chuuya licks his slightly dry lips, seeing the pink nipple hardening under his watchful gaze. Until now, Chuuya had never seen Dazai's nipples this close after being pierced, but now he sees how sensitive the skin around each perforation looks, clearly still in the process of healing.

To see Dazai exposing himself like this takes Chuuya back to what happened in their kitchen with his friends, and despite being a memory that makes his blood boil, it also piques his curiosity

Is this an invitation? Do you want me to do those same fucked up things to you?

"So, what type of things do they like to do to you that you enjoy so much?" Chuuya asks, trying to sound the most neutral possible in an attempt to hide how he truly feels.

Even though both of Dazai's friends are equally creepy, perhaps who bothered Chuuya the most was Nikolai. There was never a shred of fear or restraint in him, and the fact that he leaned toward Dazai to french-kiss him right in front of Chuuya and even made sure to provoke him before they left just shows how crazy he can be. Therefore, with this question, Chuuya predicts that he is about to open a door that he will never be able to close again.

Share with me, don't hold back.

As if hearing Chuuya's thoughts, Dazai spreads his legs over the workbench to show the inside of his thighs and picks up his stepfather's hand, leading his fingers to an area covered with thick, reddened scars. Chuuya runs his fingers over the bumpy skin and looks at Dazai for answers, even though he already feels where this is heading. He's sure anything involving those two can't be good or healthy.

"Sometimes we like to play a little rougher, resorting to the good stuff Fyodor gets us. From cocaine to ecstasy..." Dazai explains, somewhat smugly, clearly trying to scare and disgust Chuuya, "Last time, they did this to me, cut me open multiple times, and Nikolai even drank my blood."

Fuck…

Indeed, blood drinking didn't ever cross his mind. However, perhaps what surprises Chuuya more about discovering this is how he hates that Nikolai and Fyodor have already shared moments as intense as this with Dazai. It would be stupid on his part if he looked at Dazai, who's mentally unbalanced and swimming in money and didn't expect him to have ever experimented with harder drugs. His stepson isn't like him, who has only tried second-rate pot in the past with the bit of money he had as an art student.

"Do you enjoy those moments that much?" that's all Chuuya asks, staring intensely into his brown eyes.

"Yeah. I like men that aren't afraid of showing how fucked up they are," Dazai replies, leaning back on his hands to expose more of his body, clearly

intending to offer a view to Chuuya, "That's one of the reasons why I refused you exclusivity in the first place."

Was it really? For some reason, I feel that you are lying. Yet, if this is your way of allowing me to show you how fucked up I can be…

"I don't think you have any idea what I have been wanting to do with you," Chuuya replies, removing his hand from Dazai's scars to grab his nipple exactly how he saw Nikolai doing the other day, "If you become mine as I imposed, I will show you exactly what I have been wanting to do to you. Do you think they are fucked up? I can do so much worse to you if you let me."

Chuuya never imagined he would say something like this to his stepson, but the desire to own him always makes him lose all his good sense. It's like a predator's instinct is running through his body, and he wants nothing more than to sink his fangs into Dazai's neck, already peppered with marks from other men.

Even if Dazai is taking some pleasure out of the situation, he makes a sound of discomfort, biting his lip and closing his eyes as Chuuya pinches his sensitive nipple. Yet, Chuuya doesn't stop, squeezing it harder until Dazai grabs his hand with the clear intent of making him stop.

"If you want me to be exclusively yours that badly, prove me your words. If you do, I won't fuck anyone else but you," Dazai replies, challenging him, sure that Chuuya will back off.

Chuuya's breath hitches. Is Dazai really accepting his terms? The idea of having his stepson all for himself makes his heart beat violently inside his chest.

"If this is what it takes, then fine. But I suggest you ask your friend for some good stuff. We may find ourselves in need of something like that pretty soon," as Chuuya says these words, Nikolai's provocation comes to his head about his five minutes of vanilla sex, and thinking about that makes him wish he could show that clown the extent of all he intends to do if Dazai lets him.

Even if Chuuya intends to lead them through a specific path, his initial plan won't be discarded. With his friends, Dazai may have fucked up sex, free of attachments. But, with Chuuya, things will be different, and Dazai won't even see it coming.

Once you notice, it will be too late.

Dazai laughs incredulously, but his expression changes once he notices Chuuya isn't joking.

"You are serious," Dazai says, somewhat surprised.

Chuuya places himself between Dazai's spread legs, running his hands over his pale thighs.

"We'll have the house empty next week, just for ourselves. So, we can do whatever we want until the weekend. What do you say?" Chuuya asks, moving his hands to Dazai's buttocks and dragging him to the edge of the workbench, gluing their bodies together.

Desire has always been the easiest emotion to read in Dazai, and now that their faces are pretty close, Chuuya can feel how fast his breath is against his lips. Clearly, his stepson has been dying to be held like this by him and is quite excited about their plan.

Honestly, I don't think I will have to work that hard to get what I want. That's the last thing Chuuya thinks before diving into Dazai's mouth, sealing their lips with a kiss. Dazai doesn't fight him; instead, he immediately wraps his legs around Chuuya's waist and begins kissing with a desperation that speaks louder than any possible words.

Chuuya still has a few hours until he needs to go to his art class, and Tane will likely return at the same hour after he is finished, according to what they spoke about yesterday, so he knows he has a lot of time to play around.

"Fuck me-*fuck me!*" Dazai cries against Chuuya's mouth, sounding so desperate that the older man understands he hasn't been the only one suffering from the absence of their sexual encounters.

“Don’t worry. We won’t leave the garage until I'm done with you,” Chuuya murmurs before kissing him again.

All the guilt, embarrassment, and ideas of saving a marriage from an obvious affair fade with each touch and torrid kiss shared between them. Even if Chuuya may come to regret this one day, the euphoria and pleasure he feels under his hands and lips are enough to push those worries to the back of his mind.

For now, Chuuya just wants to enjoy what belongs to him and no one else.

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Fortunately, there isn't a way for Dazai to read his stepfather's thoughts or even see his current state since he stayed home to rest while Chuuya had to leave for his classes. Because if Dazai saw the actual state he left Chuuya after their encounter, he would surely laugh. Chuuya may have been feeling pent-up, but Dazai behaved like an animal in heat, making them bend over every possible surface in the garage to the point that not even Chuuya's motorcycle escaped his eagerness.

"What's with that face?" Lippmann asks, looking both curious and worried as they prepare the classroom for their class.

My stepson is just too eager, and I'm getting old. That's what Chuuya wishes he could reply.

"Nothing's wrong. I think I'm just exhausted because I am working on many commissions simultaneously," Chuuya sighs as he places down an easel and a blank canvas on it, "Obviously, I am happy to have so many clients right now. But, more clients means more headaches, and putting that together with the fact that I haven't rested in a long while is kinda messing me up."

Chuuya isn't lying, but he has to admit that he is probably exaggerating a little bit as a way to manipulate Lippmann into feeling pity.

"Hm. That's true. I took two weeks off in June, but you kept the studio running all the time," Lippmann replies, clearly feeling worried about his

friend, "Tane doesn't have a vacation planned, does she?"

"Unfortunately, no. But anyway, there's no way we would go anywhere together right now. I have a lot to work on right now," Chuuya says, setting the last easel and canvas down before placing a hand on his sore shoulder and rotating his arm to relieve his muscles.

"We only have classes three times a week, and we don't have many students at the moment, so why don't you rest next week? I don't mind replacing you, just give me some suggestions that you find important, and I will plan the classes myself," Lippmann offers, and Chuuya can't help but smile at how caring his friend sounds.

Chuuya should feel bad for manipulating his friend this way, but the truth is, he's pleased that the conversation is going exactly the way he wants it to go.

"Seriously, you wouldn't mind?" Chuuya asks, trying to sound embarrassed, "I don't want to bother you."

"Nonsense. You know that everything I do for you comes with a price," Lippmann replies good-naturedly, placing his hand on his hip.

Clearly, Lippmann does not remember that Tane is about to leave for Osaka next week because Chuuya is sure that the conversation would be quite different if he did. However, even if Chuuya didn't take the week off, it wouldn't be three classes a week or Lippmann that would stop him from doing what he wants with Dazai in the week to come, although this way, he'll be much more comfortable doing whatever he wants.

"Then, I will leave next week to you," Chuuya says, grinning at Lippmann, "You have my full trust to do whatever you want with our students."

"Don't worry. I have a few things in mind," Lippmann replies, honestly happy to be able to help his friend, "Don't forget to take some time to rest since you won't have classes to plan."

"Oh, don't worry, I will," Chuuya says, feeling his heart fluttering at all the possibilities awaiting him next week.

I'll make sure to make the most of the days now that I'm free from the art studio, thanks to you.

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The way Chuuya decides to deliver his news to Tane about his imminent vacation from the art studio is a bit ridiculous, but it seems to work out perfectly.

"So, in addition to having more time to work on my commissions, I would also like to be able to use this time to mend the relationship with your son," Chuuya explains, tugging a thread on his sweater as Tane steps into the shower.

Surprise fills her soft features, but even if Chuuya's news comes out of the blue, they seem to please her because her lips curve into a smile.

"I appreciate that you're making an effort for all of us. I really appreciate it. However, I want you to use the time to rest as well," Tane says before closing the plexiglass shower door.

"Don't worry about that. I will certainly take some time to rest," Chuuya replies, even though he knows that's a big lie, "I'm going to smoke a cigarette. Your son should be home any moment now to have dinner with us, so don't take too long."

"Alright! I won't take too long in the shower, my love," Tane replies as she starts foaming up her body.

Like every school night, dinner happens a little later, so they usually order take-out, which is already waiting for them in the kitchen, unlike Dazai, who decided to leave after Chuuya left for classes and still has yet to come back. And although Dazai left a post-it in the kitchen, saying he would be back in time to have dinner with them, Chuuya cannot help but feel bothered. Because even though Dazai often goes out to drink with his

friends during the weekend, the idea that he would just go out after their torrid afternoon bothers Chuuya, no matter how much he tries to pretend the opposite.

Surely, Dazai is just trying to fuck my head, as usual.

Even though the nights are getting colder, the weather isn't too bad when Chuuya steps outside the kitchen into the garden and lights up his cigarette.

A few minutes pass, and by the time Chuuya hears someone enter their house and familiar footsteps approaching, his heart is already beating wildly in a way that even nicotine can't calm down.

"Where is my mother?" Dazai asks, leaning on the wall next to Chuuya.

"She went to shower before dinner," Chuuya replies, raising the cigarette to his mouth as he looks at Dazai, noticing how he looks rather pleased, "Did something happen while I was gone?"

Dazai looks back at him, and his lips curve into a slightly mischievous smile. He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a small zip bag with white powder inside, which he holds between two fingers. "I went to Fyodor's house. According to him, this is the purest stuff you can find out there," Dazai explains before putting the small bag back in his pants pocket, "It cost me a fortune, so I hope you don't decide pussy out of this."

Amazingly, the only thing that bothers Chuuya in such a serious and worrying situation is that Dazai met Fyodor again just a few days after what happened. Even though he doesn't want to, Chuuya can't help but feel a twinge of jealousy in his chest, making him take a more considerable drag on his cigarette.

Did Dazai…? They just spent the afternoon having sex!

"Calm down. I only went there to buy the things you asked for. Unfortunately, Dostoevsky was too busy to let me jump on his dick," Dazai replies, not caring if he worsens the situation. Dazai obviously takes pleasure in seeing how jealous Chuuya gets because of his friends, so he

constantly pushes for a reaction, even though some hours ago, he was screaming for Chuuya to fuck him harder. It’s funny how sometimes his stepson's memory seems so brief.

"By the way, you should thank him. He sent a gift since I made such a good purchase from him," Dazai continues, making Chuuya raise an eyebrow.

"A poisoned apple?" Chuuya asks after blowing his smoke, wondering what kind of gift would he offer them, "Did you tell him this was also for me?"

"I didn't. Of course, he didn't ask either, but I suspect he knows," Dazai replies, humored, as he reaches into his other pocket. When he pulls out a new zip bag this time, Chuuya doesn't need to look twice to know what he is staring at. There are two round and red ecstasy pills inside the plastic, with hearts debossed on the surface of each of them; a curious detail that's hard to miss.

You think you are so funny. Don't you, Fyodor?

"So, are you still feeling brave?" Dazai asks, shaking the small bag in front of his face.

Chuuya rolls his eyes, "I don't know if this answers your question, but let me inform you that I won't be working next week. I took a week off from my classes to focus on my *commissions*."

Dazai raises both eyebrows, looking a little astonished by the information, but his surprise only lasts a few seconds, and he quickly starts laughing as he puts the bag back in his pocket.

"Right, right. *Commissions*. Well, I'm counting on you to keep showing your wife how badly you want us to be friends again," Dazai says, stealing Chuuya's cigarette and placing it between his lips.

Chuuya clicks his tongue but lets Dazai smoke what's left of his cigarette while he remembers what happened this afternoon after they set up their new agreement. He wouldn't mind replaying what happened in the garage,

but instead of fucking him against the workbench, he would turn him now against the wall and have his way with him.

"Don't worry about that. I'll be the best stepdad ever. But I can't do this on my own. So you will also have to join me and be a good stepson. The same applies when she isn't at home," Chuuya replies, looking around, before reaching out his hand to squeeze one of Dazai's buttocks, "After all, I have to take some breaks while I work on my art."

As an answer, Dazai blows his smoke into Chuuya's face, almost like someone spraying water on a misbehaving cat.

Despite being a smoker, Chuuya hates having tobacco smoke blown into his face, so he immediately steps back, irritated at his stepson's attitude.

"Don't get all excited right now just to end up jumping over my mother," Dazai says before bringing the cigarette to his mouth. He looks annoyed, even somewhat jealous.

Good. At least Chuuya isn't the only one making a fool out of himself due to his jealousy.

"Well, I have to enjoy the time I have left with your mother. After all, she's about to leave," Chuuya says, passing Dazai towards the entrance to the kitchen, "Don't forget to empty the pockets before dinner. We don't want any more trouble, do we?

"Yes, *stepdaddy*."

Dazai's tone is full of mockery and bitterness, clearly coming from jealousy, which makes Chuuya let out a small laugh before walking into the kitchen.

There are only a few more days until Tane leaves, but Chuuya has a lot to prepare for the crazy week ahead. And although Chuuya is a little afraid, this time, he doesn't wrap himself in a blanket of denial about his feelings. No matter how fucked up the situation is, the idea that he's about to try new and risky things together with Dazai makes it all the more interesting. So, if Chuuya has to show his dark side to ensure that Dazai belongs exclusively

to him, he will gladly do so, for his hidden, wild instincts have been screaming for a long time to see the light of day and abuse his muse. There's no way Chuuya will miss this opportunity, even with danger lurking and waiting for him to have a vulnerable moment.

Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: Believe it or not, the Enemies to Lovers tag has finally gone live. So, let's all give this sweet couple a round of applause.